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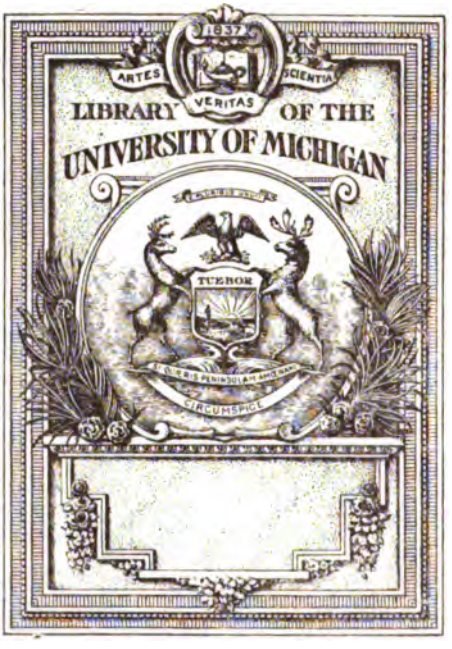
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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

THIRD SERIES.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

'And make Thy Chosen People Joyful' 86
Autumn Notes from Meran. 65, 192, 270, 393
Astray. 21, 114, 212, 317, 422, 544
Brabazon Home of Comfort 290

Cameos from English History:—
- Opening of the Long Parliament 48
- Strafford 145
- Irish Rebellion 246
- Privilege of Parliament. 352
- Setting up of the Standard 448
- Last Tragedy of Richelieu. 570

Children of the Renaissance. 39, 137, 235, 339, 441

Conversation on Books 62, 495

Drummer-Boy's Letter from Egypt 89

Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' 377

General Gordon's Journal 181

Grown-up Sons and Daughters 92

Madame's Granddaughter 1, 101, 201, 301, 401, 501

Mental Purity 388

Our Evening Outlook 71, 171, 255, 369, 462, 581

Poetry:—
- An Evening Hymn 94
- In Memoriam 493

Preparation of Prayer-book Lessons:—
- Opening of the Communion Office 57
- Nicene Creed 163
- Rubrics after the Nicene Creed 263
- Offertory and Prayer for the Church Militant 364
- Exhortations 471

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PAGE

Seventeen Year Locusts of Maryland 159

Shakspere Talks with Uncritical People:—
Twelfth Night 275
The Tempest 478

Some more of my Friends 80, 294

Surgeon and the Curé 84

Spider Subjects:—
Arthurs of History 95
A Walk in the New Forest 196
Ascent of Chimborazo 298
Why are Spiders not Insects 591
How has Human Hair figured in History 593

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The Monthly Packet.

JULY, 1885.

MADAME'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ROSE GARDEN,' 'CONTRADICTIONS,' &c.

I.

CASTELBIANCO AND GRASSE.

To reach Castelbianco it is necessary to quit the high road from Cannes, which keeps on a fairly level course, and marks the fertile plain with a broad white band as winding as a river. Leaving it on your right, you will follow a rough tract over which it is just possible for a cart to jolt for some hundred yards, but no more; so that if you have clung to dignity so far, you must now resign it, and make your way on foot, as best you can, along one of the small indentations—they cannot be called paths—which seam the high ground to your left. There are, however, consolations for the labour, especially in early spring, and before the great heats of the south have made themselves felt; for, as you climb, snow-peak after snow-peak will unfold itself, village and olive wood, cape and blue Mediterranean, open out in every tender and lovely gradation of colour; until, passing clumps of delicate lilac anemones, and startled by seeing here and there great scarlet heads flaming among the scanty wheat, you strike upon a wild path cut through the straggling vines, and at last reach a broad terrace running round the garden wall of the house, shaded on one side by trees, on the other facing the mountains. There, a gash in their soft outlines, a deeper violet in the shadows, mark the Saut du Loup. By its side, perched on the top of what looks like an inaccessible hill, is Gourdon, and lower down, nestling among broad and silvery masses of olive, lies Grasse.

The view is so enchanting that it is difficult not to linger upon the terrace, which a few steps farther on broadens into what might by courtesy be called a miniature *place*, from the centre of which springs a tall solitary cypress. Farther still, when the mountains are left behind, a small chapel with a little *tourelle*, and steps leading up to

the heavy wooden door, rises on the left. The path passes between bushes, and, descending rapidly, turns sharply towards the door of the chateau. Two cottages lie below it on the right; sometimes a woman may be seen at a door with distaff and spindle, sometimes children are playing. Entering the door, it is necessary to ascend a short flight of steps, guarded by the stone figure of a dog, before reaching the front of a long low building pierced by many windows and doors, and looking out on a curiously shaped and exceedingly old garden, consisting merely of a long block of turf, widening at the end nearest the house, and formally hedged by box hedges, which at this end curl inwards in a grotesque spiral. Sunk, and thus oddly adorned, the effect would be gloomy, did not the broad and smiling view beyond, and the largeness of sky overhead, make gloom seem impossible. Detached from the house stands a tall straight tower of great age, but whitewashed out of all show of antiquity. Beyond the garden lies a *bocage* containing some fine trees, underneath which is stuck here and there a mutilated and mouldy statue of no artistic worth, one of them representing a priest, from his dress apparently of the reformed religion. Nearer the house, and behind the church already mentioned, is a strange and sombre shrine or grove, for the impression produced by the spot is rather pagan than Christian. Tall cypresses encircle a little glade, the paths of which, if paths they can be called, are sheeted with moss. It is true that the pedestal at one end supports a marble image of the Madonna, but she might be a heathen deity, so little is there to point to any higher conception. Tradition says that the figure was placed there by some former and wicked De Solignac who hoped by this easy means to compensate for many crimes.

As for the house, who lives there?

Castelbianco has for more than two hundred years remained in the possession of the Solignac family: if it were necessary for my readers to become intimately acquainted with the old De Solignacs, a chapter or two might be written upon their achievements, their quarrels, and their occasionally too strongly marked characteristics. There is no advantage, however, to be gained from this retrospect. Their fortunes had their ups and downs, until about thirty years ago, when one of them announced that he intended to resign the *de*, and to adopt commerce. He did this with so much success, that when he died—twenty years afterwards—he was a rich man, and his son of eighteen inherited a large fortune. Dying, he would have found consolation in the knowledge that this son had resolved to continue in the course which he had struck out, and to the wisdom of which he had made many converts. But he died after a short illness and without having received this assurance. When he spoke, as he often did, of the advantages which he had gained by his scent manufactory, and of the yet larger profits which steady working would be certain to open out, Lambert listened respectfully, without committing himself to a future

line of action, and it perhaps more than anything else shewed M. Solignac's fears, that, while generally decided, almost abrupt, in both word and action, he could never bring himself in so many words to put the definite question to his son. Outwardly he took it for granted, inwardly he had irrepressible misgivings. He confided them to no one, for his wife had long been dead, and he did not talk of his private affairs to the sister who took charge of his household. This short, ugly, bullet-headed man, who had a kind heart, and in trouble was not unsympathetic, was absolutely self-contained so far as his own anxieties were concerned. If they ate out his heart he made no sign.

He died, therefore, with this question of Lambert's future remaining still a problem, so far as he was himself concerned. All Grasse had their own ideas upon the subject, feeling a firm conviction that the young man would avail himself of the riches that had been amassed, would spend them, in all probability, lavishly, resume the *de*, and fling the business to the winds.

'What else can you expect?' said M. Barnabé, the fat notary, spreading out his hands, palms upwards, and shrugging his shoulders. 'It has always been the nature of the De Solignacs to be poor. The defunct M. Charles was a strange phenomenon, a *lusus naturæ*, a white crow in the family; but it would be contrary to experience for prodigies to repeat themselves. I do not set up for being a prophet, though I may say that my opportunities for observation have not been limited—as for the use I may have made of these opportunities, that, my dear madame, is for my neighbours to judge.'

M. Barnabé, who had apparently lost the thread of his discourse in a placid fit of self-contemplation, here bowed low towards Madame Arluc, whose evening reception he was attending, with the air of awaiting a tribute. She was a twinkling-eyed, straight-lipped little woman, who the moment before had yawned behind her fan, but she gave it at once.

'Ah, Monsieur Barnabé, you should not appeal to me. If I said half of what I thought, you would be the last to credit it. But you really believe that this young man will send his fortune to the dogs? It is *too* interesting! And so good-looking as he is, with the bearing of a young Apollo!'

'As for good looks, they are a mere matter of taste,' the notary said solemnly; 'and I have heard it remarked that he has too much of the air of the Lycée for those who look a little beyond the mere outside. I am no judge myself, I merely say that I have heard it remarked.'

'Youth, youth! It is always consolatory to vote it a drawback,' said Madame Arluc with a smile. 'But pray go on. Is it then your opinion that young M. Solignac will stop everything and sell the factory?'

'Madame, I give no opinions, I only venture to offer the results of a somewhat broad experience for your consideration. Always with

this restriction, I may say that your husband is in a position which enables him to form a judgment with greater security.'

'But husbands do not always tell their wives,' said Madame Arluc sweetly. 'At least, that is my experience, so far as it goes. As you remind me, your own is broader. Say then, Monsieur Barnabé, do you invariably confide your little affairs of business to your wife?'

This was cruel, since the notary had been blessed with three wives, and the present Madame Barnabé was reported to carry matters with too high a hand to wait for confidences until they were given to her. Her voice, high and strident, was at this moment heard across the room, and the subject of her talk was that which filled the streets and houses of Grasse, the intentions of Lambert Solignac. Grasse is a town of leisure. Its very industries bear about them an air of elegance, its railway has no appearance of haste, and is separated from the town by a long hill; if you meet a cart coming into the streets in the early morning it is probably laden with nothing more prosaic than violets; if you examine the barrels at the railway station, it is a hundred to one that roses will meet your eye. A commerce so delicate and refined is something altogether different from that which rudely jostles along the world's highways, there is an airy fragrance about it, it moves lightly, it leaves room for other interests, it must have space to breathe, it should have a background of amethyst coloured hills, an outlook towards sun and sea. The people stroll out into the sun, sit on low stone walls, watch the omnibuses creeping up the white road from the station, talk a little of the blight and the drought, and the *cairon*, the worm which destroys the olives, and a great deal about their own and their neighbours' lawsuits. There is leisure for it all, and no pressure from the outer world. At the time when Lambert Solignac's affairs were under discussion, there was not a person in Grasse but was admirably acquainted with them down, it may at once be said, to the smallest details. They knew all about it, not in the least unkindly, but as a matter of course; they were aware that on the day following his father's funeral, he received a letter which he read with attention; further, that he then and there marched off to his aunt Mademoiselle Jeanne, and had an interview, in which they disagreed on every mortal subject they talked about. This was nothing new to be sure, for although aunt and nephew got on very well together, it was by means of a series of skirmishes in which each flattered him or herself that he or she was the victor. There were certain aggravating points about each which invariably took the other by surprise, for she was bewildered to find the boy turned into a man, and he was amazed at her not understanding that from her position she must naturally be lagging behind the world. Mademoiselle Jeanne was of that active turn of mind that she had never consented to lag behind anybody; it did not make it less of a misdemeanour to have it supposed that it was a collective force which was marching away from her in the cheerful manner

which the young insist upon as their right, and the middle aged resent. In this interview the obnoxious position was somehow again forced to the front, and when it was over, Lambert, going back to his room in an irritated mood, wrote a letter and posted it himself, which did not prevent Grasse knowing exactly that the letter was addressed to Madame Merillon, Rue du Palais 23, Avignon. Further than this only inventive geniuses could reach.

'There is M. Lambert,' said a girl, pausing in her pretty work of filling boxes with dried fruits, and peeping out of an old stone window. 'Holy Virgin, how good-looking he is, and how big! There is no one like him in the town!'

It was true. Lambert Solignac, with his blue eyes, curly hair, and powerful frame, was as unlike as possible to the sallow, unfledged looking young Frenchmen who grew up in Grasse. The difference was explained by the fact that his grandmother—through an odd and romantic chain of circumstances—had been a Dane, a strong likeness to her family had broken out in Lambert, whose strength had been a bye-word at the Lycée, where he had been dubbed the 'giant' always, however, with a respectful Monsieur before it. He had a thirst for adventures and a cool courage which seemed to belong to the northern tinge in his blood. He was exceedingly tender-hearted towards anything which excited his pity, but not so free from pugnacity as a hero should be. He made up his mind quickly, even impetuously, yet there often lurked a touch of hesitation or indecision behind his resolutions, of which he was a little ashamed, but had magnanimity enough not to attempt to conceal. He had also an absolute hatred of giving pain to anyone for whom he cared—an amiable, and at the same time an exceedingly perilous quality. It was this which made him unwilling to tell his father definitely that he could not carry on the scent factory, but the dislike he felt to it arose from no touch of pride—the motive imputed by some of his friends—merely from a longing for a more active and heroic life. His dreams had a splendid vagueness, hardly any seemed impracticable. It was likely that he would do many foolish things, at the same time if any one called him a fool, the worse thing they proved was their own want of wisdom. M. Barnabé was one of the number, in a strictly confidential talk with M. Arluc, the *sous préfet*, but when the notary was called in to put the arrangements into words, honesty should have led him to retract his verdict, for Lambert's wishes were characterized by so much straightforward common sense, that all those interested felt they ought to be fully considered.

There were a good many *pros* and *cons*, and Mademoiselle Jeanne, who had insisted upon being admitted, and, with her black poodle, Chou-Chou, by her side, sat in a chair in the window and knitted, added not a little desultory matter to the debate. Lambert was galled by feeling that he was not of age, and could do no more than express his wishes, he could hardly expect sympathy from his uncle,

a gentle timid little man, who had lived at Grasse all his life. He took the more pains therefore to make them clear and distinct, and at the same time as little frightening as possible, and it amazed him immensely to find M. Pierre flinging himself into them at once with a kind of rapturous enthusiasm. To travel was not enough for Lambert, he had the passion of the explorer upon him, but was content to wait for this until a year or two of more sober journeys had proved his mettle. M. Pierre supported him warmly, his eye kindled, his hand trembled, he could not restrain his exultation, as Lambert unfolded his schemes; under his breath he muttered 'Bravo, bravo!'

'Be quiet, my brother,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne crossly. 'At your age you should know better than to encourage a wild-goose life such as Lambert proposes.'

'Apparently my uncle sympathises,' said the young fellow, looking at him in amazement.

'Who can help it?' said M. Pierre. He took off his spectacles, and laid them loosely on the table, a little act so opposed to the usual careful and methodical habit of the man, that Mademoiselle Jeanne, whose spectacles, on the contrary, were always going astray, stared. 'Ah! you others,' he went on, bringing his hand down on the table with a sort of mild violence, 'you others, you imagine that because a man is tied to one little spot on the earth, he can have no aspirations, no ambitions! I tell you that I have felt all the yearnings which he describes, and that I have known the pain of stifling them too well to wish to inflict it upon him. Let the boy go. He is in a different position from what I was in, and I owe a debt to his father which I can never repay. When he is of age, let him realize his share in the factory. M. Arluc's brother is willing to enter into partnership, and if Lambert chooses to leave some of his money with us, he will receive good interest. Meanwhile, I propose that we make him a sufficient allowance to carry out his desire.'

'Decidedly he has lost his head,' murmured Mademoiselle Jeanne to Chou Chou.

But she said nothing more, and perhaps they were all a little conscious of the pathos which suddenly seemed to have touched this small red-faced man, whom hitherto no one had suspected of possessing yearnings of any sort. It was for a moment as if his life—with its steady devotion to what he considered his duty—had been laid bare, and they saw the cords by which he held himself in check.

Mademoiselle Jeanne never afterwards alluded to it, but she ceased to inveigh against his one extravagance, his subscription to a thick quarterly review, containing, as she complained, nothing but reports about outlandish places, with which no one at Grasse could possibly have to do.

Lambert therefore had his way, which he would have had anyhow, but perhaps not so pleasantly, and Mademoiselle Jeanne had her

consolation in the fact that her brother left the room without thinking of his spectacles. He came to her soon after with a guilty air—

'Jeanne!'

'What is the matter?'

'I am ashamed to tell you. I have mislaid my spectacles.'

'They are on the *buffet*,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne in a martyr's voice. 'Men are so careless, that if they had not us to look after them——'

'But my sister,' interrupted M. Pierre meekly.

'Well?'

'It appears to me that I hear frequently of your losing your spectacles.'

'Do you, then, ever find them?'

'No, but—'

'*A la bonne heure!*' cried Mademoiselle Jeanne, with a triumph which assured M. Pierre that he was discomfited. It was often so when a little opposition arose between them. Mademoiselle Jeanne used to assume the victory so vigorously, that her brother found himself defeated before he felt his position in danger. Reflecting afterwards, he could never understand how his flank had been turned, but there was the enemy, standards flying, trumpets braying, nothing for it but to retreat. He was retreating now when she called him back. 'So my nephew goes forth to see the world?'

'I hope you do not disapprove,' said M. Pierre nervously.

'That is neither here nor there, but is it really true that all these years you have buried these wishes of your own so completely that none of us knew anything about them?'

'There was nothing else to do, my dear sister. Charles could not have endured to have worked single-handed, and Charles had been very good to us.'

'That is true, but it is certain I could not have extinguished my hopes without making myself very disagreeable to you others. Pierre, you are a hero.'

'Oh, no!' he said shaking his head. 'I leave that rôle for Lambert.'

'Lambert! I have no patience with either you or Lambert, since you have let that woman get a footing at Castelbianco.'

M. Pierre was not unused to these changes; in Mademoiselle Jeanne's conversation the wind shifted quickly from north to south and back again. He said deprecatingly—

'There is not so much against her, I believe, except a character for parsimony; as for Lambert, she was sagacious enough to appeal to his mother's memory, and Lambert adored his mother.'

'He little knows then, how Margarido Merillon did her best to supplant her. It was I who baffled that little business, and it is on that account she hates me. *Hé*, Chou Chou, my angel, is it not so, She is a terrible woman.'

'Well, well,' said her brother in a conciliatory tone, 'she is old, she

will not inhabit Castelbianco for ever, and Lambert cannot be expected as yet to make no mistakes. At his age we made plenty ourselves.'

'*Bah!*' said Mademoiselle Jeanne irreverently. 'You, my brother, have a foolish habit of finding excuses for everybody, you would do it for the man who came and knocked you on the head. You may flatter yourself that you are influencing my nephew, but he will go his own way, and carry out his own plans. Now you will all your life carry out other people's. There is the difference between you. I know nothing about these ridiculous foreign countries which you both have set your hearts upon, but one may live in Grasse all one's life, and see as far as others.'

This was eight years ago.

II.

AN OLD LIFE AND A YOUNG.

At Castelbianco spring is the most enchanting time of the year, as it must be in all lands, except those given over to east winds, and perhaps even there. But in such a broad and open country as stretches round the ancient home of the De Solignacs, spring laughs out in all the unstinting gaiety of youth, which has enough and to spare. From the old neglected garden, the broad expanse of broken ground, dimpled with shadows yet radiant in the sun, the colours clean, clear, and unmistakeable, the tender grey of the olive softening the keener brightness of the wheat, and the far-away sweep of the Mediterranean with snowy Maritime Alps touching the blue sky with silver, made a picture so delightful as almost to satisfy the heart.

The garden itself, ragged and desolate, remained as sombre as ever, yet was not without a suggestion of pathos, where a few lilac anemones struggled up to the calling sunshine through the coarse and long grass, or a straggling rose-bush held out a crimson blossom, beautiful in spite of neglect. But where everything in nature laughed so merrily, the ordinary characteristics of a garden were less missed than when it was wanted to give brightness to the spot; and even in winter, the shade of the evergreen oaks, and the darkness of the oddly twisted box spirals were not unpleasing.

The house showed few signs of life. On this March day many of the windows had their *persiennes* tightly closed, and as it was noon, and the sun had travelled away from them, it would appear that the rooms were uninhabited. Moreover, although sufficiently well built to give no impression of actual ruin, there was a generally dilapidated air about the place. The paint had been scorched off the wood-work, the plaster from the walls, here and there gaped a broken window, a shutter hung on a solitary hinge, a creeper which had tried to make its way upwards, waved disconsolately above a decaying trellis. The

whole house had an indescribably forlorn and poverty-stricken appearance, in spite of its sunny and cheerful surroundings.

For a time there was absolute silence in the garden, only broken by the obtrusive cackling of some invisible poultry. Presently the door at the foot of the steps opened, a girl came up the steps and stood on the terrace. Her first impulse seemed about to take her towards the tower, where the cackling was becoming more indignant, but she soon paused, turned, walked slowly between the spiral hedges, and emerging on the walk, leaned over the low wall which bounded the garden, and resting her chin on the hollow of her hands, looked away towards Cannes.

The girl—Marcelle Boissy, Madame Merillon's granddaughter—was young. She might have been twenty, or even less. She was handsome, moreover, in spite of the lowering brows which gave her face a sullen and somewhat defiant character. Her eyes were beautiful, softly dark, and full of a hidden fire, her hair, coiled thickly at the back, showed the small, classically-shaped head to the fullest advantage, her nose was straight, and the upper lip short. Her mouth, however, was large, and her complexion sallow, while the expression gave the idea of her caring little either to attract or to please. She looked, indeed, on bad terms with the world, and her movements had none of the joyousness or buoyancy of youth.

Marcelle Boissy had lived with her grandmother always. First her father died and then her mother, but neither loss made much difference in her life. Madame Merillon had reigned in her own house without a rival, the young daughter never raised a protest, the son-in-law, delicate from the first, had found sufficient to occupy all his energies in the struggle for life, without adding to it that of a struggle with a mother-in-law. Husband and wife were wrapt up in one another, at any rate she was wrapt in him, and he gave her as many thoughts as he could spare from the contemplation of his own maladies. There was hardly room in their lives for the child, who was a healthy and independent creature from the first, and required less care than her father, even when most helpless. When he died the mother might have turned for comfort to her little Marcelle, but that she found it impossible to admit the thought of comfort, and was even disposed to thrust it from her. Then, again, her mother's action put obstacles in the way. Madame Merillon had treated her passionate love for her husband with a scornful indifference, with which she never took the trouble to interfere, except now and then when she uttered an apparently uncontrollable protest against the extravagance of some dainty out of season, obtained for M. Boissy. But his money was in his own control, and on such a point as this her daughter was a resolute woman. When he was gone, it was different with the child. Here the grandmother had long resolved to hold the upper hand. She obtained it without difficulty during M. Boissy's lifetime, and she had no thought of resigning after

his death. Madame Boissy made a few ineffectual struggles, but she was a cipher. The child was, perhaps, different from other children, at any rate, she appeared to resent the indifference of past years; it is possible was quick enough to discern between the love which her mother had given to her father, and the more languid affection bestowed upon herself. Whether a longer trial might have mended matters, cannot be said. Before a year was over, Madame Boissy had followed her husband, and Marcelle was left altogether to her grandmother's care.

A stranger collecting opinions at Avignon as to the general estimation of its inhabitants, would have had some difficulty in arriving at a clear understanding with regard to Madame Merillon. He might have noticed that her fellow townsfolk spoke of her guardedly and with caution. Had she been pointed out to him, he would have seen a small, elderly woman with grey hair, bright sunken eyes, a long nose and a prominent chin, very shabbily, even meanly dressed, walking with some difficulty along the narrow and unevenly paved streets of Avignon. Had anything led him to address her, she would immediately have directed his attention to the fact that she was deaf, and obliged him to repeat his question; yet it would have been doubtful if this deafness tallied with the description he might have previously received, and there were those who believed that she affected it for her own convenience. It prevented her from being ever called upon to answer in haste. If the conversation lasted the stranger would have soon gathered a few facts from Madame Merillon. She would have impressed upon him her ignorance of her neighbours' concerns, and her own insignificance and poverty. If she were returning from market, this latter point might be emphasized by the very scanty supply which her basket contained, and at all times her dress was of the poorest. Yet there was something about the woman which contradicted her apparent estimate of herself. She could not be called insignificant; there was power and the consciousness of it in the keen eyes and compressed lips, in the involuntary respect conveyed in the manner of those who spoke to her—respect not infrequently mixed with fear—in the stories told under the breath of the talkers. Those who offended Madame Merillon did so at their peril. It was known at Avignon that she had a long arm which reached far. The people suffered, yet they could not tell how the trouble had come to them: one gradually lost work, others had their rents raised, customers fell off here, evil stories began to circulate there; and as superstition has by no means abdicated its power, though it may have changed its front, ill luck almost brought itself about with some who were conscious of having affronted this terrible woman, so promptly was it expected.

Although, as has been said, she affected extreme poverty, she was known to be rich. Like other reports which gathered round her, it is probable that the popular idea of her riches was exaggerated. It

was said that in the dingy old house which opened on one of the narrow streets lying on the side of that now known by the name of the Rue Bonaparte, there was a disused room, the key of which Madame Merillon kept always about her person. Rumour went on to add that on certain nights a ghostlike glimmer might be observed to shine here and there behind the wooden *persiennes*, and that on these occasions, Madame Merillon having visited the room and locked the door behind her with scrupulous care, was known to pull back a panel in the wall, or to lift a loose board in the floor, and expose to view a marvellous hoard of shining Napoleons. To these it was maintained that she added her latest savings, brought in a little canvas bag, and transferred to the heap, after which she spent an hour or two in counting her hoards, and revelling in their possession.

As no one pretended to have seen the process thus minutely described, and as the Avignon lawyers were well aware of the sums which Madame Merillon farmed out at exorbitant interest, it is more than probable that in all this there was gross exaggeration, and that even the pleasure of seeing her riches spread before her would not have compensated for the loss of interest entailed in shutting them up. But a woman about whom such stories circulated, was not likely to be a cipher in a small provincial town, for those who neither feared nor hated, at any rate regarded her with curiosity. For many years she had appeared quite indifferent to their feelings or their talk.

At the time of M. Solignac's death there was a change. She had always possessed an apparently iron constitution which nothing affected, until just before that date, when an illness seized and prostrated her in spite of the strong will with which she battled against the enemy. She recovered, but she was shaken, and she began to be conscious of a new sensation—fear. Up to this time the knowledge of the many stories related about her, and the fabulous accounts of her immense wealth, had been rather a gratification to her than otherwise, as lending themselves readily to a great love of power. But now they were all embittered by the dread of some crime of violence, and when she saw the country people pointing her out to one another, imagination was quick to add a threatening meaning to their words and looks. Bolts were increased, and Marcelle's life became more rigid and confined, for her grandmother was afraid of the child's tongue. She began to cast about for some means of leaving Avignon.

M. Solignac's wife had been a cousin of Madame Merillon. No love had been lost between the families, Mademoiselle Jeanne especially, whose opinions were never wanting in definite edge, expressed herself as has been seen, with great vigour on the subject of Madame Merillon. Madame Merillon, on her part, had for many years held silence, none the less, however, did she keep herself informed of what was going on at Grasse, or of the character of the young heir, and on

the death of his father she made full use of her knowledge in the letter she addressed to him, begging him, out of his compassion for a poor old woman, the cousin of his mother, to allow her to live in and take charge of Castelbianco until he had another use for the building. She touched skilfully upon her necessities, and those of the little Marcelle dependent upon her, and she finished off by imploring him —unless he was in the habit of asking advice from her in business affairs—to act independently of his aunt, who had unfortunately contracted a prejudice against her.

This was an admirable piece of fencing, as it took Lambert at the moment when he was resolved to show his aunt that he would have no interference, and at once disposed him to agree. He walked over to Castelbianco, which had for some time been uninhabited, and found the man in possession anxious to emigrate. Here was an opportunity of conferring a benefit, and of escaping a care. Lambert returned to his uncle at Grasse, and in spite of some mild opposition on his part, carried the day.

'By all accounts she is a dangerous woman,' said M. Solignac, shaking his head.

'By my aunt's account, you should say,' said Lambert promptly. 'Dangerous? Bah, what can she do? The poor old body seems at her wits' end. My own belief is that she is miserably poor, but supposing she is the miser that Aunt Jeanne makes out, she can do no harm at Castelbianco; and we escape the reproach of leaving my mother's relation in possible want. There is an unfortunate grandchild, too. I beg of you to authorise me to write at once.'

And thus, eight years before, Madame Merillon had come to Castelbianco.

If she had lived carefully at Avignon, at Castelbianco she lived in penury. She had but one servant, a woman whom she distrusted, and with whom she quarrelled continually. All the rest of the work whether indoors or out, fell upon Marcelle, except what her grandmother, still active, undertook herself. Marcelle was by no means a willing server. She had a will as strong as her grandmother's, and an imagination which cried out passionately for some life differing from this sordid and miserable existence, but she had been brought up in the midst of it, and habit has bonds which it is almost impossible to break. She sometimes thought of escape—she did so this morning as she looked towards the sea; it never, however, grew into a definite thought of something which might be accomplished, for where could she go, what could she do? Life had not yet presented her with an answer to this question.

She had not long stood by the wall when she heard a *persienne* flung open, and her own name called in a sharp tone more than once. At first she did not answer; when she vouchsafed to do so it was carelessly and without looking round. She knew that her grandmother was at a window.

'Well?'

'The poultry, are they fed?'

'Not yet.'

'I should imagine not, from the noise they are making, and you doing nothing but idle, idle! Go at once.'

'You ought to give me something for having saved a whole hour of their food, grandmother,' called out Marcelle in a mocking tone, without showing any signs of moving. 'Why should not they be hungry sometimes? I am so at this moment.'

'You will be hungry a long time, I warn you, if you neglect your duties in this manner.'

'Then I shall go and beg for some food at the cottage.'

The window shut angrily, and Marcelle was left to her own reflections. She looked as if they were disagreeable and fidgetted from foot to foot. Presently she broke out, 'Now she will do something horrid, very likely cut off some of the dinner, and I am so hungry! There was not nearly enough for breakfast, black bread, and such coffee, it is shameful!' She rested her chin on the palms of her hands and leaned over the wall, looking out at the far distance which she had learned to associate with the idea of freedom. In a few moments a man's voice was heard singing, gradually it came nearer, the singer was making his way along the vine terraces, springing lightly from one to another until he came below Marcelle's wall. She did not lift her head from her hand as she called,

'Marius!'

'Is that you, mademoiselle?'

'Who else? Do I look like Apollinaïse?'

'Heaven forbid!'

Marcelle laughed.

'How come you here at this hour?'

'I have cut my hand, mademoiselle.'

'Badly?'

'A mere nothing. It made a show, that is all. Is there anything I can do for you?'

'If you could get me anything to eat. You don't know how hungry I am!'

The young fellow's face flushed angrily. 'It is a wickedness!' he cried passionately. 'And we have so little that is fit for you. But wait a moment, mademoiselle.'

He darted away towards one of the two cottages mentioned as standing close to the old house. When he came back he had in his hand a hunch of bread, and a little shrivelled bunch of sweet grapes. 'They are the last,' he said triumphantly. He had to put them at the top of a pole before Marcelle, stretching over, could reach them. She began to eat with great enjoyment. 'Is there nothing else I can do for you, mademoiselle?' he asked presently.

'If there were I should ask you to do it,' she replied in perfect good faith, 'but in this wearisome life there is never any one who can really help—never a distraction, never a possibility! It would have been better at Avignon.'

'You do not like poor Castelbianco then?'

'No, I hate it. Marius, you sometimes go to Grasse?'

'Sometimes.'

'Is anything ever heard of my cousin Lambert?'

'M. Lambert Solignac?'

'Exactly.'

'Oh, yes, there are things heard—sometimes.'

'What are they?'

'I have never enquired much, mademoiselle.'

'That is very dull of you, then. You might have guessed I should be interested.'

'I did not even know you had ever seen him.'

'Nor have I. One need not always see a person to be interested in them. I suppose you have heard something?'

'I heard that he had travelled a great deal with one of those discoverers or explorers, as they call them. Mademoiselle, the poultry are very noisy, have they been fed?'

'No; and you may go and do it. But first, tell me more about my cousin.'

'That is all I know.'

'Then I repeat that you are very dull. Heavens! if I could go from place to place, I should gather up a little with which to amuse myself. Here there is nothing but the sky and the lizards. You had better go and feed the poultry—stay—Is my cousin still away with this explorer?'

'Mademoiselle, I do not know; I should think so; for people say that it is seldom they return from that sort of thing.'

'That only shows how ignorant people are,' said Marcelle crossly. 'Of course, they return, and are made a great deal of. I should not wonder if they were even decorated; though you may not know what that means. Now, go!' As an after-thought she called after him, 'Take care of your hand.'

She remained where he had left her, sitting on the wall, watching the lizards or the drifting clouds, or whatever passed before her idle eyes. The sun shone full on her head with a strength which would have been dangerous to most people; but Marcelle boasted that she and the sun were good friends, and it was certain that she never feared his power. She liked to sit in that spot, partly because her grandmother hated to see her doing nothing, and partly because her dreams made Cannes their centre. She had never been there, and of course painted it a very Eden. Every now and then, on the white road which wound in and out of the fields where the young wheat was springing up, and trying to hide the fierce untamed beauty of the

scarlet anemones, she could see a carriage bowling along on its way to or from this paradise; sometimes people came climbing up to Castelbianco, eager over sight seeing, peering here, there, and everywhere, often finishing by a picnic among the anemones below the wall, and its encircling terrace. While they were within the grounds of the old house, Marcelle would keep proudly within doors, but the moment they were outside, she would rush up the stairs of the white-washed tower, and find some point from which she could watch them closely. It was the only way by which she could ever come into contact with the outer world, for which she longed. Madame Merillon did not object to visitors; she even contrived to reap a little advantage from their visits, as old Apollinaïse's scanty wages were doled to her with the understanding they might be eked out by what she received for opening the door of the chapel, or taking people up the tower. Once when she grumbled over the stairs, Marcelle told her she would take the next set herself, Apollinaïse glared at her, but her grandmother laughed.

'Well—if you will,' she said. 'The money would help to keep you.'

'Do you imagine I should do it to save you a *sou*?' flashed the girl. 'Why do you not give me what other girls have? Look at my dress, Marius's mother would be ashamed to wear one so shabby!'

'What do country girls want of fine clothes?' returned Madame Merillon, coolly. 'As for Marius's mother I daresay she is a richer woman than I am. She has those who work for her, and do not only eat, eat.'

She dropped the last taunt quietly. She knew precisely how to irritate the girl, so that even when Marcelle had palpable right on her side, she was invariably worsted in an encounter with her grandmother.

III.

M. BARNABÉ'S TACTICS.

Between Castelbianco and Grasse very little communication was held. With regard to the Solignacs there, Madame Merillon preserved a dignified silence which somehow contrived to fling before it a dark shadow of blame. No one knew how she had been injured, but even Marcelle had imbibed the firm impression that wrong had been done to her grandmother, and could not help thinking of the elder members of the family with indignant resentment. On the other side, silence was never a weapon of Mademoiselle Jeanne's. She proclaimed on all occasions her opinion of Madame Merillon. She called her miserly, deceitful, vindictive, and bewailed the day when Lambert had fallen a victim to her wiles. Castelbianco on its hill, was like a red rag to a bull when Mademoiselle Jeanne let her eyes fall upon it, at any rate

for some years after her brother's death. But time softens all things, except the remembrance of past joys, and, as the years went by, she talked, if not less virulently, less often. Certain things always irritated her, as for instance when M. Barnabé mentioned Madame Merillon's name, for he could never help shewing a certain respect in his manner. He had once or twice been called in by Madame Merillon, and he knew something of her affairs, and estimated her accordingly. Mademoiselle Jeanne obliged him to acknowledge that his client was an exceedingly careful person, but in his heart of hearts he was inclined to forgive a person with money for anything, except spending it. He was amazed at the business-like forethought with which she made her investments, at the acuteness with which she seized the moment most favourable to their interests, at the almost preternatural sagacity she shewed in knowing when to retire. He found himself treating Madame Merillon as a sort of mercantile barometer, consulting her movements, and disposed to base his own upon them; that is, when he had the chance, for it was only on rare occasions that she allowed any one to have any manner of acquaintance with her affairs, and at the best, M. Barnabé could not avoid the conviction that he was himself kept almost entirely on the surface, a conviction which, however provoking, raised his respect for her immeasurably.

Marcelle's position was often a matter of discussion with Mademoiselle Jeanne, who was one of those persons whose dislike extends itself to all kind of unreasonable lengths. If Madame Merillon had possessed a dog, Mademoiselle Jeanne would have found a hundred excellent reasons for detesting it, as it was, she lost no opportunity of assuring herself that the granddaughter possessed all the objectionable qualities of the grandmother, and was to be regarded as an enemy. She had not seen her more than half a dozen times, but she had been duly impressed with the sullen half-defiant look too natural to the girl, and had made it a text for her discourses. It was easy to see, she said, what sort of a disposition she had inherited.

At the time of which I am writing M. Barnabé found it impossible to make up his mind as regarded a certain investment. A company had been formed with the intention of buying land, building hotels, and starting one of those little towns which spring up like mushrooms along the Riviera. If they succeed the profits are considerable, but—there is always the possibility of failure, and M. Barnabé shook in his shoes when he thought of his francs melting away without bringing any return. He dared not consult his wife, for she was one of those women who bring forward an objection to every course, so as to have the satisfaction of quoting themselves triumphantly when evil arrives. He would not consult M. Legrand, the banker, or Dr. Nicolas; since there was no reason, he thought, why, if a piece of good luck fell in his way, he should call all the world to share it. But if it were not good luck at all? In despair of last, M. Barnabé

ordered his old grey horse to be put into the ricketty carriage, and shaking off his wife with the declaration that he was going to Castelbianco on business, was soon being jolted along the road.

Arriving at Castelbianco by the path already described, which obliged him to leave his conveyance at the foot of the hill in charge of a boy, he was invited to wait for Madame Merillon in the salon. This was a large and lofty room, very barely furnished, and with no signs that the stove was ever cheered by a fire. In spite of the outer sunshine the notary was conscious of the chill which an uninhabited room produces, but he was the more struck with admiration that a woman who might have surrounded herself with every comfort, should voluntarily deny herself the common luxuries of life. It was beyond his own reach, for although he loved money, he loved comfort also, and found self denial difficult.

'A wonderful woman!' he said to himself, 'a wonderful woman!'

The next moment he was conscious of having repeated these words aloud, before perceiving that Madame Merillon was in the room, but though he reddened, he immediately consoled himself with the remembrance of her deafness. She came into the room slowly, almost feebly, so that his first impression was that she aged rapidly, and the keen long look she gave him as he bowed low, he lost. Otherwise it might have changed his opinion.

'This is an unusual pleasure, M. Barnabé,' she said, motioning him to a seat, 'My granddaughter and I live the life of hermits in our old barrack, and acquaintances cannot put themselves to the trouble of a pilgrimage when they make their visits. The consequence is that we have none, and I expected to find that Apollinaïse had made a mistake. Are you on your way elsewhere?'

'Madame, it was solely the desire to pay you my compliments which brought me,' said the notary bowing again.

'I ought to make you a pretty speech in return, but you would hardly expect it. Do you know that when I saw you I imagined you had come to tell me of some heavy loss? Not that it would seem heavy to you, but you know the less you have the less you can afford to lose, and to a poor old woman like me it might mean starvation. It is hard to live in these days, M. Barnabé.'

'The world says you never lose, madame,' said M. Barnabé more bluntly.

She put her hand to her ear.

'*Pardon?*'

'The world, madame, holds you to be a fortunate person.'

'Monsieur, you mock me by saying so. I, fortunate! I, who am indebted to the grudging charity of relations for the very roof which covers me! I, who have to pinch myself in order that my poor Marcelle may not find herself altogether destitute when I am gone! I fortunate!'

M. Barnabé looked at her in wonder. She spoke with a quiet,

almost pathetic dignity which would have carried conviction to any stranger, which even staggered her hearer.

'Things are not so bad as all that, I hope,' he murmured.

'At any rate, I will not fatigue you by talking of them, unless,' she added, looking directly at him, 'you came here for that purpose?'

'I—I? By no means,' stammered the notary, 'I came to see you, to inquire after your health.' He had never doubted his power to extract the opinion he wanted from Madame Merillon, but the sight of her little brown face, the keen glance of her eyes, deprived him of his ordinary self-confidence. 'But that last investment of yours was an admirable stroke of business. Who would have supposed that the shares would have doubled in value?'

'Heaven is good,' said Madame Merillon piously, 'and you, M. Barnabé, were kind enough to give me the benefit of your advice."

The natural red of M. Barnabé's complexion became heightened, he was obliged to remember that his advice had been dead against the investment. 'Perhaps, after all,' he reflected, 'she is as deaf as she makes out, and mistook what I said to her.' Aloud he said, 'I need not tell you, madame, that my advice is always at your service. Are you thinking of anything now?' he added more abruptly.

'*Pardon?*'

'Have you heard of anything else which attracts you?'

'Where is the use of my troubling myself on such matters? They are for your rich clients, or for yourself, M. Barnabé.'

'A company is formed to buy up all the land near S. Eustache.'

'An excellent olive quarter.'

'She means that the spot is favourable,' said M. Barnabé eagerly to himself.

'In spite of the mistral.'

His face fell.

'Then you are against it?'

'Against your buying the field? How should I be able to judge?'

'I am not thinking of a field. I spoke of a company,' he said loudly.

'A company! You are forming a company?'

'No, no, madame. I merely remarked that a company was formed.'

'There are nothing but companies all about one.'

'She is decidedly against it,' reflected the notary.

'But of course you and others can afford the risk.'

M. Barnabé made up his mind on the instant that the risk was not for him. He flattered himself that although she had said nothing, he could extract from that nothing enough to prove that she did not consider the matter worth consideration.

'And where that is the case,' Madame Merillon went on in her low voice, 'there is always a certain chance that something may come of it.'

'A certain chance!' he mentally repeated the words with a shiver.

'Or at any rate you may sacrifice yourself for the good of others. Pioneers have often the privilege of being martyrs, M. Barnabé.'

'But I have no intention whatever of exercising that privilege, let me assure you, madame,' said the notary with energy. 'If I enquire into such matters it is for the benefit of my clients, and I fail to see that ruining myself would either benefit them, or any soul in Grasse.'

'The Solignacs, did you say?' said Madame Merillon, putting her hand to her ear, 'they can hardly be in a condition to indulge in speculations.'

'As to that, madame,' he answered impressively, 'affairs never went better with them than at present.'

'In spite of the young man making ducks and drakes with his earnings?'

'Things become exaggerated, grossly exaggerated, my dear madame. M. Lambert has by no means acted with the imprudence imputed to him. As their adviser I may be considered to be in a position to speak with authority.'

'Really? You relieve my mind, for I confess I felt uneasy. The young men of the day—!'

'You may say so!'

'But you consider my cousin Lambert an exception?'

'Madame,' said that notary, pompously, 'so long as I am consulted——'

'Ah, you prefer not to answer,' said Madame Merillon, professing not to hear, 'and without doubt you are prudent. After all, of what consequence is it to me? Mademoiselle Solignac does me the honour to hate me, and the poor boy himself is never likely to return from these dangerous expeditions of his to enjoy his fortune.'

'There, madame, you are in error,' said M. Barnabé, nodding his head profoundly, 'M. Lambert has already returned, and is at this moment in Cannes.'

Directly he had spoken, he repented. Only the day before, Mademoiselle Jeanne had impressed upon him, 'Whatever you say to that harpy at Castelbianco, do not let her know that Lambert is within reach. She would lay her claws on him that instant.' M. Barnabé had ridiculed the idea of his being the one to give the information, and after all, it had slipped out. 'But she did not hear,' he said to himself by way of consolation, and, indeed, Madame Merillon gave no sign of having attended to his speech; a little bag hung on her arm, and in this she was engaged in searching.

'I cannot find it,' she said at last, 'it does not much matter, for it was only a memorandum, but I want you to advise me about selling my wood in Grasse. One gets miserable payment, but still one must live, and I shall not employ old Peiroun any more, he takes too much on the kilo. Speak a word for my wood, my excellent M. Barnabé,

remember how much I have on my hands, a poor old solitary woman, with no one to help her.'

'Decidedly she did not hear,' said the notary, with relief which led him to promise more than he would otherwise have promised about the wood. When he had got away he plunged into meditations over her oracular sayings, which he flattered himself he could fathom. Evidently she did not think much of the St. Eustache scheme, or she would have asked for particulars and thought of it as a speculation for herself. This was enough to cool his own ardour. But he had to congratulate himself that she had been too deaf to take in what he had let slip as to M. Lambert's presence in Cannes, when he thought of the possibilities which lay round Mademoiselle Jeanne's anger. 'She would be capable of setting that brute of a dog at me,' he reflected. 'For that matter, Mademoiselle Jeanne is an absolute simpleton about this poor woman. Be on the alert and you can twist her round your finger, that is my experience, and I flatter myself I know something of the sex. Women are so extraordinarily prejudiced against each other. What could she do to M. Lambert!'

Meanwhile, Madame Merillon, left to herself, had laughed, a long noiseless laugh, with more scorn than merriment in it. 'Men are fools!' she said to herself. 'Did he think me blind as well as deaf? So he is thinking of putting his finger upon St. Eustache, is he? My good friend, M. Barnabé, you must learn what many another as wise as yourself has learned, to let your own little affairs stand over until your betters have finished. Until my own arrangements are made, I prefer the shares keeping low, when that is at an end,—open sesame! Enter all the world and run up the shares as quickly as you please. Nevertheless, I am really indebted to that excellent blockhead, who has gone away with the satisfied conviction that he has picked my brains, for I shall write to-day and hasten matters. Ha, ha, ha, how easy it is to throw a man off the scent! Now even Marcelle would have required more delicate treatment. And so Lambert Solignac is at Cannes—well, I must take some means of attracting him here. That old chatterbox is not to be trusted, but it is tolerably certain that his fortune is as much as I can hope for Marcelle, and the Solignacs owe me a reparation or two, which I do not forget. People pay me my debts, sooner or later. Forewarned is forearmed. Welcome, M. Lambert Solignac!'

She made a low curtesy to an imaginary guest, there was something strangely repugnant and baleful in the little air of mockery which this old and withered woman could assume at pleasure. Then she went to a drawer in a table, unlocked it, drew out some papers, and began to write her directions quickly and decidedly to a Paris lawyer.

(To be continued.)

ASTRAY.

I.

JOURNAL OF MARIAN FORESTER.

Rectory, Emery St. Lawrence, Sept. 10.

EVERY one in these days has a line. My line is to write novels. Not frivolous stories; but real studies of real characters. Not mere imitations. I aim at creating; but one must create according to rule, and I am convinced that the only way to succeed, is to study real life carefully first. Before an artist can invent a great picture, he has to draw from the life, to copy 'eyes's, noses, and mous's,' as our old French drawing master used to say; limbs and attitudes. He must look below the surface, and study muscles and skeletons. Now that is exactly what I ought to do before I write a novel, and then of course the story, if any story in these days is wanted, will be easy enough. Stories don't come into my head, as they used to do into Emily Arden's, who was always telling them to her friends, and now gets them put into all kinds of frivolous magazines; but I have always taken the greatest interest in people. So much so that people say I am a gossip. But gossip is—noticing people, because you want to gossip about them, and studying character is *quite* another thing. At any rate, it can't be gossip to write down one's observations in a book, which no one is intended to read. And I shall study all the people in the parish, and in the neighbourhood, and note down all the results here as if I was writing a book. Of course, in father's position, I have more opportunity than most girls, of seeing a great many different people. And then, when I have furnished my mind with plenty of skeletons and life studies, I shall begin to create.

And first I shall begin to study myself. Of course I shall be quite candid, and give all my good points as well as my bad ones. By the way, I must be careful to remember that dull, stupid people are quite as capable of picturesque analysis as clever ones. Otherwise, I should run very short *here*. Especially in heroes. I never saw any one at all like a hero, so I must try to make a hero out of some of the commonplace young men about. I wonder if one could—it would be very hard.

But to return to myself.

I am just twenty, and I think, myself, that I am rather unusually clever. I do a great deal of parish work, but I regard it as a means of studying life, else it might make one *bornée* and old fashioned to devote oneself too much to school children and clothing clubs. Then we have a good deal of society; but I don't care much for lawn

tennis. I think, however, that that is because I don't play very well. I should like to have a good deal of influence among the other girls in the place, and to use it for their good; but I am afraid I haven't, for I laugh so when we are all together, that I forget everything but what we are talking about. I can't lead the conversation. I think myself that I am rather—no—I will be candid, that I am *quite* pretty. Father calls me his 'nut brown mayde,' and I am very dark and vivacious-looking. And I have large eyes; which I *think* have a good deal of expression. I have ideas about dress, sometimes they succeed, and sometimes they don't. I never am the first to find out neat new ways of arranging my neck or my wrists. Still, I think my things are characteristic; which after all is a great point; and I won't follow the fashion blindly. When all the girls went about in sage green and sun flowers I got a white muslin and blue forget-me-nots, which they didn't admire.

I do, of course, a great many wrong things, though I can't remember any very distinctly at this minute; but I do think that my insight into character, and my powers of grasping a situation save me from some great errors.

For instance, I am quite sure that very few girls so nearly grown up as I was when father married again, would have got on so well with a stepmother, particularly with one only eight years older than myself. Not that I don't see all Fanny's defects of character very plainly. She is frivolous, and when *she* talks about the neighbours and their affairs, she does it to amuse herself only, not to study character; so *she* is a gossip. But she is very good-natured to me, and I am thankful to say that I am quite as fond of Georgey and Tottie and Minnie as if they were my own sisters. And she thinks father quite perfection, and never would wish him to manage the parish differently. Of course, I don't mean to say that I know better, but I think if he always considered my ideas, so clever a man would sometimes see that they were right.

Besides, father has not much insight into character, and people take him in. I suppose I ought to include Mr. Fleet, the curate, in the home group, because he is here very often; but I certainly sha'n't be so commonplace as to idealize him. On the whole, though, in these days, perhaps it's more commonplace to run him down. But if ever I create a curate when I write my novel, I am afraid I shall have to draw very much on my imagination indeed.

We don't live in an old-fashioned rectory, all buried in flowers and creepers. Our Vicarage is only one of ever so many villas. When I look out of my bed-room window, I can see down the road as far as the Lyndhursts' front door, and also to the Heaths'. I wonder if Mrs. Lyndhurst likes living with her mother-in-law. They are both people of strong character. Most likely they quarrel, though they don't look as if they did. I should like to make a study of that family, but I feel as if I knew almost too much about them. Besides,

Denys would laugh at me if he ever found it out. The Blackstones are very commonplace, though I like Rufus, having known him always, and I should never call in a new doctor, however clever he might be, when old Dr. Blackstone has been in practice here for more than forty years. There's nothing at all to study in Felicia Heath. She must just have gone on all her life exactly as she does now, without any variety. I wish an entirely new family would come into the neighbourhood, then I could begin with them at once, and sketch them vividly. Too many facts are confusing.

I don't think Felicia likes me. Now I wonder whether a person studying character would say that was my fault or hers? I don't care for her; she is all on the surface, so fussy and particular. I should think she and Major Heath got on perfectly; and she always treats me as if I was about fifteen. And she has such a very disagreeable way of giving in to one about G. F. S. or decorations, calls me *Miss* Forester, and leads people to think I take too much upon myself. I hope I don't, but it is very odd that things never seem to go right unless I manage them!

Dear me! I think things happen on purpose. As I went out to-day, I met Denys Lyndhurst quite excited.

'Some news for you, Marian,' he said. 'What have you been wishing any time this three years?'

'I wish some nice people would come to the Priory—people rather out of the common way.'

'Well, I don't know what the people may be like—tinkers or tailors, soldiers or sailors,—but Pernham's van has just gone in with no end of furniture.'

'I hope they'll be an acquisition in the parish,' was all I said, but I thought, 'Here's my chance. New people, no preconceived ideas, and no puzzling, contradictory facts. I'll study every one of them, and I'll make a novel out of their history. I don't care what they're like, they are raw material, and they'll do for me. I'll treat them as if they were skeletons in an Art School!'

M. F.

II.

MRS. LYNDHURST'S JOURNAL LETTER TO HER HUSBAND, CAPTAIN LYNDHURST, R.N., H.M.S. *Artemis*.

Morningside, Emery St. Lawrence, Sept. 15.

Once more, dearest Edward, do I take up my old journal letter. It has bound me all the more to the continuation, to see all those reams of it, tied up and docketed with all your sailor's neatness—twenty years of it, with intervals of happier times, and only one bit lost out of it, when that unhappy mail steamer was burnt. Well, it has been a great solace to me, and as you say, has helped us much to take up each other's lives again after our long separations. So you see I have started on my new stock of green paper, bought as we went back to

our hotel. Poor Denys was very brave, but, of course, the parting to him was worse than ever before, since he has really known what it is to be your companion. However, we cannot be thankful enough that you have been at home these two important years of his life, which have fixed his plans.

Emery St. Lawrence, Sept. 7th.

How desolate it would be if we had not home and dear grandmamma to welcome us. She seems well and wonderfully cheerful. She says you know that she prefers to spend the parting days alone, and that what with overland routes and telegrams, I little know what it was to be a sailor's wife fifty years ago, when letters were months on the road. You know what a brave spirit she has, and how her talk is always of outside things when she is feeling most deeply and dreads breaking down.

So she was soon in the midst of all the Emery affairs during our six weeks at Portsmouth. There has been a public meeting about lighting the church with gas, which the Vicar and Major Heath came to rehearse for her benefit, Mr. Forester for her sympathy in his defeat, the Major for the pleasure of hearing himself talk. In he came raging over the weakness of the Vicar and the pigheadedness of every body else, which is so intolerable that, but for a sense of duty, he would throw up all connection with the parish and let them go to the dogs their own way. Do you remember when Denys was a small *enfant terrible* his looking at Felicia Heath's black and tan toy terrier and asking if that was one of the dogs the army had gone to? I always think of its pointed nose on those occasions. But alas, the candles are still to gutter upon our best bonnets!

8th. Here is another piece of news. The Priory house is come to life. The people are said to be the owners, and they have the air of gentle folks, but no one seems to know anything about them and they have brought no introductions. Marian Forester and her step-mother have come in, greatly excited about them, Marian declaring that their countenances are a study; whereupon Denys began to chaff her about her opportunities, which could only be during her father's sermons, and it ended in one of those skirmishes of wits, as you know Denys is always impelled to tilt at Marian's little pretensions.

'That's the genuine undiluted article,' he said, when Mrs. Forester had poured out to us all that she had picked up. 'A much better thing than gossip disguised as clerical duty, or study of life, or—'

'Or satire,' quietly put in granny, while the boy, discomfited, entreated her to remember that he had not gone to the gossip, but the gossip had come to him.

I should like, however, to know something about these strangers, for such is the roundness of the world, that one cannot help having a strong distrust of people who do not claim any common acquaintance or connection with somebody one has heard of. To be sure that was

the case with Mr. Marsh, but then he had made himself a name. I wish Denys could see more of him, but there is not enough in common with a lad like that. Granny believes he was very unwell during those sultry August days.

9th. Yes, there certainly is an air about these new comers which makes it plain that we must come in contact with them unless there is some strong reason to the contrary. I have just seen their two girls and a gentleman walking up the hill; and Denys encountered them at the Museum this morning when he went to take your Esquimaux curiosities. He declares that one of them had a 'face like a vision,' and that he heard her voice full of sweet sounding laughter, as he came up-stairs. But she stopped and blushed as he came in, and the man, 'a dark looking chap' whom he barely saw, carried them off in haste.

10th. A very ladylike note has come in asking the character of our late kitchen-maid. Marian Forester, with G. F. S. as her plea, has elicited from the said kitchen-maid that Miss King seemed a very nice lady, and said they were four in family permanently, two sisters and a brother with an invalid aunt, and another brother coming home from time to time. They should live very quietly and see no company. The aunt is Miss Wynne, and I remember now that after that old Wynne's death, who built those miserable houses in Gridiron Lane, the property was said to go to some ladies, so I suppose she is one of them. The brother must, I fancy, be out of health, for he has the complexion that novels call marble paleness, but which always seems to me to mean a brown skin bleached by unwholesome confinement, and it seems strange that a man apparently little more than thirty should be permanently living at home doing nothing. Yet he walks briskly, not at all like poor Mr. Marsh's languid steps! What a dish of gossip to serve up to you!

III.

RACHEL KING'S JOURNAL.

Sept. 7.

If any one had ever asked me what I thought of a young lady who kept a journal, I should have answered that her performance was a frightful misuse of pens, ink, and time: that it could only lead to morbid introspection and all kinds of self consciousness, and that the sooner she threw it away the better. And yet here am I—Rachel King, aged twenty-six—actually beginning a journal myself, in this neat new black morocco lock-up book, to describe our new life at the Priory, Emery St. Lawrence, and I have gone so far as to make both Burton and Lylie promise me that in case of my death it shall be burnt unread.

I suppose it is weakness, but I could not help it. Life has not been to me what it is to most girls; it could not be; and I foresee that the part I shall have to play here will not be easy. After a conversation which Burton and I had, the night of our arrival here,

when Lylie was gone to bed, I felt that I simply must make up my mind to absolute silence to every one regarding the things that are nearest my heart, and as I lay awake thinking it over, it struck me that in the dearth of any human being to speak to, it might be just as well to write down the things I wish to remember in this new life. There will be no one to remind me of them if I forget: and as Bacon says, 'it were better for a man to relate himself to a statue or a picture than suffer his thoughts to pass in Smother.' I begin therefore to 'relate myself' to my journal.

And first of all with regard to the conversation I spoke of just now —which was, I am sure, an eventful one for both Burton and myself. It was the first *real* talk we had had since he came home, we were both so shy of one another. Aunt Louisa's ignorance prevented her from being able to help us, and in her state of health it would have been heartless to tell her anything about Burton. If Aunt Elizabeth had been alive she might have brought us together: but as it was, for the first fortnight after his return we were not in the least at ease. Perhaps it was hardly likely we should be. The shadow of the past hung over us both. I felt so afraid of saying things unconsciously that would hurt him, and he used to sit looking so constrained and apologetic poor fellow! and we neither of us knew what to say to each other. It was a great relief to both of us when Lylie came back from Germany, utterly ignorant of anything except that Burton had been under a cloud, and kept away from us all, ever since he was the 'big brother Willie' who used to pet her when she was a little girl of twelve. She thought it quite natural that we should call him Burton now, because Willie was such a childish name for a grown man: and she took for granted, what I am sure is true, that whatever he did wrong in his wild youth, he has bitterly repented. Only, poor child, I don't believe her imagination has ever represented his misdeeds as anything beyond extravagance, which made him get into debt, and obliged us to live so quietly with Aunt Elizabeth that we might pay it off.

Lylie's unconsciousness was a great relief. She never is in the least shy with people: and when she insisted on making Burton play chess with her, and discovering that he had a voice, began to teach him 'Drink to me only with thine eyes' it seemed to break down the wall which held him apart from the rest of his fellow creatures as nothing I had tried seemed able to do. After that his manners seemed to lose their oddness, and get a certain amount of their natural polish back again. Not that he ever was at all rough: he is always gentle, and his voice is sweet in both speaking and singing: but he never seemed to be at ease till Lylie came, and even now he is not quite at his ease in general society. However, there will be little of that for any of us. Poor Burton's fall has marked us all off from the rest of the world for ever.

We were so tired that first evening, that Lylie went off to bed at

nine o'clock; and Burton, coming in to the little sitting-room where I was resting in the cane chair by the fire, sat down opposite to me and leaned his head on his hands and his elbows on his knees. Then he suddenly said 'Elly, you must not think because I have never said anything that I don't feel what you are doing for me.'

The name, which I have never heard since mother died (Aunt Elizabeth made us turn Elly and Baby into Rachel and Lylie, chiefly, I think, that our identity with Willie King's sisters might not be so easily traced), the old name made tears come into my eyes. But I said as quietly as I could 'No more than any sister would do for any brother she cared about.'

'Yes, but I could not complain if you did not care about me at all, after all the trouble I have brought on you' he said. 'But Rachel, I wanted to tell you that I am not ungrateful. You and Lylie are doing all you can to make a fresh start in life possible to me, and, please God, I will never disgrace you again.'

'I'm sure you won't,' I said hurriedly: 'but Burton, you know, don't you, that Lylie has never been told anything? She knows no more than Aunt Louisa does.'

'No!' he said, startled into standing up. 'You don't mean that! I hoped she knew.'

There was so much regret in his tone that I did not quite understand, and said 'she was so young at the time we thought there was no need to tell her then—and I have never liked to tell her since. Do you think she ought to be told?'

He was silent for a few minutes. 'No,' he said: 'I don't see that there would be much use in saying anything now, and she may as well be spared, poor little girl! But I am sorry she doesn't know—I thought she did, and understood from her manner that she had forgiven—I was glad of it for myself, but I see it is much better for her that she should not know!'

We were both silent for a bit, and then he said, 'Perhaps it will make it easier for me too. The further I can put the past quite away the better for me.'

'Ought you?' I said, in surprise: for I had been believing in Burton's repentance so thoroughly that this jarred upon me.

'Of course I ought. Wouldn't you?'

'I suppose it depends what you mean by the past. The badness of it, of course—but surely you couldn't think of forgetting?'

'A man who knows he broke his mother's heart would not be particularly likely to forget,' he said in a low voice—'We are talking at cross purposes, I think Elly,' he said more cheerfully after a pause. 'There's no question of forgetting the past: but there is of leading a new life for the future. If it hadn't been for your acquiescing in Aunt Elizabeth's arrangement about my coming to live here with you and Lylie, I should have had no chance of ever really knowing my

sisters again: and mind! if you ever repent it, you have only to say so. Some time probably you and Lylie will marry, and then I shall go out to the backwoods, and doctor fellows that have stuck each other with bowie-knives, if nothing better turns up: so it would only be doing that a bit sooner. But of course I feel it is only right to do what I can here so long as it seems that I can be of any service to you.'

'I suppose men always think their sisters will marry,' I said, 'and perhaps Lylie may, but I am not a marrying woman, and besides'—I could not exactly suggest to him that it was not very likely that any one would be anxious to marry Burton King's sister. 'No, Burton, I don't think you need take that into account: half the women of the present day don't marry, and I am not likely to belong to the half who do. I am *quite* satisfied to have you here and to help you to get on—and as you say, to live a new life for the future, though you ought not to forget the past.'

'Rachel, you're awfully good to me,' said Burton—'and you do see, don't you, what I mean? No, I dare say you hardly can. Look here. You don't know what it is to have gone through what divides one bit of your life altogether from the other; but I do, and it's like going through a fire that burns ever so much of what was yourself once right away. I was a selfish brute when I was a boy—I couldn't resist anything I thought looked pleasant—and I could persuade myself that no harm would come of anything I fancied—and the only thing that kept me tolerably straight when I did keep straight was thinking of mother. Once she said to me, "I wish you had half Elly's principle"—and things might have been different if I had. Well, we needn't go through the whole story now; you know all that happened—I got into debt and it hung like a mill-stone round my neck—and then there came that mad temptation and everything was up with me. Well, Rachel, you knew that before: but you didn't know, and you never will know what I felt when old Cradock came in, with the tears running down his kind old face, just a fortnight after that awful day—to say mother was dead!'

'That was the real beginning of torture,' he went on: 'before that I had felt crushed down, but more hardly than rightfully dealt with. I had kept on saying to myself it was no moral harm I had done, only misfortune from Fox not being the heir as I expected—but all that was burnt out of me now. I can't speak of it—I was in hell if ever a man was' he shivered still as he spoke of it, 'I saw my whole life, not merely that one act—but at last old Cradock said to me, "Don't you suppose your mother would gladly have died if she had thought her dying would bring you round?" he didn't put it in those words exactly you know, but that was the sense; and then I began to see that there was something else in the world besides despair, and I made up my mind she should have that comfort out of me at least. Cradock thinks they know, Rachel. Do you?'

'I hope they do,' I said, 'Go on.'

'There isn't anything more to say. You talk of my forgetting the past. You can't forget when you have been through a thing like that, you know: and of course my life never can be what it might have been without it: but please God I mean that it should be as worthy as I can make it, and good for something yet. And you'll help me, Rachel, won't you?'

'God helping me, Burton, I will.'

We were silent after that for a time: then I said, what I had often wished to ask him, 'Do you like, or would you rather not, to talk about the past at all—when we are alone like this, I mean?'

'I had rather not,' he said at once. 'That is what I mean—that I had rather leave it behind me. I want to look forward to the future instead. I shall work up for a higher medical degree as far as I can; they won't give me one here, but I might get one in America or abroad. That will be occupation till I am quite free.'

Again I felt disappointed. How can Burton's life be anything but an expiation? and yet he seems to look forward to a future as Bob, or anybody else might. I am sure he is thoroughly honest and sincere in his good intentions: but ought he to wish not to talk of the past? How I wish I knew some one to ask! I am twenty-six, and practically, Lylie's guardian, as Aunt Louisa is incapable of anything which requires attention; but I should like to have a confidential friend of three times my own age, who understands the world, and the nature of men!

If it had been any one but Burton who had said this, it would have revolted me. I should have said there could be no true repentance, when a man tried to put the past out of his sight. If it is so—if Burton's repentance is only transitory and yields to the temptations of life—what will be our future? Have I been too hasty in insisting upon carrying out Aunt Elizabeth's idea, or trying this plan in spite of Mr. Chambers' dissuasions? He said it was not fair upon Lylie. My darling Lylie—my baby! whom I promised mother to take care of on her deathbed—if I should be wronging you! Ah! well, I must be watchful, and trustful. God knows, and mother knows, that I have tried to act for the best.

I went upstairs after saying good-night to Burton, and looked in at Lylie's door, hoping to find her asleep. She was in bed, but not asleep; looking so pretty with her round cheeks and her big grey eyes, and her curly gold-brown hair all about her shoulders.

'What a long talk you and Burton have been having. I heard your voices going on and on,' she said; 'was it nice, Rachel?'

'What do you mean, Lylie?"

'Why, your talk, my dear, of course. How nice it will be for you to have Burton to talk to about everything. He is so awfully nice, Rachel: I never expected him to be half so nice as he is. In fact, I rather dreaded his coming home: I thought he would be noisy, and

a little fast, like some of Bob's friends. But he is so very gentle, and almost shy, one might say. I don't remember his being like that in old days: do you?'

'No, he wasn't like that,' I said, 'but you know, Lylie, he has repented of his wild ways, and has had a great deal of suffering to go through—he was telling me to-night what mother's death was to him. He does not want to talk about old times at all, he has just been telling me so. I thought I would tell you.'

'Did he really say that?' said Lylie, raising herself on her elbow and opening her eyes wide. 'Poor old Burton! how much he must have suffered! Never mind, Rachel, you and I will make it up to him as much as we possibly can: won't we? We will try to make him forget.'

I wonder what Lylie would say if she knew.

IV.

FELICIA HEATH'S JOURNAL.

The Hollies, Emery St. Lawrence, Sept. 13.

I must write down what happened yesterday, because there is no one in all Emery St. Lawrence that I care to talk to about my private affairs. Perhaps it is strange this should be the case, considering my father and I have lived here a good many years, but so it is. Some people would say it was my own fault, but I think when one is thirty, it is useless trying to change one's character. Besides, I never could be popular, and I have resigned myself to being left out of the circle, when young girls congregate together to have a good talk. I suppose, in time, they will mention me as 'old Miss Heath;' those young things of seventeen and eighteen think I am already 'old,' though they do not say so aloud.

However, from my own point of view, I do not feel older than I did when I was nineteen, I am as impatient and even more dissatisfied than I was then, and often silently rebel at the lot every one thinks so very suitable for me—keeping my father's house, helping in local good works, and taking stalls at the bazaars, which the fussy ladies of Emery St. Lawrence get up periodically. By the way, last time it was a 'fancy fair,' they arranged to have, and the pretty girls were got up in costumes for it, however, they allotted me the stall of plain work in an out-of-the-way corner, because they felt sure 'Miss Heath would not care to dress up as a Swiss peasant.'

I wonder whether many people have a sad, very sad experience, folded up and put away out of sight of all the world. May not this fact account for much of the temper and freezing manner which we judge so harshly. I fancy this excuse is seldom made for the unamiable. I am sure ten years ago I was not *crab-faced*, as an old woman here calls her daughter-in-law, but then Owen was alive, and I was always planning and making castles in the air for him,

and this young brother was to become a hero. The unexpected sight of that man has brought all that past time vividly to my mind. Aunt Mary's little house, far away from here, and how she left everything to me, being always such an invalid, and Owen's coming home from school, and his dear bright face. Father's long absence in India made him hardly realize Owen except in name, but I had done everything for him ever since he was sent from India after mother's death.

I do not believe she could have loved him more than I did had she lived, but then she escaped the sorrow I experienced, when he died under such terribly sad circumstances, the remembrance of which has embittered my life ever since. Yesterday I realized how the old sore was not healed, because a strange chance threw the man, whose influence had done so much harm to my brother, again across my path; the man too who I once, for a little time, fancied cared about me—it was a short dream, and it was dispelled by a very bitter awakening, but Owen loved him through it all, and I can hear him now even on his death-bed asking me, 'Felicia darling, promise never to say anything against King that may injure him; if ever you meet him again in this world, at least keep what you know from others. Promise me.' Of course I did promise. What did it matter to me then if I never saw or spoke to William King again, Owen's dying request must be granted. Oh! yes, I remember this incident as clearly as if it had happened yesterday, and yet what really happened yesterday was this,

My father remarked at luncheon time that he wished to drive to a market-gardener's house beyond Doddery Down, in order to get some begonias for a stand in the porch, and that I might come with him, which meant that he required my company, for he has never got over the idea of being still in command of the regiment, and though I may be said to keep his house, yet, my father rules the household implicitly. He has now a passion for gardening, and I sometimes hear him give the word of command to his flowers, such as, 'This geranium must climb up that trellis, Felicia,' or 'there must be no gap in that border when these plants come up,' and he is very much surprised when his orders are not always obeyed. Moreover, he tries to rule Emery in the same way, and the consequence is, that we are always getting into hot water with some of our neighbours.

How often I wish I were like the model daughters in books who confide all their troubles to their father. It must be delightful, but I have never experienced it. My father is, I know, an upright English gentleman, but we were too long apart to fall readily into each other's ways. He delights in talking of the various regiments he has had to do with, believes that the old state of things in the army was nearly perfect, and the present changes are fast leading the English nation 'to the dogs.' He is a strong Conservative, and as I said before, he fancies his will must be law, and in personal intercourse with me he has no power of giving sympathy; he would be utterly surprised to hear I wished for it, and

he certainly does not possess what Kenelm Chillingly had,—'that sort of tenderness which completes a nature thoroughly manlike by giving it a touch of the woman's.' My father is thoroughly manlike, but has not the faintest touch of tenderness. We live together, and yet we have our individual interests, which seldom harmonize; if Owen had lived, he might have been the link, but what is the use of thinking of that? I sometimes envy Marian Forester's perfect ease with her father, though in no other way do I wish to be like such a tiresome conceited creature.

That drive yesterday was the most disagreeable one I ever took, for after we had proceeded a mile in silence, my father suddenly said,

'I had a letter this morning, Felicia, from poor Wood's lawyer, you know Wood, who died of cholera in India. I'm the guardian of his girl, and it seems she wants a home in England, so I have written to say she's to come and live with us.'

I was silently indignant, because really I do think my father might have taken the trouble to consult me a little about such an important affair. Surely I might have some consideration shown for my wishes, as well as 'poor Wood's daughter,' and I had no intention of being made the slave of some capricious girl, over whom I should have no real authority, and who would be a continual thorn in the flesh. This was really more than I could bear, and I said,

'I do not see why she should come and live with us.' I do not believe my father was conscious of my indignation, as he said.

'And where else is she to go, Felicia? Why, Wood said to me years ago. "If anything happens to me, Heath, I want you to be kind to Frida; and I said, all right, she can live with Felicia, you know. It was odd that Wood and I should have had one daughter a-piece, uncommonly odd.'

'And if you had died, I suppose you settled I was to live with this Frida?' I said rather bitterly.

'Why, yes, of course I did,' my father answered pleasantly, 'but its just as well it happened the other way, because Wood's daughter must be years younger than you are, though, bless me! I forget how old you are exactly.'

I was too much aggrieved to continue the conversation, for I brooded over the thought that from henceforth I was to be saddled with a girl, years younger than myself, and this without my consent. It was not my father who would have to take her about, and accompany her to all kinds of things she might take a fancy to see, even stupid Emery tea parties, but of course if anything broke the routine of his life, he would be the first to complain—I should have to bear the blame, and not 'poor Wood's daughter.'

For these reasons our drive was not a pleasant one, and when we reached the gardener's house, my father went in to choose the begonias, leaving me with Dumpling and my meditations. I think there must have been a warm discussion between my father and the

gardener, for when the former came out again he looked very much vexed and he had chosen but one plant, which was put under the back seat in profound silence. When we had turned the pony's head towards home my father said,

'That pig-headed Smith thinks he knows more about flowers than I do; that reminds me, Felicia, that that girl, Frida Wood, I mean, may come pretty soon, I told the lawyer to send her at once. She's in London now; you'll see about a room being got ready for her, the Blue Room will do, she can see my flower beds from there. Poor Wood, he was an uncommonly nice fellow, but he was inclined to take the wrong side, when I first knew him; he had had a touch of the radical fever, but I cured him of that. After the first ten days he never argued with me.' This is not difficult to believe, to argue with my father is tantamount to disagreeing with him, indeed, he takes it as a personal insult, so that his old friends, with few exceptions, have learnt to receive his statements in silence, and according to him, silence gives consent.

I began to feel a thorough dislike to this Frida Wood, but as I knew it was useless saying anything, I contented myself with indulging in no pleasant thoughts about the time when she would arrive. Of course I shall try to be kind to her, and as she must live with us, I hope she will feel at home, but she will have to remember that she comes as my father's ward and not at all as my companion. However, Frida's affairs went quite out of my head yesterday, because—well, I will put it down just as it happened. I shall put down everything that relates to *him* in future, because my lips must be sealed, and being human, one wants an outlet for one's thoughts.

We were nearing Emery, when my father, taking out his watch, remarked it was later than he expected, and as he had an appointment, he would take a short cut by a narrow lane leading into the town. Dumpling has a stupid trick of shying if he sees a heap of anything by the roadside, and I happened to know that some cottages were being repaired in this lane and mentioned the fact to my father, but he only said,

'Nonsense about Dumpling shying, Felicia, you are always a coward, and Stroud Lane is certainly the shortest cut to our house. I argued that fact out the other day with Mrs. Lyndhurst, who fancies she knows everything about Emery, but I convinced her at last.' To-day, however, Stroud Lane was not to prove a short cut for us. For when we were about half way through it, we saw that a cart filled with bricks was blocking our path. A man was taking them out and piling them up on the ground. There was also a wheelbarrow just inside a cottage gate and I was wondering whether Dumpling would pass it quietly, when my father's commanding voice called out,

'Heigh! Move that cart!'

The man looked up a little angrily, he had never been drilled in

my father's regiment, and resented the tone. However, he sulkily eyed the space left between the cart and the opposite hedge and then returned to his work.

'Confound the fellow,' muttered my father, beginning to look very angry. 'Move that cart, do you hear me,' he added in a louder key. Dumpling had pulled up short, doubtless aware that a discussion was going on about his affairs; but before I quite knew what my father was going to do, he threw me the reins and jumped out, whilst I exclaimed,

'There is really just room.'

'I tell you there isn't, Felicia, and I'll have that man taken up.'

He marched straight up to the horse's head, and before the man could interfere, he had led it a little more into the ditch. After this he called out to me to drive on.

I gathered up the reins, but before I could whip on Dumpling, the workman, furious at my father's action, seized the wheelbarrow, and in an instant he had emptied its contents just in front of the animal. The pony swerved and shied into the hedge, so that I was on the point of being upset, when somebody sprang forward and caught his head. In a moment the carriage righted itself, and the stranger led it past the enemy. Only then did he turn his face towards me, and I recognised, as if sprung from the grave, the man who had caused me so much misery, and who had been the means of leading Owen into trouble.

Why he was here, or how he came here, I did not know. I could not collect my ideas, only a strange undefinable horror crept over me, making me powerless to say anything. We looked at each other for a second, and that look said plainly, 'Let us be strangers.' Whether my eyes expressed the scorn I felt, I do not know; but at last I was able to turn away my head and appear unconscious of his presence. My father came up, having had a discussion with the workman, which I had not heard a word of, and now his voice sounded as if it were a long way off, and I could hardly take in the sense of what he was saying.

'I am very much obliged to you, sir. Your prompt assistance has saved my daughter from a disagreeable accident. Had the carriage been upset, I should certainly have had that fellow brought before a magistrate.' He, Mr. King, said a few words which I did not catch, raised his hat, and walked quickly away. My father then jumped into the carriage beside me, and we drove rapidly home.

'What a nice-looking young fellow that was, Felicia,' he said presently. 'He must be a stranger, for if he were living at Emery I should know his face. I never forget a face I have seen. You have not met him before, Felicia?'

'He must be a stranger here,' I said, avoiding a direct answer.

'That's just what I said. Well, he showed presence of mind, and certainly he did not stay to be thanked. That's what I like in a young man; that's how it used to be in my young days. We fellows

then thought nothing of jumping overboard, or stopping a runaway horse. But now, if a man shows the smallest amount of pluck, he sends it at once to the papers, and gets a medal from some society or other. If I meet this man again, I'll——'

'I am sure you thanked him quite as much as the occasion required,' I said; and I hope my tone stopped the effusion of thanks he meditated, whether they consisted in an invitation to dinner, or anything else. Anyhow, the subject dropped there.

V.

MARIAN FORESTER'S JOURNAL (*continued*).

Sept. 20.

Well! At last, I have seen them. I never rested till I got Fanny to call. Of course they were out! And we were out when they returned the visit. And where I sit with the school children I cannot see anybody at church in the morning, while in the evening we might as well have no light at all as those horrid old candles. I asked Felicia Heath at school if she had seen them, and she looked at the girls in an horrid repressing way. As if they could hear, and if they did, *I* don't want to be thought superhuman, that's not my principle. I'd rather, if possible, that they should know I am of the same flesh and blood as they are. However, yesterday I went to walk with father, and I was telling him how I had been to see old Widow Tomlinson, and how she told me quite in confidence that Mrs. Lyndhurst, her district visitor, hadn't been to see her but once since she came back from abroad, while it quite went to her heart, she said, to see how often Mr. Fleet passed by her door. Father looked grave.

'Widow Tomlinson is hard to please,' he said. 'She told Fleet yesterday that now-a-days she hardly ever saw Miss Forester.'

'Oh, papa,' I said. 'And I have been every week regularly.' And then it occurred to me that perhaps Mrs. Lyndhurst had been too. I'm afraid studying character shows one a low side of human nature. 'Widow Tomlinson can't tell the truth,' I said.

'Have you been in the habit of depending on her word, my dear?' said father.

'Well, I had, I thought I understood her better than Mrs. Lyndhurst, although she *has* visited her for twenty years! That's a mistake. I must candidly own it.'

And at this moment, when I felt quite cross and silly, at the turn of the lane, were the new people, Mr. King and his two sisters.

Father introduced himself at once, and we walked on together. I looked at them as much as I could, but I don't as yet see anything in Mr. King of remarkable interest. He is shy, I think, or else he affects that very quiet manner. He looks as if he wanted stirring up. I should say life had gone very smoothly with him, and that he knew

little of its great realities. He didn't respond much to father's attempt to bring him out, and Miss King put in her word a good deal. But I like her face. I don't think she is another Felicia, there's something in her eyes I like, and the younger one is so pretty. She talked the most; she has been at school in Germany, so she has no English friends. I will ask her to join our German reading with Mrs. Lyndhurst. Of course it will be a good thing for her in a new place if I take her up. But Miss King, I wonder if she has a long engagement, or has had a disappointment. Perhaps he is dead or unworthy. I hope I am superior to thinking too much of love affairs; but it would be still more ignorant to leave them out of consideration. They do form character. I told Miss King I should come and see them. She seemed to think a minute, and then said, 'We shall be very happy.' Perhaps new interests are an effort to her.

VI.

Priory House, Emery St. Lawrence, Sept. 22.

DEAR MR. CRADOCK,

You told me when we parted that you should like to hear from me when my plans were fixed, and therefore I make no apology for troubling you with a full account of myself.

When I left you, I thought I should immediately emigrate, and imagined it possible that by the time my sisters had no ties to England left, I should have made a home for them, so that in the event of their not marrying they might have come out and lived with me. But when I reached London, I found the following state of things, which I had not previously understood. While I was absent a great uncle of ours had died, leaving his property to be divided in equal portions between his three nieces,—my mother, or her representatives, and her two sisters. Shortly before my return home, my Aunt Elizabeth died, leaving the bulk of her fortune to Rachel. My other aunt, who had always been more or less of an invalid, lost all power of attending to business. Old Mr. Wynne was a wealthy man, and at some time of his life had bought a good deal of property in this little town as a speculation; there is a medicinal spring here which I believe is of much the same quality as the water of Kreuznach, and several years ago there was an idea that Emery might become a second Bath or Cheltenham. I believe, from what I can make out, that what really stopped all chance of its growth was a frightful epidemic of typhoid, due to defective drainage, which gave it a bad name, and effectually frightened off all possible visitors. Mr. Wynne never lived in the place himself, but he derived a fair income from his property there, and among his possessions was a good roomy town house, the lease of which has just run out. My aunt, Miss Elizabeth Wynne, the managing one of the two sisters (for the other, who survives her, is a paralysed invalid, and has always been delicate), had been waiting for the end of the lease to go to live there with my

Aunt Louisa, and my two sisters; she thought that country air, and more especially the virtues of the mineral spring, which she had had analysed by her medical attendant, might improve the health of my invalid aunt. Matters were all in train for the family move, when last spring my Aunt Elizabeth caught a chill, which developed into pneumonia, from which she never recovered. She was to the end extremely desirous that her sister and her nieces should still go to Emery St. Lawrence, feeling, I believe, that it would be less trying for her surviving sister to endure her loss in a new place, rather than in an old one. She also left a memorandum addressed to me, which Rachel was to give me as soon as I came home. In it she said that although she had always imagined that I should wish to emigrate as soon as I was free, she much hoped that I should not leave England at once, but wait to see whether Rachel needed a brother's help in dealing with this property, which was eventually to come to her at my aunt's death.

The fact of our property being involved with my Aunt Louisa's, who is not in a condition to act for herself, and also my youngest sister being under age at present, complicated matters a good deal, and would make it difficult for Rachel to act. My younger sister, my brother, who is at present trying for an army commission through the militia, and myself, would be left comfortably provided for; but the Priory House, she thought, would make a home for her sister till her death, and for her nieces afterwards. She told me that I need not fear recognition there, for as far as she knew, the Wynnes were entirely unknown, and our north-country birth and education in the wilds of Yorkshire was exactly the thing which we might now be thankful for, as no one in a southern county would be likely to remember such an ordinary name as King, in connection with the incidents of my past history. She ended by saying that she believed that my past experience had taught me a lesson that I should not forget, and that I should not betray her confidence when she asked me to do everything I could to help Rachel to start in her new life before I went away, and especially to stand by her in case she had any trouble with my younger brother, who is inclined to be wild, and has no one to control him.

You may imagine that I felt most grateful, and much touched by this generous forgiveness; I think some of it must have been your doing, as I know that kind letter she wrote to me after my dear mother's death was brought out by one to her from you. I have decided, therefore, to stay on here for the present. My being here seems to be a great comfort to my poor Aunt Louisa, who, Rachel tells me, has never been allowed to hear of my disgrace, and only knows vaguely, as my little sister Lylie does, that I have been 'under a cloud.' In some way, I would rather that they knew; but I see clearly, by the burden which the knowledge of my past evidently is to poor Rachel, that I have no right to sadden their lives if it can be

helped. Of course, I can never forget the past myself; but as you used so often to say, a new life lies before me, and it is possible, with God's help, to live the rest of it worthily, so that I may never make any one suffer in the future as I have in the past.

I find that there is plenty of work before me to fill up my time. I have begun working hard again at my natural science and microscope, and there is a great deal to be done in seeing about the property here and trying to get it into a good condition. Much of it consists of cottage property, which has been neglected for years, and is in such a wretched condition that only the scum of the working classes will take a house; and these would not do so, I believe, except for the scarcity of houses at Emery. I should like to see this put right while I am living here; which, I sometimes think, may be for longer than I wish; my poor aunt seems to find such a comfort in having me here, that I should scarcely like to leave England against her desire. And surely I have brought so much trouble upon my family that I can hardly with a good grace refuse to do anything that can gratify them now. Otherwise I should be only too thankful to get to the other side of the water, and start on a career for myself. I should not care what it was. I would gladly find myself doctoring Roaring Camp, or anywhere else, so long as I was doing a man's work after so much enforced idleness. Even now, I find, I can hardly keep my hands off a sick person whose case is being muddled by old Blackstone here: though I know if I am to keep my incognito at all, as for the girls' sake I am bound to do, I must not betray that I know a stethoscope from an ear trumpet.

I hope you will still continue to write to me from time to time. I shall always be thankful for your advice, whenever you have any to give me.

Believe me, dear Mr. Cradock

Yours most gratefully,

WILLIAM BURTON KING.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

A SKETCH AT PRAGUE, 1495–8.

'Oh! fair delight of learning! which grows great,
And stronger and more keen for slower limbs,
And dimmer eyes, and loneliness, and loss
Of lower good—wealth, friendship, aye, and love,
. . . . Nay, evermore,
All things and thoughts, both new and old, are writ
Upon the unchanging human heart and soul.'
Epic of Hades.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

'The boy looks noble-natured, treat him with all grace,
Lest he should come to shame thy judging of him!'
Gareth and Lynette.

CHAPTER I.

One afternoon in March, 1495, young Ottocarius von Strahlenheim rode into Prague, over the famous bridge which spanned the Moldau. He was an orphan, with only one relation in the world, so far as he knew, his sister Hildegarde, married to the Graf von Marienbad, a Bohemian noble, but also a subject of the Austrian Arch-duchy and of the Holy Roman Empire. Otto himself had had strange adventures, and not till a year or two before, had it been discovered that he was really the son and heir of Freiherr von Strahlenheim, and not the lame peasant boy, who had shown extraordinary intelligence at the monastic school to which the freiherr had sent him to have him trained to be a clerk or secretary. Otto rapidly recalled the past changes of his life, he was 'young, but not constrained in sorrow.' 'Life began early in the middle ages,' character was formed quickly by the hard discipline of circumstances and manners, and the limited standard of 'learning' soon attained, so that one whom we now call a 'boy' might be, and often was, ranked among doctors, philosophers,

* This story aims at showing the typical thoughts, troubled and hopeful, which filled the minds of one small group, among the 'Children of the Renaissance.' The period was one of perplexity, with high light and deep shadows. There was a spirit of earnestness and reflection, such as, since then, has perhaps only been felt in our own day. It may be well to recall in an age of 'new light and new means of spreading it' that, great as our advance may have been since then, the same kind of struggle has always occurred when fresh forces are brought to bear on the Intellectual Life. But progress and truth cannot hurt our Holy Faith, for it is the Eternal Truth, though (and this is what makes the difficulty for many) each time that new light is thrown on the human institutions and modes of thought, new points are found defective and faulty.

and warriors. Otto was only seventeen; yet, the peasant's hut, the school, and a brief time of anxious leadership before his guardian arrived (honourably to prove a claim which barred his own in right of his wife, and) to arrange that Otto should go to prosecute his studies for a time at the famous Bohemian University, had all contributed to the ripening of his manhood. What was to be in the future?

He was entering the capital of Bohemia with only a few attendants. He looked curiously, as he passed, at the sixteen-arched bridge, which divides the ancient, irregularly-built city into two parts. It was the capital of Bohemia; for at Prague was the palace of kings, from which emanated such internal government as might be possible at any given period, and such rude diplomacy as sufficed for the necessities of peaceful and warlike communications with the nearly-connected Duchy of Austria,—where the first struggles for the freedom of the intellect and soul were begun by Huss and Jerome,—the city sacred to the memories of the Bohemian Justiciars, Ottocar I and II,—round which was collected all that was patriotic and religious in the independent dwellers on the hill—and in which (not least to a mediæval mind) the bones of the holy saint Beit reposed in the beautiful old cathedral, the head of all the churches except those belonging to the numerous monastic bodies, between whom and the 'secular' clergy, here as elsewhere, no love was lost.

Otto's dress was that of a young nobleman, bent only on peace, if possible,—a thick leathern coat with clasps and joints of silver, across which passed a bright blue ribbon; a rough sheepskin cloak hung over one shoulder, whence it might be drawn round the person at pleasure, his head was covered with a sheepskin cap, with a silver brooch in the fashion of a lion's head, but a helmet was dangling at the saddlebow.

It had been with some good-natured amusement that Carlo had tried to give his brother hints as to his '*devoir*,' for naturally Otto had not served an apprenticeship to athletics and war, but his 'clerkly' training (for the freiherr had destined him for a secretary, as we should now call it,) made him quick to take hints. His face and manners were much more refined than most of his contemporaries, and Carlo advised him to attribute ignorance of the finer arts of horsemanship to his lameness, which, slight enough, was still apparent when walking.

Crowds were coming and going over the bridge, of all ages and occupations, as denoted by dress, in a time when dress was worn according to the rank to which its owner belonged. It was easy to distinguish a knot of students by their manners as well as by their garb, when for love of mischief, they began to 'chaff' the young stranger. Here be it remarked, once for all, as we cannot use the language they spoke, we fail to see that badly written English comes

any nearer to it, and (Shakespeare, among others, being quite good enough to follow as a guide) we propose to sketch human nature in a different age to our own without using hybrid words, never found except in fiction. Therefore, we repeat that these young students 'chaffed' Otto and his servants, in barbarous Latin, in Czech, and various provincial dialects of 'German'—Otto was beginning to be extremely embarrassed by the boys, from twelve or so upwards, and his anger, only kept in check by pride and common-sense, was rising, when he heard the fierce tones of rebuke addressed to his tormentors by another student, whom the rest seemed to treat with deference.

'Will you permit me, sir,' said his deliverer, 'to direct you to some place of entertainment? Pardon me; I see by your dress that you are a stranger here, but a countryman of mine. Can I be of any small service.'

Otto looked at the stranger, and instinctively was satisfied with his appearance. 'You are too courteous sir. If you will give yourself the trouble of telling me where a man dwells of the name of Hans Starkza.'

'In the Reich Strasse? allow me to direct your servants.' He did this rapidly, and turned again to Otto, who dismounted.

There is sometimes a kind of unconscious freemasonry between souls of the finer sort, those who harmonise well make friends easily, 'by chance,' they recognise each other quickly. It was perhaps this that prompted the student to say. 'Will you sup with me to day? it is near four o'clock.'

'Certainly, I should be glad to do so,' replied Otto, with a frank smile. 'I am Otto von Strahlenheim, of the Rosenburg.'

'Where?'

'Near Teplitz, of course.'

'Oh!—excuse me, sir, but it is just as well not to speak as if everyone has heard of it—it will save you some ridicule. Is it?——'

'My own, yes; my father is dead. I hope to study here. What is your name may I ask, sir?' Otto said, the red flush dying out of his cheek which had flown there at his companion's blunt words. The young man was not particularly remarkable in any way. He was apparently two years older than Otto, his plain round black cap and short gown marked a long residence at (not in) the University, traces of strength of will and honesty of purpose, on a peculiarly pleasant countenance, redeemed his appearance from being commonplace.

'I am really Gustavus von Rachem (my father is in attendance on the King now); but here, you know perhaps, it is the fashion to adopt some Greek or Latin name, as the renowned Aristoteles is known to posterity by his title or assumed cognomon of Plato?'

'No, I did not know.'

'Ah! I am sorry. You are an Aristotelian?'

Otto was puzzled—'I do not know. I read Aristotle.'

'In Greek?'

'Yes.'

'Oh! then there is a hope of you. What are you to be called, Herr von Strahlenheim?'

'Freiherr,' corrected Otto.

'Whatever you will; rank matters not here; in fact, though in Italy it is different, there is not much of it among scholars. But it does matter to what *nation* you belong? Then are you *determiner*, *bachelor*, *master*, or *fellow*? What is your *name*?'

'You never told me yours?' said Otto.

'Oh! mine, I am ambitious. I call myself Homer Kudos, the first from the poet, the second is my desire. I am only known here as Kudos.'

'I think I like to have a name of my own,' said Otto, who felt that he had no wish to part with his, only consciously his own for the last year. 'It sounds better to me. But what is this?'

By this time Otto and Kudos had stopped at the door of a finely timbered old house, round which knots of students were standing. 'This is our *domicile*,' said Kudos. 'Twenty of us live here and pay the cost between us, under the license of the Chancellor. If you will allow me to welcome you——'

'You are too kind,' said Otto, frankly, 'I am quite without experience here.'

'That is a thing to be regretted in our life; but it is quickly acquired.'

'If you will only show me what to do——'

'If you trust me—and the first lesson to be learnt in this world is distrust, I grieve to say——'

'Already I do not feel that it is hard to confide in your kindness.'

'And in my honour? Be it so. I have brought a friend, the Freiherr von Strahlenheim, who I hope will become one of us very soon; allow me, sir, to present to you, and present you to, some of my friends here;' added Kudos to the little group which stood nearest to him. Thus the ice was broken for him, he was welcomed by those of some standing and of good character, for such were sure to be among the associates of the young man who had so curiously become his cicerone in Prague.

CHAPTER II.

Biron 'What is the end of study, let me know?
King Why that to know which else we should not know.
Biron Things hid and barred you mean from common sense?
King Aye, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron Come on then; I will swear to study so—
To know the thing I am forbid to know—'

Love's Labour Lost.

This was the college of St. Thomas. The colleges of these times were generally unpretending buildings hired by the students, under

the discipline and superintendence of the university authorities, while the lectures and teaching were carried on for the most part in rooms lent by the monastic bodies.

After his ride Otto was extremely glad to see a room with several tables, on which stood flagons waiting for the beer presently to fill them, while barley bread and goat's milk cheese was piled up in quantities sufficient even for the hungry men and boys who stood waiting for the meal.

He had been talking with the others for a quarter of an hour or so, when there entered a tall, spare, white-haired, but vigorous old man, who passed to the head of the table. Kudos left Otto and advanced with three deep bows. 'Illustrious and learned doctor, may it please your reverence—'

'What is it, my son?' said the old man, kindly.

Otto knew it was Doctor Germanicus, to whom he was now to be introduced, and, as tutored beforehand, he kissed the doctor's nervous fingers, and was told that Kudos might place him among the bachelors, by himself, till he was enrolled as a student. As they retired, a voice was heard to say:

'Illustrissimus, the period of discipline of Jerome Flessinger, bachelor of divinity of the University, having expired, he beseeches your leave to resume his place among those of his own standing.'

'Let it be so,' replied the doctor.

A Latin grace was said, and in silence the students began to eat with much vigour. With a smile, Kudos passed his horn cup to Otto, as a pledge of friendship. Otto had, as we should say, fallen on his feet; though he did not yet know the extent of his good fortune, he responded with a look, which was the acceptance of all that Kudos meant. The language of the eye is expressive enough on some occasions—some one began to read at the end of the room—Greek was the great language of the Renaissance. Otto understood it, but the book was unfamiliar, and the language hard. His mind wandered from the section, as did the thoughts of most people, we suspect, to notice those around him. He was naturally looked at in return with great curiosity, by any who came in after his entrance; he was the only man, or boy, who did not wear a gown. Opposite him was seated a remarkable looking person, with gaunt, but handsome face, sharp features, and restless dark eyes, who ate and drank most sparingly, and seemed lost in sad thoughts, while others were exchanging significant looks and gestures, whenever they fancied themselves unseen by those in authority.

Otto became convinced that this was Jerome Flessinger. He wondered what his offence was, for Jerome was not evidently a merely unruly student he was older than many of the others, some of whom, at the lowest table, were almost children, of eleven and twelve, though amongst those there were one or two old men, who, late in life, had come to seek for the light which seemed almost

suddenly to have dawned in the University. This time, as we know, was the Renaissance period. The meal over, and grace repeated, the Socius left the room, followed by some of the students, among whom was Jerome Flessinger, not, however, without speaking a few words to Kudos, and receiving a hasty whisper in answer, of which Otto guessed rightly that he was the subject.

'Now, my friend, I can talk to you. Have some wine?' said Kudos.

'None for me, thanks.'

'Very well. When you are one of us, you will have to treat all once. We are most of us poor, but you will find us very sociable, on the whole. Not many Flessingers among us, are there?'

There was a murmur of assent from those who had gathered round Kudos.

'Who is he? What has he done?'

'I spoke to him just now; you saw him. What has he done, Baiern?'

A cosy group was formed by the fire, as the tables were removed, leaving only the trestles on the floor.

'He had his brain turned by religious scruples. As a rule that doesn't matter here. Your name is not Bohemian, but you know our disputes?' asked Baiern of Otto.

'Of the Calixtines, Taborites, and the Common Brethren? Yes.'

'Well, such matters are generally outside the discipline of the University. Truth to say, it is better not to ask questions. Many of us believe in Plato's First Cause, but nothing less mystical. This is the age of light,' said Baiern, warming to his subject, with all the pride of a modern young sceptic, 'let the school-men fight for the system of Aristotle, and the philosophy of Aquinas—formerly called St. Thomas. Religion is only useful for the hold it gives the strong over the weak; it is good enough for the ignorant. You look shocked. You will soon learn how we philosophers treat the matter.'

'It is only Baiern's way,' said Kudos. 'Go on about Jerome, if you mean to tell us anything.'

'Who on earth would have cared if he worshipped Pallas Athene, or the Templar's golden crowned cat, if he had said nothing, but when he began to dispute publicly, and obliged the authorities to take notice——'

'That was all he wanted,' observed another man.

'Of course, and no man ever tried to be blind harder than Socius Germanicus. But he would be a martyr; it flattered his pride.'

'Well,' replied the other, 'it was an unpleasant way of gratifying it. He had plenty of courage, I will acknowledge. I could no more have dared the Council in that way, than I could have become an Hieronomite.'

'What is the Council?' asked Otto; and Kudos replied, 'There are

so many students on the register of each *diocese*, so many dioceses make a *province*, they make *nations*, here—the '*Bohemian*' is the chief of four. Each 'nation' has a vote in Council, but Bohemia has three; each has a procurator, who, assisted by the deans, chosen by each diocese, with the Rector, and the Chancellor, who is chosen by the Bishop, collectively administer discipline, and grant degrees. But each nation has its own Council.'

'Flessinger, as a Bohemian, was sent by the Dean to the Bohemian Procurator, who was forced, by Flessinger's behaviour, and greatly against his will, to send him to the Council,' said Baiern.

'They made short work of him,' said another.

'Yes, his original offence was aggravated by his having defied moderator, dean and procurator, and remaining unhumbled before the Council.'

'What did they do?'

'Ordered him to be scourged in the great Hall, to lose his standing, and to hold communication with no one for a month.'

'To be scourged?' said Otto.

'Well, it is not quite so common as it was, especially for one of Flessinger's standing; but one has to take one's chance if one defies the Council,' said Baiern, coolly.

'Not nobles,' said Otto proudly, and then he caught the half-warning, half-amused look of Kudos.

'The only rank here is that of degree in the University. You forget we have a Bohemia of our own, and if discipline is strict in the University, we are protected from any other authority. I wonder what grade you will be placed in?' said an older man to Otto.

'I do not know; what usually happens? I know I am a late comer.'

'If a boy is twelve at least—I begin at the beginning—he may propose himself as a determiner, after three-and-a-half years he attains this; three-and-a-half years more are spent in study and examinations, and we are, as you see, bachelors, wearing a longer gown than those determiners.'

'And then?'

'Some of us go away. Some stay here and study and teach, and pass more examinations and become masters, doctors, or fellows. You may take degrees in mathematics, law, medicine, philosophy, or theology. In divinity they are stricter than in anything else, and to be a doctor a study of sixteen years is required.'

'I hope I can do something in a shorter time!' said Otto.

'If you pay and show you know enough, you may graduate at once. Have you any credentials? of course; but what are they?'

'I have several, Father Joseph of the Monastery,' he had still to learn like other provincials, '*the* so-and-so,' is not that *the*, which is widely known, though it is the principal that we, as individuals,

may know. 'I mean at Marienbad, near Teplitz, and then to the Court from my sister's husband, Graf von Marienstadt.'

'Leave the court alone,' said Kudos dryly, 'you will get on the better here if you know nothing of that. But allow me to suggest that, as I suppose you will sleep to-night at your own rooms, I had better show you the way, or I shall be stopped as out after hours.'

They retraced their way to the Reichstrasse, a narrow, irregular street not far from the Cathedral. The lodgings were found to have been made ready by Otto's attendants; his personal servant, Franz, informing him of his arrangements, dictated beforehand by the experience of Carlo von Schörester. It was soon eight o'clock, or bed time, and tired by his journey, Otto slept steadily on till he was awakened by the voice of his acquaintance Kudos, who assumed an air of almost magisterial authority over his sleepy young friend, as he bade him arrange his dress, drink his beer at once, and eat as he went along, for all Prague had been astir since mattins at 7, and he had been sent to fetch him to S. Johannus Germanicus. Otto apologised. Kudos accepted his excuses with the haste of a busy man, and proceeded to explain to Otto that Germanicus had luckily taken a fancy to him, that the doctor, though not a Gersow or Caprio, was one of the most prominent members of the new school, that he loved teaching, and would help any whom he thought in earnest, that he was the present substitute for the Dean, and would therefore admit Otto to the college of St. Thomas, and enrol him on the register of the University.

'Now, behave with all respect, but answer his questions freely; so you will please him best. I have answered for your knowledge from that you told me, not rashly, I hope,' concluded the young tutor. It was curious to note how he had assumed what we should now call the 'donnish' manner.

At the door was an old porter, who made a respectful obeisance to Kudos, who told him to let the Illustrissimus be informed that Freiherr von Strahlenheim, by command, waited his pleasure. The man sent, returning, told the porter, who told Kudos, who told Otto that he was to go in and wait, occupying himself with any book he liked, till the doctor was ready to see him.

'I never felt ignorant till now,' whispered Otto.

'From this moment then I have hopes of you,' said Kudos, with a smile as they parted.

The old porter had watched the two young men with the curiosity of some of his kind, and with something equivalent to the modern 'Beg pardon, sir,' of the privileged old servant, he detained Kudos to ask whether he had caught the name rightly—'Freiherr von Strahlenheim. Was he from Teplitz?'

'I believe so, Hans, from the Rosenberg,' said Kudos, for the old man was quite a friend of his.

'Then he must be the grandson of the old Freiherr John, whom my

father served in the Hussite wars. To think of it! Those were days, sir; first against the Hussites, then against the Taborites and my father everywhere with his lord! Then the old freiherr had a son, who fought well enough but loved learning better, so off he went to see the world and I, just his own age, after him. But my father was an old man sir,—'twas about 1450—I am sixty come Martinmas, and he told me to go back to him—But the freiherr left his father?'

'Aye; he came here, and became a scholar, and then he went to court and they sent him to Constantinople, and he was kept there by the Turks; till somehow he escaped and worked his way back to Venice, where he found some one who knew him. My father and the old freiherr died about the same time, and I came here in 1463, and last Candlemas eight years, I think, 1487 isn't it? they made me porter here. It is a fine place for noticing things sir, if you care about it. I sometimes think I know more about you all than you do yourselves,' added the old man chuckling. 'And I will say this, sir, you're one of the few I hear more good of than bad.'

'Good day, Hans,' said Kudos hastily. 'I will tell the freiherr that you knew his father. It is time for me to go to read my lecture now.'

Meanwhile, Otto, to relieve that sick feeling of suspense which we are all familiar with at crises of our lives, was looking at the books in the room in which he waited for Germanicus. Courage,' he said to himself, (and we do talk to ourselves as to a third person on these occasions.) 'Father Joseph and Father Paul have taught me well, and after all what does it matter if he finds me ignorant? I only want to know what I can do—let me see. No MSS. in this room; but here are a quantity of printed books. I never saw so many——' (N.B. As this was but an ante-chamber, there were perhaps fifty). 'And new ones? Triumph of the cross? Politian's Plato and Aristotle? Ariosto,—Who is he?—his 'Poetica.' This must be Italian. Of course Reuchlin and Bessarion's writings. Then the Vita Grotii by á Kempis. I wonder if Plato is hard. They found me a fair scholar at the Monastery.' He took down one of the volumes, badly printed, as we should say, it opened at the Phaedo, and in spite of its difficulties, he was soon lost in its pages.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXX.

1640—1641.

OPENING OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

THE Long Parliament marks one of the great crises in the history of our country. The fifteen years of Charles's reign, added to the twenty-three since his father's accession, had—alike by the evil and the good they had done—embittered all the relations between the Crown and the people. The Tudors had been actually far more oppressive, but they had had the power of carrying the hearts of the people along with them, and the precedents they had left were simply dangerous. Even a succession of Henry Tudors would scarcely have been able to forge yokes for men of the English temper, as had gradually been effected in France, for the material of the nation was far tougher, and more steadily determined, and ranks and classes were welded together in a manner utterly unknown in France, where nobility, clergy, bourgeoisie, peasantry, magistracy, were all separate castes, scarcely ever interchangeable and never supporting one another; whereas, in England, persons born in the one class were continually passing into some one of the others, upwards or downwards.

When we find that Shakespeare made even such a country squire as Justice Shallow have kept his terms at the Inns of Court, we see how the gentleman of the next generation came to be resolute on points of law, and could stand beside the actual lawyers in their resistance.

The whole course of the last century had been educating the country in a strong Calvinism, on behalf of which the conservatism of the people was enlisted. Romanism had shown itself in its most hateful light in the Marian persecution, the repeated attempts at assassination, and the Gunpowder plot; and the attempt to revive Catholicism was distrusted as a covert means of bringing back popery. Far greater wisdom than churchman or statesman had yet acquired was needed to understand that religious reforms enforced by the State only produce exasperation, not conviction. And thus, as the Church and the Crown made common cause, they were equally attacked by the Puritan and the political reformer; although the former would have let the royal power alone save for the interference with his religion, and the latter had no enmity to the Church, so long as she did not borrow the secular arm.

Thus, throughout the country, the elections tended to the choice of members who would resist to the utmost those exactions, and those penalties and restrictions which had been felt as sore grievances both with respect to property and worship; and the members chosen came to Westminster with the determination to win the entire recognition of what they held to be morally and legally the rights of Englishmen, and to guard them from any future encroachment. Many of them little guessed how far they would be carried! In the elections, recommendations from the Court were absolutely prejudicial to the candidates; and scarcely a third of the returns were of gentlemen on whose support the King could reckon. Yet it was said that the wealth of the members of the House of Commons doubled that of the Peers. Only two of the King's servants, as persons holding office were called, obtained a seat, Sir Harry Vane, and Mr. Secretary Windebank, the latter of whom was much disliked, as being connected with the Archbishop. The speaker whom the King had intended to recommend to the House, Gardiner, the Recorder of London, lost his election, and the Commons chose Mr. Lenthall, a barrister, who was approved by the King. He was supposed to be of no party, and he proved himself weak and irresolute. Petitions from all quarters against grievances were brought up by troops of gentlemen on horseback, to be laid before the two Houses.

The King, in manifestly low spirits, went down to Westminster by water, and opened Parliament on the 3rd of November, 1640. He made a speech in which he recommended three subjects to the consideration of the two Houses, namely, the removal of the rebels, the payment of the army, and the redress of grievances. The word 'rebels' gave offence at once to those who chose to hold the Scots as subjects of another kingdom fighting for their privileges.

The Commons, being at last together, meant to prevent being separated until they had thoroughly gone into the grievances. The first thing they did after choosing Lenthall was to hold consultations. The lawyer Pym, with John Hampden and Oliver St. John, were looked on as leaders of what was called the Country party, because of their former resistance to the ship-money, and to them were added other men, highly displeased with the present state of things. There was Denzil Hollis, second son to the Earl of Clare, Nathaniel Fiennes, a younger son to the Puritan Lord Say, Lord Digby, a strange uncertain person, eldest son to the Earl of Bristol, and Sir Harry Vane's eldest son, who bore the same name and title as his father, it being the practice to knight the heirs of baronets. He was an enthusiastic Puritan, and when only twenty, had joined the Pilgrim Fathers settlement at Boston; but on being disappointed of being named Governor, he came home and took a leading part in the new Parliament. Another member was Oliver Cromwell, son to an old family in the midland counties, who had pursued the trade of a brewer in Huntingdon, the only man then in England, except Strafford, of

extraordinary abilities, though under his rugged and homely appearance, these were not yet perceived. He was cousin to Hampden; and whereas Hampden was a moderate puritanical churchman, Cromwell was enthusiastic in the most ultra calvinistic tenets, but did not hold with the Presbyters, and thus belonged to a new sect called Independents.

It is said that on one occasion a gentleman asked Hampden who that member was, with some disparaging remark on his personal appearance. 'He is a sloven,' said Hampden; 'but if we come to a breach with the King, which God forbid, that sloven will be the first man in the kingdom.' Members of Parliament seldom brought their households to London, as the sessions had hitherto been very short, and these gentlemen, with others of the same opinions, used to meet to dine at an ordinary, or dinner-table, at the house where Pym lodged, which served them for a sort of committee room. Thither, too, resorted at this time, Edward Hyde, a barrister of high reputation, and Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland was another remarkable member. He was the son of that Lord Falkland who had been Lord Deputy in Ireland, and his peerage being Scottish, he was not disqualified for sitting in the English House of Commons. He had married Lettice Morison, a lady of great excellence, but of slender portion, and against the consent of his father, who had never forgiven him; but he had inherited a large fortune through other relations, and was independent. He was a small, slight man, of countenance not beautiful, but acute and thoughtful. He was by nature a student, and at his estate of Great Tew, ten miles from Oxford, he read deeply and widely, and gathered about him a society much given to philosophical speculation. All the most distinguished scholars resorted to Great Tew, so that it was said, 'his house was a university in a less volume.'

This tone of mind made Laud's strictness in doctrine and observance, seem to him unjustifiably narrow and tyrannical, and the nature of the two men was so contrary, that Falkland was willing to head the attack on the Archbishop. The first thing the Commons did was to vote £100,000 for the pay of the English and Scottish armies, and moreover to invite the Scottish Commissioners, now sitting at Ripon, to come to London to carry on their treaty. Besides these Commissioners, there were sent four divines, one to satisfy the minds of the many who preferred the way of New England or Independency, to Scottish Presbyterianism, two to argue against Arminianism, to cry down the English ceremonies, and one to preach to the commissioners in their own houses. The noblemen travelled post, but the ministers were mounted on little nags, and were eight days coming from Durham to London, through roads foul and deep (being November) and finding inns which they thought like palaces, but extortionate in charges. Their coming created much excitement in London. The city requested them to become its guests, and a house was assigned them so close to the church of St. Antholin that there

was a private passage into it. Here the ministers preached, and there was an immense rush of people to hear them, the church being crowded from daylight to dark, by those who were anxious to secure seats, while those who could not get in hung about the doors and windows. Meantime forty sub-committees were formed to consider of the grievances of different kinds. Prynne, Bastwick, Leighton and Lilburn were sent for to have their sentences revised, and were escorted into London in triumph, attended by hundreds of carriages and thousands of horsemen, wearing in their hats sprigs of bay and rosemary.

The King was very anxious for the advice and support of Strafford, who was at York, at the head of the English army. The temper of the times was already seen to be perilous, and many persons strongly advised that the Earl should not put himself in jeopardy by appearing before the excited Parliament and citizens; but Charles declared himself capable of protecting his ministers, and Strafford, disdaining to disobey his master's summons from regard to his own safety, set forth to confront the peril. He arrived late in the evening of the 9th of November. On the 10th the House went into committee with closed doors, and held a consultation. In him was felt to lie the main strength and ability of the Crown in opposing the demands to be put forward, and therefore there was a strong determination to overthrow him, Sir John Clotworthy, one of those Anglo-Irish whose petty tyrannies were restrained by his strong hand, being one of the most determined to press all charges against him to the utmost. It was resolved to impeach him before the Lords of high treason, Pym making a strong speech full of invective. Falkland declared that a committee ought to be appointed to decide on the grounds of the impeachment before it was made; but the majority were in far too great haste to secure him whom they considered their enemy, and on the 11th Pym was sent to the Upper House with the accusation.

Strafford, being unwell with gout, had not gone thither till three in the afternoon. He was moving to his place as one of the Ministry, when a clamour of voices bade him 'void the house,' and he was obliged to return to the door until he was called. Then he was bidden to kneel, which he did with pain and difficulty, and Thomas Earl of Strafford, was impeached of high treason, and other high crimes and misdemeanours, and committed to the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod until he should have cleared himself of them.

He said a few words, advising the Lords to take care for their own sake how they permitted such a precedent to be established; but he was immediately silenced, and Sir James Maxwell, the usher, demanded his sword, and departed with him. The Scottish minister, Baillie, looked on as he made his way to his coach, 'all men gazing, but no man capping him.' When, with difficulty, the carriage had been found, Maxwell made his prisoner go in his own. Bail was

applied for, but refused, and Strafford was sent to the Tower, while a committee began to collect charges against him.

Sir Francis Windebank, the Secretary, had, in the execution of his office, discharged sundry Roman Catholic priests and other recusants from prison, the King privately signing a pardon to secure him. This leniency was a serious offence in the eyes of the Commons, who were already enforcing all the persecuting laws to the utmost, and a prosecution was put in hand against him; but only the more fanatical were concerned that he escaped to the Continent in a small shallop, and in a heavy fog. The Lord Keeper Finch and the nine judges who had established the legality of the demand for ship-money were next denounced. Finch pleaded his cause eloquently before the Commons, and moved some to tears, though the others sent up his impeachment to the Lords. He had been warned in time, and was out of their reach in Holland. Judge Berkeley was actually arrested as he sat on the bench in his robes, and he and the other eight were forced to find bail for their appearance to answer for high treason because they had decided, in a really doubtful question, against what the Commons willed should be the meaning of the law.

There was an equal frenzy of hatred against the Archbishop as against the Lord Lieutenant, partly because of his strict discipline, partly because the Supreme power of the Crown was upheld by the High Church party. On the 17th of November, the House of Commons attended at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and broke into the commencement of the Communion Service by giving out and singing a Psalm of their own choosing, nor would they communicate till the Holy Table had been brought down into the body of the church.

The Convocation, which had continued after the Short Parliament, was the head and front of the offence, and it was declared that to decree canons and vote a benevolence without the consent of Parliament was treason. Moreover, the libellers were to be compensated for their imprisonment, and the loss of their ears, out of the estates of the members of the Court of High Commission. In this commencement Lord Falkland was a leader actuated by his philosophical love of liberty of thought and speech.

Next Peter Smart, an old enemy of the good and gentle Dr. Cosin, Dean of Peterborough, and Canon of Durham, petitioned against him. His book of devotions had, by its regular forms and so-called Arminianism, already brought him into ill odour with the Puritans, he was, moreover, a great liturgical scholar, who had brought Catholic practices back in his two Cathedrals. Therefore he was impeached as scandalous and superstitious, but the case broke down.

Sir Edward Deering was the leader of the attack on Laud. He was no Puritan, and afterwards declared that he had all along much personal love for the Archbishop, and no personal malignity, but he was indignant at the severity with which a Kentish clergyman was treated, and wished that the power of the metropolitan see

should be abolished. He said he had rather have a Pope at Rome than a Patriarch at Lambeth, and hoped 'before this year of threats run round, his grace will either have more grace or no grace at all.'

The Parliament hoped to find an able leader against the Archbishop in Williams, whom on their own authority they released from prison. He was received in Westminster Abbey in a most complimentary manner by the Dean; but he would not serve the purposes of the Parliament by leading any attack against Laud. The City of London was, however, always strongly Puritanical, and on the 11th of December, Alderman Pennington brought up an enormous petition with 15,000 names and 1800 non-conformist ministers, against episcopacy itself, and almost all observances of Church ceremonies, and was called the Root and Branch petition.

This was followed, on the same day, by another from the Scots Commissioners against the Earl of Strafford and the Archbishop, accusing the latter of making *novations* in their religion, forcing on them new canons and a new liturgy, wherein were many dangerous errors in doctrine. As we have seen, Laud had never done more than carry out requests from the Scottish Bishops; but these petitions became the text of monstrous invectives. Sir Harbottle Grimstone called the Archbishop 'the sty of all that pestilential filth that hath infected the state and government of this commonwealth,' partly because of his friendship with the Earl, and partly because of his advancement of Mainwaring, Montague, Pierce and Wren, 'the last of all those birds, but the most unclean one.' What a strange mood it was that could actuate a conscientious man thus to speak of one who was avowedly blameless and pious, and who at his worst had done nothing but enforce with resolution unpalatable discipline and ceremonies, decreed by superior authority? The Commons voted the Archbishop a traitor; and Denzil Hollis was sent up to impeach him before the Lords. On the accusation of treason, Laud indignantly exclaimed that 'not one of the Commons did believe it in his heart!' And assuredly not one did so, according to the old interpretation of treason, but the words excited anger, and he was committed to the custody of Sir James Maxwell, and placed at the bar of the House. He demanded permission to go back to Lambeth to fetch his papers, and this was granted, providing he dealt with them only in the presence of 'Black Rod.' So he went to his home late in the day for the last time, and Maxwell, who treated him with respect and kindness, let him attend evensong in his chapel, where he took comfort from the 93rd and 94th Psalms, and the 50th chapter of Isaiah. As he went down to the barge in waiting, the banks were thronged with poor, lamenting and calling down blessings upon him.

On the 21st he was fined £500 for having kept as a prisoner a gentleman guilty of foul evil and vice. In fact, the more dissolute peers hated him for his severity upon their licentiousness. His

two friends, Wren, Bishop of Ely, and Pierce, of Bath and Wells, were impeached a few days later, but were allowed to find heavy bail. For ten weeks Laud continued in Sir James Maxwell's house, his expenses being charged him as twenty nobles a day, but living with the family and receiving every civility. Lady Maxwell pronounced that "although he was but a silly fellow to converse with a lady, he was the most excellent and pious soul she had ever met with."

Bishop Williams attempted a compromise by bringing a bill into the Lords arranging that a Bishop should preach every Sunday or pay a penalty of £5, that he should have twelve assistants, four appointed by the King, four by the Lords, four by the Commons, and that on the vacancy of the See, these should choose three persons of whom one should be selected by the King, together with other measures meant to be popular, but which pleased no one.

Convocation had met as usual at the same time as Parliament, and Mr. Warmistrey, of Worcester, proposed to annul the acts of the former Convocation; but the motion found no favour, and the meeting melted away without being prorogued. Indeed, according to the Anabaptists, it was unnecessary, for, at a meeting in Southwark, eighty of this sect agreed that Queen Elizabeth's statute for the administration of Common Prayer was not law, because made by Bishops, and that the King himself could not make a good law, because he was not perfectly regenerate.

Petitions were constantly presented against one or other of the country clergy for matters of doctrine or practice. The individual was immediately summoned to London, and waited there at heavy expense to himself and inconvenience to his parish till a Committee chose to look into his case.

Next the Commons took it on themselves to send Commissioners into the counties to destroy and remove out of all churches and chapels images, altars, or tables turned altar-wise, crucifixes, superstitious pictures, and other relics of idolatry. Will Dowsing, one of these Commissioners, sent up reports of his work of sacrilege, which show that the mischief far exceeded that done in the days of Edward VI., and wherever there was an unpopular clergyman or lawless population, the rabble broke windows, tore surplices and Prayer-books, and interrupted the clergy in their ministrations.

The more moderate members began to take alarm. The Root and Branch Petition was made the subject of debate. Lord Digby said it was like a comet with its tail pointing to the north, portending nothing but confusion and anarchy; and Lord Falkland explained that he had never desired more than to seclude Bishops from temporal and secular offices and dignities, which rendered them less efficient as shepherds, but that he should resist to the utmost every attack upon the Order. Selden and Rudyard said the like. In fact, there was a just distinction in the minds of such men between Episcopacy, by which they meant the spiritual government and

authority of Bishops, which they never meant to impugn, and Prelacy, by which they signified the temporal power and rank, of which men like Beaufort, Wolsey, and their own contemporary, Richelieu, availed themselves in so unsuitable a manner. Unfortunately Bishop Williams had shown himself a thorough specimen of the same character; and Laud, in his zeal for the dignity of the Church, had thought to exalt her by putting himself and Juxon into stations of State authority. There were many on both sides who thought Prelacy and Episcopacy one and the same; and, at any rate, most true Churchmen felt bound not to yield a single bulwark. The debate lasted two days; but there was a majority of thirty-two against the Churchmen, and the petition was referred to a Committee. The King, however, made known that nothing should induce him to consent to the overthrow of the Bishops; and on the other hand St. Antholin's rang with the preachings and prayers of the Scots against what they termed an unscriptural Church; indeed, they went so far that they roused the English spirit against their attempting to dictate, and had to draw back a little.

The King meantime looked on in distress and dismay at the way in which authority was taken out of his hands, and all that he loved and reverenced most thus attacked. He felt himself paralysed by the two armies, Scotch and English, in the north. He could obtain no means, and was obliged to pawn his plate for the supply of his table, and he was afraid to make any decided movement one way or the other, lest he should bring down the vengeance of his enemies upon Laud and Strafford, who were like hostages in their hands; but Henrietta hoped to further his cause by a succession of private interviews with the chiefs of the party hostile to Strafford. She described herself as giving a rendezvous every evening to one or other of what she termed the most *méchant* of the enemies, admitting him by the back-stairs to the empty apartment of some absent lady of honour, meeting him alone with a flambeau in her hand, and making all sorts of offers if Strafford might be spared; but she considered herself to have gained over nobody but Lord Digby, and she probably did much more harm than good.

She had entertained grand hopes of Spanish marriages for her eldest son and daughter, but her mother, Marie de Medici, had, during her residence in Holland, promised the Prince of Orange, Frederick Henry, to bring about a match between his son William and one of her grand daughters. A deputation of nobles arrived to make proposals for the little Lady Mary, and though at first reluctant, Charles thought this an excellent opportunity of proving his Protestantism, and accepted the proposal. The bridegroom was fifteen years old, the bride ten. It was stipulated that he should come to London for the marriage; but that she should remain for two years longer with her parents, that she should then repair to Holland, and be allowed free exercise of the rites of the English Church, retaining English attendants to the number of

twenty six. Her father was to give her a portion of £40,000, and her jointure as a widow as to be £10,000 a year, with two princely houses, one at the Hague and one in the country. All these arrangements proved very important, not only to Mary but to all her family. The King had recourse to Parliament for the promised portion, and the Protestant alliance being satisfactory, it was voted without difficulty.

It was not so much on saving money that the House of Commons was set, as on establishing their power, and ruining those whom they viewed as their enemies.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XVII.

THE OPENING OF THE COMMUNION OFFICE.

Susan. We begin our service with the Lord's Prayer, said by the priest alone.

Aunt Anne. That is taken from the Salisbury use—and I believe from that for all England, but before the Reformation the priest was to use the Lord's Prayer and the collect for purity silently, not openly, as he is now directed to do.

S. Just as Matins began with his silent Lord's Prayer. But why do not the congregation join?

A. There are hardly any rubrics as to the action of the people in the Communion service, probably because offence one way or the other was so readily taken. The silence of the people is rather the result of old habit, growing into a sense of the fitness of things, and confirmed by the manner of printing the Amen, though, unless this were by Bishop Cosin's direction, it is hard to say how it came about.

S. How do you mean about the fitness of things?

A. Something thus: In Matins and Evensong the priest prays as one with the people. The Lord's Prayer may be led by a deacon, or if not in church, by anyone else. But here, at the altar, the priest is about to act alone, as the representative of the Great High Priest Himself by Whom the prayer was given. However, this is only my own interpretation of the feeling of the Church, which has unconsciously brought out the custom.

S. But we all say it together afterwards.

A. Yes,—when we have been brought near. The practical reason why the Prayer of the Faithful was said secretly before the Celebration and openly afterwards, was that in primitive times, till after the reading of Scripture and the Sermon, the unbaptised were present, and they were not allowed to share it.

S. And the collect for purity?

A. It is in a book of Alcuin's.

S. What, the tutor of Charlemagne's sons?

A. Yes, and also in the end of the Litany in the York Breviary, so it is probably an ancient prayer. Osmund placed it in the Sarum Liturgy as part of the priest's preparation, and King Edward's books enabled the congregation to participate in its beautiful petition.

S. Yes, it comes most valuably when we are shut in to begin that most holy service together! It is like an essence of the 139th Psalm.

A. And I cannot but admire the words chosen by our translators. In the original it is *Purifica per infusionem Sancti Spiritûs*, but our phrase 'cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit,' brings a thought of the passing Mighty Wind, the purifying breath of the Holy Spirit pervading our hearts so as to drive away all that is unworthy of the holy mystery we are about to share. I once was advised to use this prayer as a prelude to self-examination.

S. Is there this beautiful preparation everywhere?

A. No. Eastern liturgies have customs of their own, and in the west, the *Introit* begins the service. As indeed it does with us in Choral Celebrations, or those that come at the end of Matins.

S. That is the psalm, or anthem, or hymn as the priest enters the sanctuary.

A. Yes. It is followed by the *Kyrie Eleison* and the *Gloria in Excelsis*,—the latter because Christ is coming to us. These were retained, placed before the collect, and chosen with special reference to the season in Edward's first book, and the Angel's Song was only put after the Celebration in the second book. All the others omitted.

S. Why so?

A. I am afraid the reason was to lessen the sense that our Blessed Lord is truly and indeed about to be more especially among us. But on the other hand, we Anglicans may feel it suitable to come subdued and penitent, and keep our triumphant burst of praise for the last. Our services have a penitential tone, as suited to a Church that had to shake off much of evil and error. And the rehearsal of the Commandments is one of these notes.

S. Does no other church do so?

A. Almost all ancient Churches had a short reading from the Old Testament in addition to the Epistle and Gospel. This, in the Salisbury ritual, was in Lent a summary of the Commandments with the response, 'Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am weak. Heal me, O Lord.' Our response is a survival of ancient antiphons. The invariable adoption of this Old Testament reading and its antiphon seem to have been suggested by an experimental liturgy drawn up at Strasburg, at the time of the Reformation. I believe it has been of immense value to English people to have the Commands of God thus constantly in their ears, to say nothing of the benefit to those who heartily pray to keep them.

S. I was thinking how very little the Third Commandment is regarded in other countries.

A. It would be more true to say that other nations, though owning that it forbids perjury, do not extend its meaning to the utterance of holy names as mere interjections. But who knows how much the integrity, truth, honesty, morality, altogether, which once at least was characteristic of the English ideal, may be based on the repetition of those laws with the prayer for their observance.

S. The last response is from Jeremiah xxxi. 33: 'I will put My Law in their inward parts and in their minds I will write them.'

A. Both that and the other responses entreat that we may keep not only the letter of the Law, but desire its fulfilment with all our hearts, as our Blessed Lord taught us in His fresh proclamation. So that the promise spoken to Jeremiah may be fulfilled in us.

S. The Commandments have some little differences from those in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. 'But Me' instead of 'before Me' in the First, 'do no murder' instead of 'kill' in the Sixth.

A. Because these were taken, like the Psalms, from the Great Bible of 1552. The Scottish Liturgy permits our Lord's Summary of the Law: 'Thou shalt love the Lord,' and the text from St. Matthew xxii. 37, and the American concludes with it.

S. Next comes the collect for the Queen, the priest standing as before, that is, as he stood when saying the Lord's prayer; I suppose this collect is given because of St. Paul's injunctions 'first of all to include our rulers in our Sacramental intercessions' (1 Tim. ii. 1, 2). The first is that we may fulfil our duty to her, the second, that she may do her duty to us. Are they old?

A. They were only drawn up as they stand in 1549, but the first bears traces of being taken from some very old liturgical prayers of Alexandria, bearing the name of St. Cyril; the second is taken from a prayer used in the Scotch Church in 1225.

S. I should like to note some references for them—'Whose kingdom is everlasting' (Psa. cxlv. 13).

A. While our consideration whose authority she hath, is based on St. Paul's exhortation in the 13th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where we are so clearly taught to view earthly powers as delegated from God to give protection to the good, and deal justice to the evil-doer.

S. And we have His blessed word and ordinance when St. Peter says, 'Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake' (1 Peter ii. 13), and the ensuing verses.

A. In the second, refer to Prov. xxi., where we are shown how, as the 'rivers of water' can be directed in one or another course, so are the hearts of kings in the hand of God, so as to make their schemes and intentions for good or evil act as He sees fit for His Church. So we pray that the study of our sovereigns may be to secure to us the three essentials—wealth, meaning welfare or prosperity, peace, and godliness.

S. And I think that prayer has been granted so far as our good Queen's heart towards us is concerned, throughout her long reign. And here follows the collect for the day.

A. Each collect has a history of its own. We share them for the most part with the entire western Church.

S. Did not St. Augustine bring them to England?

A. He brought the Sacramentary of Gelasius, revised by St.

Gregory the Great, where most of them are to be found on the same days and in the same order, but there were a few changes in them at the Reformation.

S. Which are changed?

A. There are eighty-three collects altogether. Of these, fifty-nine come straight through the Sarum Missal from the old Sacramentaries. In Edward's first book, some were altered, and the new ones mostly gave voice as it were to the Epistle, using the very words of Scripture. They are those for the first two Advent Sundays, Christmas Day, the sixth after Epiphany, Quinquagesima, Ash Wednesday, first Sunday in Lent, first and second after Easter, St. Thomas, St. Matthias, St. Mark, St. Philip, and St. James, St. Barnabas, St. John Baptist, St. Peter, St. James, St. Matthew, St. Luke, St. Simon, and St. Jude, and All Saints.' St. Andrew's Day received the collect we now use in 1552, and three more, St. Stephen, the third in Advent, the sixth Sunday after Epiphany, were added in 1661. St. Stephen's was from the Scottish prayer-book, as arranged by Archbishop Laud; the other three are probably Bishop Cosin's.

S. So that our collects are just like the rest of our prayer-book, mostly ancient, but with a small proportion distinctively our own; and really I think some of the most beautiful and beloved of all, like Quinquagesima, the sixth Epiphany Sunday and All Saint's, are among our own specially English ones.

A. Yes; unsatisfactory as, looked at from a historical point of view, was the action of our Reformers, one cannot use their words without feeling that the Holy Spirit by Whom the whole Church is governed and sanctified, must have guided them both in translating, adapting and composing.

S. You say adapting. I was going to ask you if I had not heard that the collect for Expectation Sunday,* which we love as Venerable Bede's last thanksgiving, was not from an antiphon.

A. You are right. Some of the collects are adaptations, and others are not exact and literal translations, but made to suit the spirit of the people and language.

S. Why are the Epistles and Gospels read from different places even when there is only one clergyman?

A. I believe that the Gospel is to be read at the north end, as reminding us that the Gospel was proclaimed to heathen darkness, the Epistle from the south, because the Epistles were addressed to Christians. In the oldest form of Roman Churches, there were two projections or pulpits at the two western corners of the sanctuary, called *ambones*, for the reading of the Epistle and Gospel. Each was read by a deacon who received a sign from the celebrant when to begin. The custom of reading such portions of Scripture is universal in East and West, and in some liturgies many more were read, such as passages from the prophets.

* The Sunday after Ascension Day.

S. We still have two Epistles from the prophets—'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,' on St. John Baptist's day, and the promise in Jeremiah of the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS, on the last Sunday before Advent. Is our selection of Epistles very old?

A. As old as Jerome.

S. That was the fifth century, the end of the days of Theodosius. St. Jerome—surely, he was the special authority as to the canon of Scripture.

A. Even so; he made a selection called the *Comes*, or companions, of passages from the New Testament to be read at Mass, for the Sundays and festivals of the year, with special reference to the season. The collect would often seem to have arisen out of the Epistles or Gospels, being the prayer founded on them. This *Comes* of St. Jerome seems to have come to England with Augustine, and it is unchanged in the old English uses, as in our own, though the Roman ritual has altered the arrangement, and dislocated the accordance between collects and Epistles, which in our prayer-book is so carefully preserved, even where the collects were re-written.

S. Then has there been no further alteration?

A. None, I believe, except that in 1661, the Bible of James I. was the translation from which they were taken, instead of, as before, the Bishops' Bible. And where a Gospel is taken from a discourse or parable, our blessed Lord's Name is added at the opening.

S. We sing 'Glory to Thee, O Lord,' at the beginning of the Gospel, and 'Thanks be to Thee, O Lord,' at the end, though there is no rubric for it.

A. The old custom survived in many Churches, and thence spread to others. The Scottish prayer-book has a rubric enjoining it. The old words used to be 'Thanks to Thee, O Lord, for Thy glorious Gospel.'

S. And we rise to show our honour for it.

A. Yes. These customs are very old indeed. The thanksgiving before and after the Gospel are mentioned in the fourth century, and at the same time, during the reading, all men uncovered their heads, and laid aside the staves on which they leant in Church, as a rest when no one sat down, and the only kneeling was in times of penitence.

S. To do honour to the Gospel as our Lord's own special characteristic message of the day.

A. Or week, for you remember that in every case where another festival does not come between, the same collect, epistles, and gospel, are used till the Octave. We ought rightly to go on to the Nicene Creed now, as completing the instructive portion of the Liturgy, or gathering up the Scriptural teaching; but there is not time to enter upon it to-day.

A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Arachne. Some months ago we made a blunder, or rather an anticipation, by speaking of Mrs. Ewing's beautiful tale, *Lætus sorte meâ*, as already separately out. It is now published by the S. P. C. K. though, as a concession to the dull I suppose, not by its own beautiful and appropriate name, but by the much less distinctive one of *The Story of a Short Life.*

Spider. Which might mean anything. I must say it is a great pity the author's own title was interfered with. People would soon have learnt it, and it is the greater pity as the story is not like *Jackanapes*, half so much for children or poor people as for the cultivated. The pathos and irony are both much too delicate.

A. However, that is not the chief thought at this time, but rather our grief that one to whom we all owe so much, should have been taken from us so early.

S. I saw in the *Guardian* that she had the pleasure of receiving the first copies of that charming book—which really is worthy to be her crowning work.

A. I suppose it is her last—unless perhaps the bright little bit in the *Children's Pictorial Magazine.*

S. Which promises well, if they would only omit that very irreverent picture puzzle, a thing I never should have expected from S. P. C. K. But to return to Mrs. Ewing.

A. Yes, I have a special feeling about her, for you know she first appeared in the *Monthly Packet* as Aunt Judy, when Mrs. Gatty used to write those delightful sketches in her name, bringing her in her youthful place as prime story teller among the eight whom we knew so well by their numerals. Then came stories of her own, of which I think *A Bit of Green* was the first, all with the mixture of fun and pathos in which she was unrivalled. One little volume which came early is a great favourite of mine. *Melchior's Dream*, which came out in the *Packet* gives title to it, but the other two stories of Schiller's boyhood, and of the *Abbé's Friend* are some of her very best. I am sure she has taken the counsel she put into the mouth of Schiller's sister, and written nothing she could wish blotted out.

S. Then I suppose she was absorbed in *Aunt Judy's Magazine.*

A. Not entirely. It was under Mrs. Gatty's editorship, as long as she lived, for in spite of her suffering, helpless state, she was still its guiding spirit to the last. I confess the outside of it makes me

melancholy—for at first it was a group of portraits—the young elder sister telling her stories to the others clustered round her, whereas now we have a mere conventional old maiden aunt, such as the real Aunt Judy never was. Then came her marriage, and her acquaintance with military life gave a new and charming flavour to her books. You have it in the Highlander, in *The Brownies*, one of the last and best stories she gave the *Monthly Packet*, and again in that touching monologue, *The Soldier's Children*, and in those two last *chefs d'œuvres*, *Jackanapes*, and *Lœtus sorte mea*, as I will call it still. It seems to me that in her own line, her gems are quite unequalled, though her power lay in short stories—her long ones, like *From Six to Sixteen*, or even *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*, are too rambling, more a succession of charming bits than a well compacted whole, but

> "Take her for all in all,
> We shall not look upon her like again."

S. No, we shall miss her again and again, though we have so much of hers that can hardly be forgotten. Have you been reading anything to recommend us?

A. Number One Brighton Street is a nice little S. P. C. K. reward-book, illustrating the comfort of the Church prayers. And at the office of the *Banner of Faith*, 6 Paternoster Row, you may get a set of excellent tracts, conversations chiefly on the offices of the Church. Moreover, a little book of *Sermons on the Litany*, by Mr. Keble (Walter Smith), has just been published, with all his own peculiar simplicity and depth, most helpful both in devotion and in teaching. There is also a very good little book called *Short Readings on the Minor Prophets*, by the Rev. W. Walters (Masters).

S. Yes, those will all be very helpful in their way, and then comes the old question what to order in the book box.

A. It is not a very lively time of year for new books; and at the present moment I can only think of a few novels. Mrs. Craik's *Miss Tommy*, which is not new, but I have only lately made acquaintance with—and a very pretty book it is—with a charming old maid, and a still more charming Don Quixote of an old soldier, whom she had named Charles Gordon, little thinking how that name was going to give to all English hearts a thrill at once of exultation in our perfect knight, and of humiliation at the usage he suffered. But *revenons à nos moutons* or our novels. *Hugh Moore* (Blackwood) is very pleasant reading, with an excellent tone about it in every way, quite a book to be liked, and just like real folks. *Madame de Presnel*, by Frances Poynter, is also a good novel on an enthusiastic young girl, though the author need not have gone out of her way to tell us that the hero never went to church.

S. I read *Roger North*. He is a good fellow too, but rather priggish.

A. And a *Rustic Maid* is fairly good, though it is not nice about the clerical family, and is based on an utter impossibility, since there was

most insufficient evidence for the conviction of the father, on which the whole story turns. *Doing and Undoing*, by Mary Chichele, (Kegan Paul) it a book of much thought—very sad and grave, and very high-minded, quite one to be read, and not at all like any common novel. I recommend you especially to get it. And Andrew Bathe's *Not Drowned* (Chapman & Hall) is a fairly good story, though on the eve of unpleasant complications.

S. And of quite another kind, I must tell you of Mrs. Mercier's excellent little book on *Work*, for the G. F. S., (Hatchard), a sort of handbook of all employment, and the way to prepare for them. Have you seen Mrs. Mitchell's *Golden Horse Shoes* (Masters)?

A. Yes. She varies between the child's Fouqué and Walter Scott, and this is one of her Scott varieties. I do not mean that it is really like his writing, but it is a tale of chivalry and adventure told so as to be perfectly comprehensible to any child of any imagination, or who loves adventure. Nor is there anything to give the sense of being beguiled into a lesson. The golden horse shoes are in imitation of the custom at Oakham, that any peer passing through the place shall hang up his horseshoe in the town hall; but here the qualification is not peerage but true chivalry, and the young hero Alfred has to win the honour in modes that our young folk will enjoy.

[*Note.*]

MEMORIAL TO JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

IT was announced in the June number of *Aunt Judy's Magazine* that Subscriptions are being received towards completing the Endowment of a Child's Cot at the Convalescent Hospital, *Cromwell House, Highgate*, to the joint memory of JULIANA HORATIA EWING and her Mother, the late Mrs. ALFRED GATTY, authoress of 'Parables from Nature,' &c.

The first special Cot in the Children's Hospital (49, Great Ormond Street) was established by Mrs. Gatty, the endowment of £1,000 being collected by her from readers of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. She afterwards established a second Cot, one being intended for the use of girls and the other of boys.

Both of these Cots are *permanently* endowed, but there is another at the Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, Highgate, dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Alfred Gatty, and towards this only £400 has yet been collected in the columns of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. The sum of £600 more is needed to complete the endowment, otherwise the Cot will only last until the sum already given has been spent, instead of remaining, like the two Cots at the Children's Hospital, so long as the Institution lasts.

It has therefore been suggested that the £600 still wanting shall be collected from readers of Mrs. Ewing's books, and the Cot "*be re-dedicated to the memory of Mother and Daughter, both of whom were true lovers of children, and both of whom learned by their own sufferings the great value of such alleviations of pain as skilful and tender care can supply.*"

Subscriptions may be sent to MISS GATTY, *Villa Ponente, Taunton*, or to THE SECRETARY OF THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, 49, *Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, London.*

AUTUMN NOTES FROM MERAN.

BY SIGNORA LINDA VILLARI.

CHAPTER I.

THREE hours' drive from Bozen through the pleasant windings of the Etschthal brings us to Meran, head-quarters of the famous grape-cure, and one of the warmest nooks in Europe. It is a smiling little town, sheltered from northern blasts by a jagged range of fir-clad mountains, cosily enthroned amid vineyards, producing the largest and most luscious of fruit, and is charmingly pretty, in the fullest sense of those much abused words. It is not strikingly beautiful, it is not imposing, for the mountains rising in an amphitheatre about it, although reaching the respectable height of some 6000 feet above the sea, are wanting in real grandeur of outline. Neither has the scenery a distinct character of its own. If you approach Meran from Switzerland, by the Landeck route, down the wind-swept Vintschgau, it may, perhaps, give you a foretaste of Italy, but if you drive up from Bozen you immediately exclaim: 'How northern!'

For notwithstanding its sunny and sheltered position, notwithstanding the luxuriance of its vegetation, the pure, blue sky above your head is not the pure, blue sky of Southern lands; those serrated ridges of the Tschigat and Mutspize, carved out against the sky with so firm and clean an outline, do not wear the same tints as the Alps you have left behind you, the other side of Trent. Those were glowing, opalescent, translucently indefinite, these are positive olives and emeralds, greys and greens—expressive somewhat of the colder lands and sterner races, beyond these rock-barriers.

And after all it is probably the blending of the North and the South in the varied scenery of this border valley, which constitutes the chief attraction of the ancient capital of Tirol. It does not compel your admiration, but it does insinuate itself into your affection, as day by day fresh beauties dawn upon you. As Mrs. Browning says of England:

* 'It is not a grand nature. . . .
* * * *
Rather say,
A sweet, familiar nature, stealing in,
As a dog might, or child, to touch your hand,
Or pluck your gown, and humbly mind you so
Of presence and affection, excellent
For inner uses, from the things without.'

The town itself, although its architecture now is chiefly a mixture

* Aurora Leigh.

of the homely mediæval and comfortable nineteenth century, is of venerable antiquity. In a Latin document, dated 891, it is mentioned as a village, *Sicitur Mairania*; in another, dated 1239, it is called *forum Meranum*. Under the powerful Counts of the house of Gorg, holding their court in the mountain stronghold of Burg Tirol, 1254 to 1363, the town increased in importance and prosperity, became a walled city, had its own statutes, and even possessed a mint. Also it was a city of gay doings; knightly cavalcades swept down from Burg Tirol to Zenoburg on the cliff by the river, the minstrel's art was held in honour, and Meran gave birth to the Minnesänger Rubein, one of the most renowned followers of Walter Von der Vogelweide, Even in those days, the Meran vineyards were famed for their produce, but foreign wines were so much in use, that the city statutes fix the price of Greek and Roman wines at two zwanzigs the 'drink,' and malvoisie at three. At night all taverns had to close their doors at the sound of the *wine bell*. The same statutes give a curious regulation respecting women of loose life, compelling them to wear yellow streamers on their shoes.

In the centre of the town, at the foot of the Kuchelberg—a vine-covered spur of the Mutspize, rising like a wall against the citizens' back windows—stands the fine church of St. Nicholas, dating from the early part of the fourteenth century, and with a noble tower that spans the footway, and is the loftiest tower in Tirol. Its bells have celebrated many historical events, from the marriage of Margaret Maultasche with Ludwig of Brandenburg in 1342, to the burning of the ringleaders of the peasant revolt in 1525; wedding peals, and death knells, and innumerable carols of all kinds. Every year, on the eve of Corpus Christi, all the maidens of Meran, led by the wives of chief judge and mayor, went in procession to the tower, and rang the bells in honour of the great festival. The marriage of Margaret is recorded in the old fresco, supposed to be by Christopher of Meran, in the sacristy of St. Nicholas. Other time-worn, faded frescoes decorate the outer walls of the church, near the battered stone crucifix, before which devout peasants are ever kneeling. Passing beneath the tall belfry we come to another interesting building, the Barbara Kapelle, a circular church of warm tinted stone, and of much earlier date than St. Nicholas.

The houses opposite form the Savile Row of Meran, for here are the official residences of the many doctors whose photographs adorn the windows of every bookseller and stationer in the town. Invalids hesitating between the merits of rival practitioners, may be helped to a decision by critical study of these portraits. This acute, wide-browed gentleman, with flowing hair, is the biggest of big guns and greatest authority on pulmonary complaints. That handsome, intelligent, but not specially medical looking man, is the strenuous upholder of the grape cure. Yonder much-wrinkled face belongs to the hydropathic physician. There is a picturesque, benevolent-eyed

military surgeon, who would probably amputate any one of your limbs in the kindest way. Here is the straightforward, wide-awake, sensible face of the gentleman who enjoys the largest local practice, but is less a specialist than the others. It is convenient to have opportunities of studying the physiognomy of the doctor whom you wish to consult, for if Lavater's science can be depended upon—and it generally can—there are one or two countenances in that group of photographs to which nothing short of the direst necessity would induce you to apply.

From the irregular square in front of St. Nicholas, a long arcaded street slopes down into a more spacious thoroughfare at the western end of the town. This street, like its twin sister the Lauben Gasse, of Bozen, is the centre of all the commerce and traffic of the place. Treading the boarded floors of these gloomy arcades, you pass all the principal shops; at every few steps a steep, gaping archway, discloses vistas of grimy courts, steep stone stairs and dusky passages, lit here and there by an imprisoned sunbeam, and now and then even by a refreshing glimpse of trees and flowers. On the Bergseite side, nearest the hills, each deep narrow house has its strip of ground running back to the vine-clad Kuchelberg.

Doubtless some of those rambling old mansions might be worth exploring, but alas! each archway boasts a fragrance of its own, and it needs stouter nerves than are possessed by invalid visitors to penetrate those dark recesses or climb those precipitous stairs.

One of these houses, in no way distinguishable in appearance from its less historic neighbours, was the town residence of the Counts of Meran, although, by all accounts, it was but a dingy dwelling even in its best days, and its rude decorations have long ago disappeared.

Over the way on the 'Wasser Seit' the houses do not stretch so far back, and there is even less ventilation under the sun-excluding arcades. The back slums look blacker, the smells are stronger. There is little in the shops to attract the eye, especially if you have been long enough in Tirol to be satiated with the commoner varieties of wood-carving. The only peculiarity of these gloomy shops is that the majority boast a supplement in the shape of a stall in the arch of the arcade fronting their windows, and it is here that the brightest wares are spread out to attract customers.

The pictorial effect of this old-world street is best enjoyed when picking your way among the bullock-carts over the rough stones of the road. Then you can see the frescoes, escutcheons and carved gables of the upper stories, and on high days and holidays, watch the shifting groups of peasants in their many coloured national dress, set off by the effective framework of these low stone arches. They are a tall, sturdy race, these men of Meran and Passier Thal and Vintschgau, who congregate round the numerous wine and beer shops of the Lauben Gasse, and here is a sketch from top to toe of a good-looking young fellow, leaning against a pillar, smoking and talking

—evidently on no unpleasant topic—with a smiling, stumpy, bright-haired girl of his own class.

His low, steeple-crowned hat, is wound about with red and green cords; at the back it has the inevitable black-cock feather, and nearer the front a bunch of carnations and *edelweiss*. His brown hair, clipped into a fringe across his forehead, flows in long locks upon his shoulders. Wide green braces with cross bands only allow narrow strips of his bright red waistcoat to be seen. His linen shirt-sleeves are white as snow, and over one arm hangs (carefully folded) his short-waisted brown frieze coat with scarlet facings. His black breeches barely reach the knee, so that your eye has to rove over a space of brawny leg before arriving at the home-made blue worsted stockings, that lead you safely down to a pair of strong shoes, bound with red leather and with very pointed toes, Brobdignagian versions of those commonly used by male ballet dancers. But stockings, long as these of our spruce young friend, are plainly a modern innovation, for they are not to be seen on the limbs of yonder group of weather beaten old men. Theirs—whether blue, green, or white, invariably finish at the ankle.

Though left to the last, we have not fogrotten the crowning characteristic of the Tirolean costume—the stout leathern belt, some eight inches wide, embroidered with arabesques in straw or white silk, frequently with the addition of the wearer's name, and almost always of a conventional chamois standing under a poor specimen of a tree with only three or four leaves. This belt is worn more for ornament than use, the nether garments being attached by solid metal hooks to the substantial green braces; and it is so loose that instead of girdling the waist, it drops below the hips. From never seeing it worn by very young lads, we came to the conclusion that it must be a Tirolean version of the Toga Virilis. Every district has some distinguishing peculiarity of costume, and numberless are the variations of the traditional head-gear; but these belts are worn by the inhabitants of every valley round Meran. The women's dress is much quieter and less rigidly adhered to. The girl, with upturned smiling face, standing beside our sturdy young friend, has her bright hair strained tightly to the back of her head by a carved comb, and its thick plaits secured at the nape of her neck by a German silver ornament, not unlike a small paper knife with an open pattern at either end. This, with the occasional addition of a gay-coloured handkerchief, is the invariable coiffure of Meran women. It is becoming, but has terrific results on the hair, for every woman beyond her first youth is more or less bald. A tight-fitting body of violet stuff, with white lace trimmed sleeves covering the arm to the elbow, and a thick, dark and most voluminous woollen skirt reaching to the heels complete her costume. Like the majority of her country-women, this girl under the arcades was terribly flat chested. It is asserted that in some parts of Tirol, notably in the neighbourhood

of Brixen, a full bust is thought so immodest, that the women are taught to compress their figures, as carefully as other women in more enlightened parts of the world squeeze in their waists; but in a land where all loads are carried on the back in a deep *creel* that forces the head forward, the first cause of all these round backs and contracted chests is plain enough. By the way, this habit of carrying everything on the back, seems to act on the legs instead of the bodies of the men, for the number of bandy-shanks is something startling. The spectacle of elderly peasants toiling along on bent and shrunken legs gives painful suggestions of long-tried, overtasked strength.

The Rennweg or Race Street, into which the lengthier Lauben Gasse runs, was once upon a time the scene of all the public festivities held by the Counts of Tirol.

It is a wide, sunshiny, lively, thoroughfare, with comfortable pavements and many handsome buildings, extending from the public gardens at the end of the noble Poplar Avenue by the river-side, to the Vintschgau gate, through which all Stelvio-bound travellers leave the town.

There is always something characteristic, some interesting street picture to be seen in this Rennweg. Midway down it is a small Piazza with a great stone fountain shaded by round-clipped *Germanice* 'bullet' acacias.

Here, towards evening, congregate great, mild-eyed, lumbering oxen, prosperous cows, lively ponies and way-worn cart horses. How refreshed even the latter look as they raise their dripping noses from the deep trough and politely enough make way for thirstier companions! Nor is the human element wanting. Often, in addition to the usual group of chattering women, two or three ostlers from the inn across the road are busily washing one of the mud-bespattered diligences whose home seems to be in this Piazza. All tongues wag faster, apparently, when showers of water are flying out from those twirling wheels, and sepulchral guffaws from the principal ostler lead one to suppose, that in spite of his solemn countenance, he is not above cutting his joke with the girls at the fountain. We learned to know this little Piazza well, for almost daily we zig-zagged among animals and omnibuses in order to pass under the archway at the end, on our way to the path by the millstream and rope walk, leading to the cool luxuriant meadows outside the town.

Also in the Rennweg dwell many coopers, and in this land of grapes this is a flourishing trade. Capacious vats and casks and barrels are always being hooped and hammered into shape on the pavements. Struggling teams of horses and mules, dragging loads of empty casks piled mountain high, were frequently to be seen some weeks before the vintage began. But whenever the bell of St. Nicholas begins to ring for one of the various services of the day, all that may be going on in this busy street stops as by enchantment. A sudden hush comes over the chattering groups. All eyes are

turned in the direction of the far away church at the top of the Lauben Gasse; the men bare their heads, the women and children kneel, murmuring Aves and Paters, until the bell ceases, and the hum and chatter of the work-a-day world goes on as before. It is hardly necessary to repeat the well-known fact that the clergy have almost unbounded influence in Tirol.

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

XIII.

FIERY TRESSED STRANGERS.

'Whence art thou sudden comet of the Sun?
In what far depths of God thine orient place?
Whence hath thy world of light such radiance won,
To gleam and curve along the Cone of Space?'

We may safely say that he who shall answer the above questions clearly and convincingly, will leave a name which, if not remembered with Newton and Galileo, will deserve to be reckoned with Kepler and the Herschels.

What is a comet?

A 'hairy star,' said the ancients, and till lately nothing more certain was known of them. 'Comets,' says Fontenelle, 'are nothing but planets which belong to a neighbouring vortex.' And after describing how they run to us for protection, because their own vortex is broken, he confidently adds: 'Their beards and their tails are not real, they are phenomena (!) and but mere appearances.' Modern Astronomers are much less certain and simple in their definitions; for the more we study, the less are we sure, and the more perplexing do the theories become. Whatever we say of them has its exception.

Generally they have a head or bright centre, called a nucleus, but a few comets have no nucleus. Around this head is usually the *coma* or hair, with a darker space between it and the nucleus; but some are shorn of their hair, and are almost starlike. We always think of a comet as having a tail of some sort, extending far beyond the coma; but this is the appendage they are oftenest without, while most seem to shed their tails, as they retreat towards aphelion. The tails are generally bent away from the sun, but a very few wave them in his face. The one constant feature is that *all* comets move in orbits much more eccentric than any planet's.

We will examine later whether there has been some foundation in fact, for the fear of comets which has prevailed from time immemorial over Europe and Western Asia. There is nothing, *per se*, to suggest the wrath of heaven in these most beautiful of the lights of the firmament. The horror of an eclipse is natural,—not so that of comets. The Chinese looked on them as lucky, for which reason, perhaps, their observations, dating from a thousand years before the Christian Era, are trustworthy, their minds not being distracted by terror, they observed with equanimity. But such a fear once

suggested, and popular superstition would connect each appearance of a 'hairy star,' with the nearest disaster of consequence, believing

> 'When beggars die, there are no comets seen.
> The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.'

Also they blaze forth their births, if it is true that Halley's comet was supposed to adorn and illustrate the birth of Mithridates; if so, it could hardly have been the same which shone like a drawn sword in the year of Cæsar's assassination. There is an idea that the same comet heralded the Deluge, and Whiston, taking it up from Halley, worked out a theory that the comet had caused it; in which case it was doubly re-assuring to have another 'faithful witness in Heaven,' as a sign that such a catastrophe should not occur again. But though Halley's comet may have accompanied, few now believe that it occasioned that event.

The comet, undoubtedly Halley's, against which Calixtus III. ordered the faithful to pray in 1456, has been mentioned; and a century later, Charles V. abdicated his thrones, partly on the ground that a comet had announced his death, which, however, was delayed some years. Another century passed, and men were not scientific enough to defy Milton's description of a comet that

> 'from his horrid train,
> shakes pestilence and war.'

For when there appeared a pale comet in Charles II.'s reign, and the plague followed, they confounded *post hoc* with *propter hoc*. And they may be excused for connecting in their terror the fiery red comet of the next year with the great fire of London.

The apparent constitution of a comet is most interesting. Its head obeys the law of gravity as much as any planet, but its tail apparently does not. We must remember the tails are often formed very rapidly, shortly before their nearest approach to the sun. Coming from the colder regions, sometimes beyond the orbit of Neptune, sometimes from unknown distances in space, the comet, as it reaches the sun, becomes agitated, and no wonder, when we recollect how near some of them pass their perihelion point. Newton's comet passed far within the orbit of Mercury, and was only about a quarter the distance from the sun's surface that that surface is from the centre. The comet of 1843 went nearer, within 65,000 miles, and must have been well within the corona, exposed to unimaginable heat and light.

At their approach to perihelion, most comets throw off luminous envelopes, separated from the nucleus by a dark space. Then jets as if of gas start from the head towards the sun at first, but frequently expanding into a longer or shorter tail lying away from, but never directly opposite to the sun, the end of the tail, as in the case of Donati's comet of 1858, being slightly bent towards its track. Now why do the tails of comets thus seem to defy gravity as if repelled by the sun? And how are they formed? Many of them are millions

of miles long, and after passing perihelion, they still point away from the sun, and therefore in a direction quite opposite to that of a few days before; so that the comet's tail is now in front, and roughly speaking, points out the path it is about to pursue. This sudden change in the glories of the cometic path, recals that Law of the Christian course laid down by St. Paul, for a soul which has drawn near its LORD and Ruler: "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."

Well may the Cornish Poet call a comet:—

> 'A parable of night in radiance poured;
> Amid thy haughtiest courses what art thou?
> A lamp to light some pathway of the Lord.'

Now just consider the signification of a comet showing a tail sixty million miles long in one direction, and a few days afterwards a tail of about the same length in a nearly opposite direction, the former tail having absolutely vanished. First of all, it cannot be the same tail; for if it were, its tip would have had to travel 120 million miles, in addition to its progress on its orbit, all in a few days. But this is an impossible speed for matter; and by all laws we know, the end of the tail ought to travel much slower, instead of much faster than the parts nearer the nucleus. Whatever matter comets' tails may prove to be made of, it seems certain that fresh matter is ever pouring forth from the head, or else, if the matter is constant, fresh portions are ever being illuminated.

One very important point is pretty well decided now. The tails shine by reflected light, but the heads are probably self luminous. But our knowledge of the elements which compose their glowing heads and shining tails is still very imperfect. Stars have been seen even through the nucleus. This proves either that they are gaseous, or else composed of solid particles so widely scattered as to allow starlight to pass between. Dr. Huggins considers that the heads of comets, at any rate near perihelion, are undoubtedly gaseous. Also remember that it is certain that "*meteors are bodies which travel in the tracks of comets*," and that we have hundreds of meteorites at our mercy for analysis. The heads of comets seem to be formed of the same elements, only in a gaseous condition when near the sun; and at a greater distance the same elements may be in a solid condition. Some people have gone so far as to assume that meteoric flights are cast off portions of comets' tails. But it can be mathematically demonstrated that a piece of a comet's tail, cut adrift would not henceforth travel in the same path as the comet, but in a different one, possibly in as many different ones as the minor planets. It may be that in the jets ejected from the heads we see the meteorites of the future being cast forth.

Professor Tyndall put forth a most ingenious theory respecting comets' tails, which is fully discussed in a paper of Mr. Proctor's in

'The Orbs around us.' In the course of some experiments on invisible gases and vapours, Tyndall discovered that in certain gases such chemical changes were effected by the action of rays of light, that the gases became visible. He considers that it is only the actinic or chemical rays, which possess this power, and he applies it to account for comets' tails lying away from the sun. The comet, he imagines, has an invisible gaseous atmosphere of great extent all round the head. The sun's rays passing through this atmosphere make no change, till having reached the nucleus, all the heat and light rays are stopped there, and the chemical rays alone pursue their course beyond, and now cause a physical change in the gases lying in this direction, and the matter becomes visible by being literally precipitated on the beam of light. This theory accounts for the direction of the tail, for the absolute dissipation of one when another is formed, and fairly for the curve in many tails. It is at present only a theory not fully analysed, nor has it fully stood the test of experiment. Still, it is not disproved, and if it does not explain all observed facts human theories seldom do. Possibly some more perfect theory may yet be evolved out of Tyndall's.

We next turn to the wonderful paths described by these bright wanderers. And here it is usual to give some explanation of conic sections. There are three kinds of curve, and three only, in which a body can travel round another. All can be made by cutting a cone in various directions. 'A cone,' says Sir E. Beckett, 'may be defined as a round pyramid, or a body with a circle for its base, and a point for its top, and straight sides.' A sugar-loaf is a good example of a cone, only the top usually stops short of a point. Now cut a cone anywhere parallel to its circular base, and you always have a circle, smaller and smaller the nearer the top, but still a circle; i.e. a re-entering curve, everywhere equally distant from a point within it called its centre. As a fact, no heavenly body moves in a circle, though the planetary orbits differ little from that figure. This is the first case of an ellipse, the foci being run together.

Secondly, put your knife anywhere into the side of a cone, and bring it out either higher up or lower down on the opposite side, and you have an ordinary ellipse, which is also a re-entering curve, but oval, with two foci instead of one centre. The nearer these foci are to each other, the more circular the form, as the planetary orbits; the further apart, the more eccentric, as are the orbits of all the periodical comets.

Thirdly, put the knife in again at the side of the cone, and bring it out at the base, taking care to cut parallel to the opposite side, and you have a parabola, which can never meet, as its two legs cannot even become parallel. This is a very unlikely figure for a comet, and moreover at perihelion is apt to be mistaken for an ellipse of great eccentricity.

Fourthly, cut the cone in any way, not parallel to the side, nor so

as to meet the side, however far prolonged, and a hyperbola results, an open curve, which could not be mistaken for an ellipse, and whose branches are much wider, and the distance between them is always increasing, more and more slightly. Most comets which will never return travel on paths of this figure.

I have spoken only of a right cone, whose top is over the centre of the base.

Why there should be no curves of celestial motion possible but those which cut a cone, is a problem quite beyond us to solve; and the beautiful definition of Mr. Hawker of Morwenstow must be regarded only as a poet's fancy. 'Space,' he says, 'is a created thing, material and defined. As time is *mensura motus*, so is space *mensura loci*; and it signifies that part of God's presence which is measured out to enfold the Universe. The tracery of its outline is a cone. Every path of a planet is a curve of that conic figure.'

The comets which visit our system may be divided into periodical comets, moving in paths more or less elliptical; and comets which never return, whose orbits are hyperbolic. The former are either *comets of short period*, such as Halley's, with a period of 76¾ years, or Encke's, (the shortest known period), being rather over 3¼ years. It is only a telescopic comet, and was visible early this year. Or else we have *comets of long period*, some of them very long indeed. Newton's Comet of 1680 is reckoned to have a period of 8814 years, though some say much less. We must remember that a comet presents such utterly different aspects on its various visits, that it could never be recognised 'by its looks.' The only method of recognition is that its path should be the same, allowing for planetary perturbations. This great comet was like a drawn sword with no bending over towards its orbit. The comet of 1811 is to return in 3000 years; its head was over 100,000 miles in diameter, while its tail measured 108 million miles. When close to the sun, its tail could have reached beyond the earth. It had two well-defined bright bands, extending to a great length on either side. Now a tail is of course not a flat object, but may be described as a hollow cone of light, the vertex at the head, and the base at the end of the tail. The edges then would seem bright, with a fainter light between, somewhat like the flame of a candle, though not quite on the same principle. This may help us to understand Chéseaux's Comet of 1744, which is usually depicted with 6 separate tails. Three hollow cones, one inside the other would produce the effect of *six* bright bands or tails. But the grandest comet of modern times was assuredly Donati's of 1858. Many of us remember its rapid growth from the object like a minikin pin, with its distinct little head and tail, seen with the naked eye early in September, till the superb plume-like tail, 30 million miles long, swept grandly over the fixed stars in its path, and disappeared in the south.

And here we are reminded that comets may travel quite out of the

plane of the ecliptic. Halley's comet revolves in the opposite direction to the planets; and they may appear even in the north and pass south, and *vice versâ*.

It is well known how Halley calculated the period of the comet of 1682, identifying it with the comets of 1305, ('a comet of terrific dimensions followed by a great plague') 1380, 1456 (then excommunicated by the Pope, since which it has palpably dwindled!), 1531, and 1607. He was the first to predict the return of a comet, announcing his for 1758 or 1759, but ere that he had done with life's calculations, and lay at rest in his grave. The excitement of the astronomical world as the time drew near is not so well known. Two Frenchmen, Clairant and Lalande, assisted by Mme. Lepaute, undertook the inquiry of the amount of delay that would be caused by the attractions of Jupiter and Saturn. It took them 6 months, calculating even during their meals, and without Mme. Lepaute, it would never have been done. Then they were afraid lest after all it should not be visible, as it seemed to be smaller at each visit. Voltaire says, that as the time drew near, astronomers hardly went to bed at all. And after all a Dresden peasant saw it first on Christmas day, 1758. Delisle and Messier, the 'Comet Hunter,' anxiously looked, but missed it for nearly a month; it was only to be seen as a nebulous object in the twilight, but was better seen in the Southern Hemisphere.

Poor Messier was the man who, when condoled with on the loss of his wife, accepted the condolences with tears in his eyes for a comet he had just missed, till remembering that decency required a show of feeling even for a wife, he exclaimed, '*Ah cette pauvre femme!*' but his tears were reserved for the comet. Halley's comet came again in 1835, and will be seen again about 1910.

Biela's or Gambart's comet has lost itself. It split in two in 1845, returned in 1852 still in a severed condition, and has never been seen again. A story 'stranger than fiction' attaches to Lexell's comet. In 1770 a comet, which had clearly never been seen before, appeared, travelling in an orbit of 5½ years. It was found that three years before it had been very near Jupiter for some months, previous to which its orbit must have been larger, not coming near us. The influence of Jupiter then had compelled it to take this shorter orbit, for that planet, like the god whose name he bears, is most gallant towards the weaker members of our system. Lexell's comet reappeared in 5½ years, but in 1779, it met Jupiter once more, nearer than his satellites; its orbit being again disturbed, it has never reappeared, as probably it is revolving in an orbit of 20 years at a distance from the earth.

Are we wrong in investigating one of the great questions of this day,—how comets came to be members of the solar system? Whence come the comets of hyperbolic orbit? Whither do they go? And what is their purpose in the Universe?

Some of us have read the amusing letter of Imaum Ali Zade to Mr. Layard who had asked that fakir, 'meek in spirit,' to help him to the previous history of Nineveh. 'Oh my soul! oh my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee; go in peace . . . Listen, oh my son! there is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God. He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto Him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of His Creation? Shall we say, behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail, cometh and goeth in so many years! Let it go! He from whose hand it came, will guide and direct it.' With such views we cannot wonder that Mahometanism has contributed nothing to scientific research. But surely we are taught to say: 'The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein,' 'Yea, I exercise myself in the works of Thy hands.' There is no fear of our finding out anything He keeps secret, or of our attaining to too great knowledge of His handiwork. 'When man hath done, then he beginneth; and when he leaveth off, then he shall be doubtful.'

One theory then is that *all* comets came from afar, travelling on wide curves, and that the larger planets captured some, and closing their curves, caused them to circle periodically round the sun. These captured comets remain in close friendship with their captors, each giant planet having quite a family of comets, passing close to its orbit. It seems just possible that this might have occurred, though the chances are enormously against it. Mr. Proctor suggests that all comets were ejected from the insides of suns; that the non-returning ones came from distant stars, and sweeping round the sun, rush off never to return; that the comets of long period, travelling on ellipses that are nearly straight lines, came from the sun originally and hence return very close to him; but that the comets of short period were ejected from the larger planets, when they were in a state more nearly resembling the sun, and so pass close to their parent planet. There is only one other theory, as far as we know, and that is the one Schiaparelli proceeded on in his reasoning about meteor flights, namely, that the matter composing them and the comets always existed in the interstellar spaces, and is drawn in by degrees to our system. This is a very fascinating theory, but Mr. Proctor is unwilling to admit it, at least till some reasoning is advanced to show how the matter got there originally.

As to the uses of comets, all here is but imagination:

> 'But lo! another dream, thou starry god,
> Art thou the mystic seedsman of the sky?
> To shed new worlds along thy radiant road.'

Meteors of course do augment the size of the earth, but infinitesimally. Twice a meteoric stone is reported to have crushed a man, oddly enough each time an ecclesiastic, a priest in 1511, and

in 1650, a monk. It is also recorded that a lion about to spring on a Christian confessor was 'stricken dead by a stone from heaven.' The other day an American farmer is said to have been struck by one, which poured molten metallic streams over him. So we do not desire any large increase by such means. But Sir William Thomson, desiring to account for life in our planet, was hardy enough to suggest that a comet scattered the germs from some other wrecked world. Now if A. has a jewel, and some one proves that it was brought to her by B., who had it from C., we are just as far as ever from showing the origin of the jewel. Truly men become childish and resort to a miracle of their own making, when they attempt to do without a rational Creator. What but a miracle could preserve life germs from perishing in the cold of space, or being consumed by the fiery heat with which meteorites reach the earth! Well may it be asked 'Who knows what seeds of undesirable living things' another comet might bring!

And is there any danger to us from a comet?

The danger of a large comet falling into the Sun has already been alluded to. A comet's tail it seems could not possibly injure us. We probably passed through that of the Comet of 1861, when nothing worse than an atmospheric haze was perceived. But the head of a comet is a different thing. If its head struck the earth, and if that head were composed of the same ingredients as meteoric stones, then in whatever condition its elements might be, close to the sun, there seems no reason why at the earth's distance they should not be as solid as a flight of meteorites. Travelling then at the rate due to this distance from the sun, the whole head would probably fall within a few square miles, and whatever damage was effected would be local, dependent first, on the more or less combustible nature of the elements of the fiery shower, secondly, on the character of the ground where it fell. The fall, too, would not take a long time, but would be swift and sudden. A large meteor which burst over Aigle in France, scattered its smoking stones over a length of six miles. Whether previously incandescent or not, the matter would become so in its passage through the air.

Now have we any history which agrees with such a phenomenon? It has been suggested to me that we have such an account. Let us turn to the description (Gen. xix.) of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain. Holy Scripture asserts that it was by material fire and brimstone, i.e. sulphur, the cities were destroyed, and that it fell from heaven. That created material existed somewhere before its fall, and from the results it must have fallen from a great distance. Now when we consider the overwhelming chances against a comet's head striking the earth, we may well be awe-stricken at the unerring justice dealt out to those guilty cities. Had that comet been retarded but a little at the prayer of faithful Abraham, it might have fallen harmlessly in the Mediterranean. It was morning. The plain of

Jordan was turned towards the sun; therefore most likely a comet coming from the side of the sun would be lost in his rays, though possibly visible a short time before. Men went about their day's work or pleasure, with perhaps some fresh gibe or witticism at the incomprehensible warning of Lot. Suddenly loud and terrific explosions and rolling detonations in the upper air, and the artillery of heaven discharged burning flakes and bursting stones of sulphur with awful rapidity on the crowded cities and on the land 'as the garden of the Lord.' Mr. Fletcher says that sulphur is one of the five commonest of the twenty-four elements found in meteoric stones. Now we know on what manner of ground the shower fell; for 'the vale of Siddim was full of slime pits' (Gen xiv). Travellers say this was bitumen, exceedingly combustible, of the nature of petroleum. Judge, then, of the despair of those 'sinners before the Lord,' when the very land itself took fire beneath them, and every trace of human habitation was utterly consumed, 'and lo! the smoke of the *country* went up as the smoke of a furnace.' Probably it burnt for some time, till the level of the plain being lowered, the rivers Jordan and Arnon spread their waters into a lake, extinguishing the flames, and flowing into the slime pits, thus forming the Dead Sea, 'the whole land whereof is brimstone and salt and burning, so that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon.'

If indeed the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah was accomplished by such means, this might well account for the dread of comets wherever the story has spread; and probably not only the religious belief, but the superstitions of half the world have gone forth from Palestine.

The chances then against a collision with a comet are enormous, and if it occurred the mischief would be local, and of small importance if it was quenched in an ocean. So that the old lady who thought of going to New Zealand for fear a comet should strike the earth, might run straight into the danger, unless she could calculate where the earth might be struck!

BOG-OAK.

SOME MORE OF MY FRIENDS.

My chief consolation after Don took the Queen's shilling was *Jock*, the brown Scotch terrier: so clever, so funny, and such a character! I do not know exactly to whom Jock belonged; to everybody in general, I think, and a favourite with all. At one time some of us lived in a house divided from our home by an arm of the sea, which had been built for a warm winter residence. Jock used to like occasionally to change his domicile, and when bored at one place, would trot down to the public landing-place and engage a waterman's boat; the men all knew him, and never refused him a passage, and he would reverse the process when he again felt that he 'wanted a change!' Jock was very clever at killing wasps, and never rested till he had cleared the room of any such intruders; he used to tuck his lips up, out of danger, and then jump up at the wasps, snapping at them, always succeeding in killing them, and never getting stung. This talent we found particularly useful on board the yacht, where, when lying in harbour, the wasps were often a great pest. Jock was a good sailor, and devoted to yachting, and he was a great favourite with the crew: he was a gallant little water-dog, throwing himself into the sea, however rough, from a high rock or the bows of a boat without hesitation. Once some of our party landed at Weymouth, taking Jock with them; after first visiting the hotel they went for a walk, but after some time they missed the little dog, and were much distressed at losing him in a strange place; after searching for him in vain they returned to the hotel, and found their little brown friend waiting for them on the door-step: the hotel-people said he had been sitting patiently there for a long time, having evidently decided, when he found himself alone, that the hotel was the right place to rendezvous in. Jock had one enemy, an enemy whom he hated with a deadly hatred, and that was *Roger* the monkey; and no wonder, for Roger pulled his tail at every opportunity! Jock, in revenge, when Roger had to be whipped for some piece of mischief or spite, used to show the greatest delight, barking and jumping about the deck with glee. By the way, large sums must have been spent in buying new whips for Roger, for after one had been got he was always on the look out to throw it over-board, and rarely failed in doing so after a day or two! Not that the poor little fellow was ever severely punished, though sometimes his tricks were aggravating, and there can be no doubt that he was often wilfully naughty and mischievous. He was very young when he first became our shipmate, but a veritable imp of mischief. I suppose I ought really not to include

him among my 'friends,' for, though my feelings towards him were most amicable, he perfectly detested me; why I cannot imagine, for I never intentionally offended him, but at the sight of me he almost always began to stamp, grin, and (I fear) swear hideously in his native language. Once a week the whole ship's company, fourteen or fifteen men, would muster on the fo'castle to invest Roger with his jacket and kilt, at which compulsory toilet he used to remonstrate with fearful and ear-piercing shrieks, but once dressed, he seemed quite proud of his fine clothes. Of course he was generally tied up, but if allowed to go at large would be quite certain to perpetrate some evil deed: now he would drop through the cabin skylight on to the breakfast table and carry off an egg; now he would hide in a boat suspended on the davits, and, when no one was looking, throw all the loose articles, such as thole-pins, etc., into the sea; another time he got hold of a bottle of medicine, tried to get the cork out, but failing, broke off the neck of the bottle and drank off the, luckily, harmless draught. Once, I remember, Roger was lost; the men hunted for him high and low without avail, and began to fear that he had tumbled overboard. Now our yacht, a large yawl, had a small raised poop, under which were some lockers in which the crew kept their provisions; just as they were about to abandon the search for the monkey as hopeless, one of them noticed that one of these locker doors was not quite fast, and that one link of a chain was visible in the chink: seizing hold of it the man pulled away, and out tumbled Master Roger, his waist fast to the other end of it, with hands, mouth, and cheeks crammed with butter, the ship's company's allowance for the week, yelling, shrieking, spluttering the butter all over the snowwhite deck! never was such a scene! Poor Roger! he had been very clever, but not quite clever enough; he had gone into the locker, thinking to enjoy himself at his ease, and he had pulled to the door after him, but he had forgotten the tell-tale chain that he dragged after him. One of the yacht's men was remarkably active, even for a sailor, and sometimes matches would be got up between him and the monkey: Roger used to be started up the rigging, and given a minute or two's start, and then Jack Yeo would pursue him: for a few minutes Roger would thoroughly enter into the fun of the game, and give good sport, but he always ended by losing his head, and becoming apparently paralysed with fear, would hang helplessly on to a rope and allow himself to be caught ignominiously. When he came to live on shore he was given a little wife, much like himself in appearance, but totally different in disposition. Jenny Roger was a particularly gentle little creature, terrified out of her life by her better half, who bullied her unmercifully, never allowing her to eat anything he wanted for himself (and he had a splendid appetite) and punishing her severely when she displeased him. His favourite mode of chastising her was to take her by both ears and jam her nose repeatedly against the

ground, a proceeding to which she would submit quite meekly. I remember once a ludicrous scene: Mr. Roger was sitting on the outer ledge of the stable window, his chain being fastened to the window-bar, and hanging in a loop nearly to the ground; something frightened Mrs. Roger, who was running about the stable-yard, and she at once fled to her lord and master for protection, and climbed up to the window by means of his chain, only, unluckily, she got hold of the part which was attached to his waist, instead of to that which was fastened to the window-bar, and very nearly pulled him off, and gave him a bad fall. However, he caught hold of the iron bar and held on grimly, grinning and chattering with rage, until she had reached his side, and then—poor little Jenny! I had better draw a veil over what followed, and not attempt to describe the fearful 'licking' she endured at the hands of her loving spouse!

I am afraid you will quite dislike poor Roger after reading this, so I must tell you another story about him to show that he *had* good qualities and was also wonderfully intelligent. As I said before, he was young, and some time after we had him, he cut his dog-teeth; the poor little fellow suffered frightfully, his face swelled to twice its natural size, and he was so ill we thought he would die; the doctor, who was very fond of him, volunteered to draw one of these teeth, which he considered to be the chief offender. Now Roger much resented being hurt, and always bit, or tried to bite those who, however unintentionally, inflicted the slightest pain on him, so the doctor was warned that he was doing a very foolish thing, and would probably be severely bitten for his pains. However he determined to carry out his kind resolution, but did take the precaution of protecting his hands with a thick pair of gloves, which however proved perfectly unnecessary. The tooth was an enormous one, and more like a tusk (poor Roger, he did not look attractive at this period, with his swollen cheek and protruding tooth!) and the pain caused by its extraction must have been very great, yet the sensible little beast sat perfectly still during the operation, and when it was over put his arms round the Doctor's neck, and coaxed and hugged him, endeavouring by every means in his power to show his gratitude for the relief he had given him. Both monkeys died of colds on their lungs, although great care was taken of them. Roger was ill a long time, and during his sickness became a reformed character, as gentle as he had formerly been vicious, and touchingly grateful for any kindness shown him. When he died he left Jenny, I fear, a rejoicing widow, and for a few short months she spent a very happy life in the stables; her chief pleasure was to sit sunning herself in a corner of the stable yard, and feed the chickens. The process was not a very elegant one, as she used to bite off pieces of bread and then spit them out again in all directions, while the chickens used to crowd round her for the food, and perch on her head and shoulders; one of them was ill or lame, and this chicken she adopted as her own peculiar pet, and used to

carry it about in her arms and sit in her sunny corner nursing and fondling it. Her only fault—and who is perfect!—was that she entirely declined to wear any clothes, but always tore them off; perhaps this was the reason that, in spite of every precaution, she too caught cold, and died rather suddenly. As the old coachman said, when, crying bitterly, he came to break the news to us, 'There she was this morning a settin' in her chair and a takin' of a cup o' tea like a Christian, and half an hour afterwards she was gone!'

THE SURGEON AND THE CURÉ.

SOME of our readers may know the name of the very celebrated French surgeon, Dupuytren, and may also have heard that he did not believe in revealed religion. The following anecdote given by Lacordaire in one of his famous conferences gives a touching instance of the impression made on the man of vast science and knowledge by the simple holiness of a village priest. One day that Dupuytren, then an elderly man, was seeing patients in his consulting room, there came in a quiet looking man of grave and gentle countenance, whom the surgeon felt sure was a curé from the country. After a slight examination, and a few question, Duputyren said rather roughly, 'You have a mortal disease.' The curé answered gently, 'Sir, you might have told me the truth with a little more preparation, for though I am old, there are men of my age who fear to die. But in whatever way truth is told, it is always precious, and I thank you for not having concealed it.' He placed on the table a crown-piece which he had held in his hand, and added, 'I cannot say how ashamed I am to have no better means of showing my gratitude to such a man as Doctor Dupuytren, but I am poor, and there are a great many poor people in my parish; I shall go back and die among them.' These words reached the heart of the man whom no cry of pain ever disturbed; he felt angry with himself, and went quickly to the door torecall the old curé whom he had repulsed at first, offering to do what he could for him. A very terrible operation was the only chance of saving his life, and this Dupuytren undertook.

The operation was long and very painful, but the patient bore it with perfect calmness. Dupuytren was astonished, and asked afterwards if he had felt no pain. 'Oh, yes!' answered the old man; 'but I was thinking of something which did me good.' He would not say, 'I was thinking of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ crucified for me;' he feared going counter to the prejudices of the man who had just saved his life. He recovered, and went back to his parish. Several months later Dupuytren was at the Hôtel Dieu, the great hospital of Paris, lecturing his pupils, when the door opened, and in came the good old priest, covered with dust and perspiration, and carrying a heavy basket. 'Sir,' said he to Dupuytren, 'I am the curé whose life you saved by your skill and care; my health has never been better than it is now, and to prove my strength I have brought some of the finest fruit of my garden, which I beg you to accept in memory of the wonderful cure you

effected, and the good deed for which God will reward you.' Dupuytren shook hands with the old man who, now for the third time, had deeply moved him.

At length the great surgeon himself was attacked with mortal disease, and he saw his own danger as he had seen that of others, calmly and firmly. But other things then became evident to him. He saw the misery of man—who would show him the greatness to which man is called? As Dupuytren repassed in his memory the circumstances of his past life, the many to whom he had restored health, the many whom he had seen die, one calm gentle face constantly appeared before him; he had never forgotten the country curé, and his image now haunted him. He summoned the old man to his bedside; from him he learnt at the end of a most successful career that there is something better than success, something greater than earthly glory. The certainty of having God for our father, an immortal soul capable of knowing Him, a redeemer who has given His blood for us, and the joy of dying reconciled through Him with truth and righteousness and peace.

A young friend had been studying German literature, and expressed his admiration in writing to Lacordaire, who answers as follow—

Amongst those you speak of as the glory of Germany in this century, are at least two, Kant and Goethe, who have each been her evil genius. It may be that some who have greatly sinned, through their intellect may be considered to have won glorious names; but their glory is of a kind that Christian hearts will never acknowledge. I wish that you would early accustom yourself to despise the highest renown which has been the fruit of some bad action, and only to esteem what is good and true, in the man who writes, as in the man who *does*. To *write* is to *do*. To write determinately what is bad is to commit a crime worthy of the heaviest chastisement; and the more such writing is successful, the greater is the crime. Our Lord has changed the world by his Gospel; whoever does not write in the spirit of the Gospel is the enemy of God and man . . . Weakness which sins may be worthy of compassion; pride which attacks truth inspires no such indulgent feelings.

'AND MAKE THY CHOSEN PEOPLE JOYFUL.'

'There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime.
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.'

WHY are Christians so often sad and downhearted, I wonder? Not professing, half-hearted Christians, but earnest, watchful, prayerful people; people who seem as it were to only enjoy their own gloom, and for whom the above Prayer-book response has no meaning. Holy Scripture and our Church teach us to be cheerful, why are they otherwise? In the Psalms we read, and we repeat this very often too.

'But let those that put their trust in Thee rejoice, let them ever shout for joy, because Thou defendest them, let them also that love Thy name be joyful in Thee.

'Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice ye righteous, and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart,' etc.

This teaching seems to run through the whole Bible, 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice,' while in Ecclesiastes i. and the eighth verse, it is written—words which I think explain everything—'The fear of the Lord is a crown of wisdom, making peace and perfect health to flourish, but which are the gifts of God, and it *enlargeth* their *rejoicing* that love Him.'

These sad Christians are ready enough to weep, but they never rejoice, so the command is only half fulfilled. These people have a superabundance of Love and Faith, but *no* Hope. They are always doubting and hopeless; continually worrying themselves about trifles, when they ought to be *so* happy—why is all this? Surely they forget an important fact, for after all we, the very best of us, are only God's instruments. He chooses to let us work for Him, but He in His own way alone gives the increase; and we in looking for results, which He in His great wisdom, and often mercy, hides from our eyes, forget this, and think we are failing, when perhaps, after all, the very seeming failure is, for God's work, a perfect success.

There is little use in trying to bear our Cross, if we faint entirely beneath it, for remember, our sadness has its influence on others. People talk something like this: 'He makes a great show of religion; he is always trying to do some good, and working for others, yet how

miserable he looks and is; if this is being religious, I would rather be as I am,' etc.

Religious sadness is an acted untruth, and a great scandal to Christianity.

People may, I believe in fact, do argue, that our Lord's life on earth was one of the deepest sadness, and so in one sense it surely was, but I always think that He in His love bore *all* the grief, that *we* might be happy, and certainly no one has more taught us to be cheerful.

In spite of His labour and His toil, He found time to share in the innocent amusements of His beloved people, or we should not have seen Him at the Feast, and at the Wedding, and I think, too, people who condemn dancing in a wholesale way, ignore the fact that our Saviour spoke rebukingly when He said, in the words of the children in the market place, 'We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced,' if He had thought dancing, in its proper place, and at the right time, *so* wicked, He surely would have left this unsaid. Such puritanical people are *not* really religious, and they deceive themselves more than anyone else. They hug as it were their own opinions, theories and party-spirit, and become in the end so narrow-minded, that their really good teaching has little or no influence.

They can't sympathise, as our dear Lord could, and here is the clue to it all. Blessed human sympathy! but in what does it consist? The throwing our whole selves into the difficulties, trials, doubts, sorrows, temptations, and *amusements*, of others, of all nations and kindreds, and peoples and tongues, and not only of those who think as we do.

Our Father meant us to be happy here, or why did He put us in such a lovely world, with its flowers, its ferns, its shells, its trees, its stars, its sunsets, and its singing birds? If we are sad and depressed we are *not* happy.

If we have once given up *all* to Christ, ourselves, our souls, and bodies (and we *profess*, we Church people, to do this very often), our talents, our influence, our youth, our time, our *joyfulness*; everything must in the end come right, but when we despair, we have kept something back, for we don't trust Him.

We shall have doubts, we must have temptations, our Faith will grew dim, our Love cold, our sorrows will overwhelm us, and we must die, but what does it matter if we really believe it all comes through His Hand?

Surely the words in the hymn we sing in church are indeed true.

'Holy blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee,
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.'

In the evening-time I take it, of sorrow, sickness, despair, life. Of course temperament has a great deal to do with our cheerfulness, and physical infirmities again have to be struggled with, and it is not

always the highest-spirited people that are the happiest, for often quiet fun and cheerfulness tell best in the end, but it is the power of turning off little worries, and the blessed gift of being always able to look on the bright side, which is the secret. And this is a gift, oh! let us who possess this talent, for it is one, remember, given us to use for our neighbour, and not for ourselves, and for which we shall have to account some day.

'A merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad one tires in a mile-a.'

Surely our poorer brethren want cheering on; think what sad lives many of theirs are, lives of one endless round of toil, struggles, often of pain and hunger. How the mother works from morning till evening (frequently feeling so ill, that were she in our class, she would be on the sofa altogether), and then goes to bed at night tired out, to begin the same again in the morning unrested and unrefreshed. How the father toils in the field, in the manufactory, often among foul smells and in bad air, in the dockyard, in the mine, to get his family bread, with little or no rest, and with a rare holiday. We know it is all *too* true, and yet we from our happier, superior position, with our life of endless variety, often don't take the least trouble to enter into their trials and difficulties.

Recreation is a human necessity, and I believe our working men and women would be nobler, truer, purer, and certainly happier if they had more healthy amusements.

The poor struggling Christian does want a cheering word, or hope (which alas! too often does) would become extinct, and it is a holy work to lighten a neighbour's load of care, sorrow, or worst of all, despair. I cannot conclude this better than with a quotation from a book I have lately read.

'Bear the Cross cheerfully, I have seen sorrowful, downhearted Christians whom all men passed by, but I never saw yet a bright and happy Christian who did not leave his mark behind him.'

'Make thy chosen people joyful
Let us pray from our heart and soul,
For Hope, Faith, Love and Gladness
Lead on to the Heavenly goal.
And the heart that is ever joyful
Must soften his neighbour's dole.'

ANNIE CAZENOVE.

A DRUMMER-BOY'S LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Tambuk, April, 22nd, 1885.

I received your kind letter quite safe. And thank you very much for the nice things you have sent me. They will come in very handy indeed, for all our things were left behind in our tents at Souakin, when we were ordered to go to General Baker's zereba. We expected to return the same day, instead of which we were away three days. During our absence our tents were struck, and all our things piled up in one heap, and lucky was the individual who received all his kit correct. I was minus all my socks and towels, and several other little things. All our things—except what we stand up in—are stored away at Souakin, which place we left more than a fortnight ago. All our clothes are just beginning to look seedy, and a good many are torn in several places, and it is not to be wondered at, for I believe this is one of the worst places for thick bushes in the world; and we have to find a way through somehow. They cut a road about five miles through the bush, and just as the men finished it, it was not required only for another couple of days. Some of the men's boots are beginning to go too, but I took good care not to wear my new ones until I was leaving the ship, so I am pretty well off in that respect. We were not long in the country before we lost a man through his own foolishness. He was on guard, and just for a lark he thought he would frighten one of our sentries. He wrapped a towel round his head like a turban—this was about five minutes to twelve on a very dark night—and crawled up behind a sentry (who was a great friend of his own) and shouted 'English no good.' The sentry turned round, thought it was an 'Arab, and ran him through the heart with his bayonet. He paid very dear for his joke, poor fellow. We have not had much fighting, although we have been out expecting to fight a good many times. They attacked the Coldstreams and Grenadiers with convoys, but when we went not a shot was fired. They were hovering round us, but we took a balloon with us, and we believe it frightened them. The best skirmish we have had yet was at Hasheen. Our brigade suffered most on account of our having to cover the retreat of the whole. We formed a square at the foot of a hill when we arrived at Hasheen, and when the Indian Cavalry retired they formed up inside our square, but the dust they made prevented us from seeing that they were pursued by Arabs.

As soon as the dust settled a bit we could see Arabs coming round, as they thought, after the Indians: they did not know that we were there, as we were in the bushes. They were led on by a chief on a camel, but directly our men saw him they poured out a tremendous fire on to him and his men, they soon took to their heels, those that were behind the hill they would not face us. About one hundred of our men affirm they each killed the man on the camel. You can guess what a terrific fire the side of a square composed of the brigade would send out, each face of the square having about seven hundred men in it. When we retired, the enemy of course swarmed up on the hills that we left, and a large square like ours was a fine mark for them to fire at. If they had been able to shoot at all, they would have killed hundreds. They fire mostly from the hips. I would sooner let one of them fire at me at four hundred yards than at eight hundred. It was while we were retiring that Mr. Dalison got shot, also a young man of ours, a private who had a fortune left him before we came out. He volunteered to come out and was the first one shot. It was very hard to have to march along being fired at, and not allowed to fire a shot in return. When we did halt to give them a shot back they would drop down flat among the bushes and not move until we did: they would then keep annoying us until our big guns gave them a round or two: that is what generally keeps them quiet. I cannot tell you about the attack on General Baker's Zereba: I know that it was a tremendous fire they kept up for about twenty minutes. We fell in, and went out if they required any help, but they telegraphed that all was right. It was a fearful night. We saw when we went up there next day hundreds of dead men, also camels and mules, lying about in every direction. We had to stop there three days and bury as many as we could, but it was fearful: the smell enough to kill anyone.

We were glad enough to get away from there, I can assure you. We went to Tamai: while there they kept firing at us during the night but made off as soon as we made a move in the morning. They went off into the hills. We had a few shots at them, but they would not stand it. It was very disappointing, after marching from two o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, all for nothing. We have to sleep out every night now, by the side of our arms, and we are always wet through when we wake up in the morning, with the dew. A week or two ago we used to shiver as if it was winter, and an hour after our eyes were nearly scorched out. It is that, I believe, which sends so many men to hospitals. The water we get is something fearful; brackish, they call it, and some of the men drink it as if it was the last drop they would get in this world. I always try and do with as little as possible. We are very lucky when we can manage to get a wash. Where we are at present there is one well, and it yields one gallon per hour. That is for watering the mules, and horses, and washing purposes, so there is very little to spare. We expect to

be off to our summer quarters before long, as we can feel it getting hotter every day. We can hardly do anything from about 11 A.M. till 2 P.M. it is so hot. If we have to stop out here until the railway is finished we shall be out here about two years as near as possible, especially at the rate they are going on now. I am glad to tell you that I am in the best of health myself.

GROWN-UP SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

THERE is a point of what may perhaps be defined as *Family constitutional principles* upon which a certain vagueness of impression appears rather extensively to prevail, and as it is of some consequence to the good order of many households, perhaps if it should prove that it can be elucidated in a single page, that page may as well be written and published.

The point is, the relations between the head of the household—particularly if this be a widowed mother—and her grown-up sons and daughters living at home.

It is not uncommon to see such a line of conduct pursued by some members of such households, as would seem to imply a persuasion in their minds, that now that they are grown beyond the requisition of childish obedience, they owe their mother no deference at all; but have a right to a place in the home of which she is the head, without any attention to her wishes as to their proceedings: and in numerous instances the mother herself appears practically to acquiesce in this, though in her soul she knows (but only vaguely) that it is quite wrong.

How do such young people behave when they are staying with friends? How comes it that of those who vex their mother daily with their unpunctuality it is often remarked: 'But he, or she, *can* get up, I have staid with them at———, and they were always down to breakfast, and ready at all meal times.' And upon what principle pray, young ladies and gentlemen, do you act thus in a friend's house, while at home you unscrupulously please yourselves? 'O, on visits, of course, there is the courtesy due to one's host or hostess.'

It might be added, *sotto voce*, 'perhaps we should not be asked again if we caused inconvenience.'

And is there no hostess at home? No courtesy due to her? No consideration for her convenience?

As a matter of fundamental and indefeasible right, if *no more* certainly *no less* is due to the hostess mother than to the hostess friend.

One word to the mother herself, in whose domain the recognition of this principle would be new. In all love, and without reproach, your claim should be made, and surely, generally, would need but to be mentioned to be recognised by all that is manly in your sons, and womanly in your daughters; but if this, in rare and sad instances

suffice not, the recalcitrant subject should be made to see that the place in the home of a grown-up son or daughter is not his or hers of indefeasible right, without any corresponding obligation, and it should be made plain that the mother, if compelled, will have the firmness to carry into effect the deplorable alternative rather than put up with anarchy in her household.

Allusion has only been made to the lighter of unfilial offences, which are, however, well worth correction with a firm and gentle hand; but there are transgressions far more serious, which, indulged in by one member of a family, bring discredit upon all the rest. In respect of those it is of course a mother's bounden duty to be absolutely inflexible, not only for what is due to herself, but to her good children.

AN EVENING HYMN.

SUNG ON BOARD AN AUSTRIAN FRIGATE AT PORTSMOUTH.

E. J. H.

Hark! vainly the gun
  Peals, tolling our fear;
No answer comes home,
  O'er waters, dark and drear.

Dark hollow, the boom
  Rolls over the main,
Rolls on thro' the gloom,
  We watch for aid in vain.

Hope vanishes fast,
  Floods yawn like a grave,
Death rides on the blast,
  Oh Father! hear and save!

Lord, let us not die
  Here on the lone sea;
Lord, pity our cry,
  We have no trust but Thee.

A. E. B. P.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

No one has chosen to go up a mountain and describe the zones. Will anyone do it this time as the single question, after which two months' holiday shall ensue? Of the Arthurs: Apathy is poetical; J. M. B., clever; Weaver and Oats, good; Autumn, fair; Kitten has not minded her chronology; Metelille excellent.

Collect the Arthurs of History.

In searching History's pages through,
Mark we what Arthurs come to view.
The first of all, the most renowned,
Is Arthur of the table round,
Whose name, for valour justly prized,
Our Laureate has immortalised.
Next shall we notice Arthurs three,
Who all were Dukes of Brittany,
1202 or 3. The first to Normandy had right,
But he was slain by cruel might
John, fearing he should be displaced,
By this black deed his name disgraced.
1262–1312. The second Arthur governed well;
Naught else of him have I to tell.
Arthur the Third, "the Just" surnamed
Was also for his prowess famed.
1486–1502. Young Arthur Tudor early died,
1501. Kath'rine of Arragon was his bride.
Our seventh Henry's son was he,
But died before he king could be.
With royal Arthurs now we've done,
1850. Stay though! there's Queen Victoria's son.—
To others grant we now a space,
Who have in history's page a place.
Arthur, Lord Capell, faithful proved
To Charles the First, his king beloved,
1648. And on the scaffold lost his life
During that cruel civil strife.
Arthur, Lord Torrington, next behold,
A gallant admiral we're told,
Famed for his skill in naval war,
William the Third with him came o'er.
1769–1852. Arthur, the Duke of Wellington,
Whose glory most illustrious shone
1815. At the great field of Waterloo,
Yet famed for other vict'ries too.
No other Arthurs have I found
Save those in literature renowned,
1811–1834. 'Mongst these is Arthur Henry Hallam
The hero he, of "In Memoriam."
1814–1875. Sir Arthur Helps "Realmah" wrote,

And many other books of note.
A space upon the roll of Fame
1815-1881. Might Arthur Penrhyn Stanley claim,
For he was great St. Peter's Dean
Of Westminster. And we may glean
Much profit from the writings fine,
Of this most excellent divine.
I will but mention one name more,
(Lest I, by all, be deemed a bore),
Tis Arthur Orton, well I wot
He claimed to be whom he was not,
For him have I no sympathy,
And I remain,
Yours,
APATHY.

THE ARTHURS OF HISTORY.

ARTHUR is a Celtic name meaning *height*, and, although the romantic fame of King Arthur made it known from Iceland to Greece, its use as a Christian name has until recent times been almost entirely confined to the British Isles and Brittany. On this account the number of Arthurs celebrated in history is not very great.

1. KING ARTHUR, the first of the Arthurs, to whom the name owes its renown, shall we say that he belongs to history or myth? Surely there must have been a solid foundation for the tradition of the great Pendragon of the Britons, who so long and valiantly withstood the invading English; but what a wonderful superstructure, romance and poetry have reared on this foundation, until the strenuous defender of his own country was developed into the conqueror of half Europe; into the national hero of the English, against whose forefathers he had fought; into the model of mediæval chivalry and kingliness in Mallory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' and into an ideal of Christian manhood in Tennyson's 'Idylls.'

2. ARTHUR OF BRITTANY. The twelfth century was the time when the name of Arthur began to acquire its romantic honours, and on this account it was bestowed on the posthumous son of Geoffrey Plantagenet by Constance of Brittany; his mother probably hoping that the young prince would revive the glories of her race like his namesake. But the vehement Breton patriotism of Constance alienated the Anglo-Norman nobles from her son's interest, and Richard I., who at one time recognised Arthur as his heir, afterwards made a change in favour of John. Shakespeare has concentrated in a few scenes the spirit of the struggle which followed Richard's death, but Arthur soon showed a bolder and more enterprising spirit than the mild and gentle boy whom Shakespeare has taught us to love and pity. A rash enterprise threw him into his uncle's power, and he disappears—murdered, it can hardly be doubted—but he was speedily avenged by John's loss of all his father's continental inheritance.

3. ARTHUR II. Duke of Brittany, of the House of Dreux, reigned from 1305 to 1312, but I cannot find anything notable about him.

4. ARTHUR MACMORROUGH KAVANAGH, Chief of the Leinster Irish at the end of the fourteenth century. He defeated and killed the Lord Deputy Mortimer, Earl of March, and thus caused Richard II.

to make the expedition to Ireland that was so fatal to him, for while he gained little advantage over MacMorrough in the field, Henry of Bolingbroke was able, in his absence, to make himself master of England.

5. ARTHUR OF RICHEMONT (so called from the title of Earl of Richmond which the ducal house of Brittany still claimed, after the English kings, who had conferred it on them, had declared it forfeited), second son of John de Montfort, Duke of Brittany; he and his brothers were left orphans at an early age, and when the eldest, still a boy, was invested with the dukedom and knighted, the little Arthur begged him to confer knighthood on him in turn, and the young duke dubbed him accordingly. Arthur of Richemont's later life fulfilled the martial promise of his childhood, he was always a stout soldier but not always successful. Taken prisoner at Agincourt he underwent a long captivity; when at last he was released, Charles VII. made him Constable of France, and he filled the office well and faithfully, though often behaving more like a master than a servant to the weak king. At last Richemont became Duke of Brittany in 1457, but died the next year.

6. ARTHUR PRINCE OF WALES.—When a scion of the British race at last sat upon the throne of England, he of course desired that his heir should bear the name which his own people associated with so many hopes and prophecies, and which had become equally popular with the English; accordingly, the first born son of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York was christened Arthur. This shortlived prince seems to have been a handsome, graceful and amiable youth; he was very young when he was married to Katharine of Aragon, and his death so soon afterwards, probably changed the course of our history.

7. ARTHUR, LORD GREY OF WILTON, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. This nobleman is memorable as a patron of the poet Spenser, and as a vigorous Lord Deputy of Ireland; he was a valiant and able soldier, and seems to have been personally a man of high and noble character. Spenser presents him, under the name of *Artegall*, as the 'Knight of Justice' in the 'Faery Queen.' As Lord Deputy of Ireland, he was called upon to cope with the Earl of Desmond's rebellion, and to govern a country which had for several years been a scene of warfare carried on with most savage barbarity on both sides; whether in his efforts to restore order and enforce justice he passed the bounds of righteous severity, and fell into unjustifiable cruelty is hard to decide. He certainly reduced Ireland to obedience, but at a terrible cost of life, and the outcry, just or unjust, against his proceedings, led to his recall, before it could be seen how he would have ruled the country in peace. He died in 1593.

8. ARTHUR ELPHINSTONE LORD BALMERINO, was a younger son of John Lord Balmerino, and a devoted Jacobite; in his youth, indeed, he served in Queen Anne's army, but refused to acknowledge George I. and took part in the rising of 1715; on its failure he accompanied the Chevalier to the continent, but some years later he was induced by his father, who had procured a pardon for him, to return to Scotland. Nevertheless, in 1745, he threw himself into the enterprise of Charles Edward, and was taken prisoner at Culloden, a few weeks after inheriting the title of Balmerino. At his trial for high-treason, he showed a brave, soldierly frankness, and would not compromise his principles by pleading guilty or suing for pardon.

He behaved with the same firmness and courage when he was beheaded, with Lord Kilmarnock, on Tower Hill, August 18, 1746.

9. ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON. The most illustrious of our Arthurs was the third son of Garrett Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, and Anne, daughter of Lord Dungannon, and was born May 1, 1769. He entered the army at the age of eighteen. We need not trace here in detail the glorious career, which, preluded by his victories over the Mahrattas in India, displayed both his great generalship and his great character during the Peninsular campaigns, and reached its military consummation at Waterloo. Then came the long career of peaceful service to his sovereign and country which was only ended by his death, when, lamented alike by queen and people, he passed away in 1852. The one great principle of his life from first to last was Duty, and therefore:

> "Whatever record leap to light,
> He never shall be shamed."
>
> METELILLE.

Notices to Correspondents.

L. S. N. A.—Stories for the Christmas Number are received from all quarters, but it is too late after July 1st.

A. B. C.—Sismondi's *Histoire d'Italie* is the standard book, but very long. Roscoe's *Venice* (Murray) or Ranke's *Popes* both give portions.

Rhyl.—Have you not misunderstood the quotation. It surely means that Westminster Abbey is the last and noblest shrine of British valour.

Medusa.—There is a poem on Hadad in *Ezekiel* by B. M., also one in the *Silver Store*, by S. Baring Gould.

Rev. Canon Hemmans will find the poem he asks for under the title, *Passing Away* in Mrs. Hemans' *Poems*, published by William Blackwood.—CHERRY, also R. and L. and many others.

Visitor.—We are afraid no good advice will make practice easy. The tracts republished from the *Banner of Hope* have some good conversations on these subjects.

Muriel.—Lazarus, and Other Poems, by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, Dean of Wells (Griffith & Farren).

A. L. D. will feel grateful to any reader of the *Monthly Packet* who can tell her the rest of the hymn said to be sung by the missionaries at the meeting where they bid farewell to their friends before departing for China, never to return. A. L. D. has only the first verse—

> 'Apostles of Jesus!
> The way lies before you,
> Not new or untried, as in ages of old,
> But marked with deep footprints,
> Each fraught with a story,
> Of battles and bloodshed and triumphs untold.'

Rosa.—Could any reader tell me where to find the following lines, and the author of them.

'And he asked——
"Who gathered this flower?"
And the Gardener answered, "The Master,"
And his fellow servant held his peace."

Also,

Why should S. Anthony be invoked when we are seeking what we have lost—Is there any legend attached to the Saint.

Theodora.—The derivation of the female name of Ureth is quite unknown to us, unless it is a corruption of Eweretta from Everilda—Eberhilda, wild boar heroine.

E. A. M.—

THE CROOKED BAWBEE.

Oh! Whar gat ye that auld crooked penny?
For ane o' bricht gowd wad ye niffer wi' me?
Richt fu' are baith ends o' my green silken wallet
And high are my wa's ower in Bonnie Dundee.

Oh! gin I saw the dear laddie that had it,
Wha, when we were bairnies two, gied it to me,
For a' the bricht gowd in your green silken wallet
I never wad niffer my crooked bawbee.

Oh! whar gat ye that auld worsted plaidie?
A mantle o' satin is fitter for thee
I'll clead ye in satin, and mak' ye a lady
Gin ye'll gang wi' me to Bonnie Dundee—

Ye may clead me in satin and mak' me a lady
And tak' me ower, heartless, to Bonnie Dundee,
But my heart neither satin nor gowd can procure ye,
I selt it lang syne for this crooked bawbee!

Copied from *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns* edited by Robert Chambers. E. R. M; L. T; F. M. P.

Whence is the quotation 'The way to Heaven is by Weeping Cross?' I find it in Archbishop Trench's '*Brief Thoughts and Meditations.*'

APPEALS.

The Brabazon Home of Comfort at Reigate, is to be opened on July 4th. Patients (some of them are already in the home), are coming from Birmingham, London, Ealing, Lewis, Yorkshire, etc., and to judge from the present number of applications, we shall soon have too many. A bath-chair is greatly needed, and gifts of books would be greatfully received. For all particulars write to Miss Cazenove, Betchworth.

Will those interested in the welfare of young girls help? Money is urgently needed to carry on Girls' Friendly Society work in South London, to provide and keep up recreation rooms for poor hard-worked factory girls, to give them a day in the country, provide outfits, boots, etc., and to pay permanent mission women or workers in the crowded districts of Southwark, Nine Elms, Battersea, Walworth and Bermondsey.

This work has been most successfully carried on for the last three years, but must collapse for want of funds, the balance in hand being now only £1 17*s.* 4*d.*! !

Donations and annual subscriptions, however small, will be most thankfully received and acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, the Hon. Mr. E. Gambier Parry, 2 Halkin Street, Grosvenor Place.

Ladies who would give up an evening a week to join those already at work, are asked to communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. Croft Powell, 25 Wilton Place, London, S.W.

The Eton Mission is situated in a very poor district, and those who visit it are generally most struck by the dull monotony of its streets and surroundings. Whole families in the district support themselves by making match boxes, for which they get 2½*d.* per gross, finding their own paste for affixing the paper covers, and so the pay really only amounts to 2*d.* per gross. Children begin to help their parents in this work at the early age of four. On reaching the age of fourteen most of the junior members of the population get employment in the neighbouring factories, and for them evening clubs have been opened by the mission, in the hopes of keeping them well amused and out of mischief during their leisure hours. It is for these girls and boys, as well as for many weary match-box makers, that an attempt is being made to provide a pleasant summer home of rest. A few days among the green fields and hedges will put new life and nerve, we feel sure, into many a sad and dull heart, and so give it strength and resolution to come back and begin afresh the monotonous round of daily toil. It is for this object that the Eton Mission ventures to plead for help. The furniture and rent of a small country cottage have been assured, but as country air creates good appetites, funds for the maintenance of the inmates are needed. Surely at a time like this, when all the world and his wife are thinking and planning pleasant summer jaunts, a little may be spared for our poor East enders out of an overflowing purse.

Correction, p. 601. For 'Cydow' *read* 'Cydon.'

The Monthly Packet.

AUGUST, 1885.

MADAME'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ROSE GARDEN,' 'CONTRADICTIONS,' &c.

IV.

WELCOME, M. LAMBERT!

A MORE than usual fit of discontent seemed to have possessed Marcelle. Perhaps it was the mysterious influence of Spring which stirs men's minds with vague yearnings and restlessness. It is said especially to affect those who are born in that season, and Marcelle's birthday was in April, in the very heart of this throb of Nature. Her surroundings daily grew more distasteful to her, her grandmother's petty economies more irritating; when she could, she mutinied against them openly, but her heart was always in a condition of mutiny. Leaving the knitting, which Mme. Merillon insisted upon as a daily task, she would escape, clamber along the vine terraces, where the young leaves were breaking from the buds, and sit down with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting on her hands, staring towards Cannes—the very impersonation of idleness. Of the happy burst of life about her she took no notice, the flowers springing in the grass, the lizards slipping into their holes, the unfolding of the young fig leaves, the serene depth of blue overhead melting downwards into a sea as blue, might have been absent. There she would sit, regardless of time or any distant call, until hunger drove her home, when she would go slowly back, unsoftened by the delicate beauty round her, unsatisfied, uncomforted, to meet reproaches and angry words, and to answer them with words more angry and more passionate yet.

There were other—rarer—times when she would shut herself into some old deserted room, and occupy herself with turning over her scanty wardrobe, always with a swelling sense of injury in her heart. She perhaps did not know very clearly whether or no her grandmother was able to dress her like other girls, but she had no doubt that she could have done more than was done. Her dresses were patched, dyed, turned; her one hat, kept to wear only when mass was said in

the little chapel, had little left of its original shape or colour; her shoes were clumsy, and no better than those worn by Marius' mother. When other girls used to come from Cannes on those expeditions to see the famous view of Castelbianco, Marcelle, from behind the green shutters, would watch them with a swelling heart. They wore dainty dresses, they laughed, chattered, were foolish to their hearts' content; it was a different existence, from which, it seemed to her, she was deliberately shut out. She did not try by any little wiles to adorn herself in rivalry, she hated her shabby things yet wore them defiantly, without an attempt to add a grace to their shabbiness.

A few days after the notary's visit to Madame Merillon, Marcelle had rushed away from the house and taken refuge on her favourite vine terrace. It had been a stormy day, and it must be owned that she had largely contributed to the storms. She had quarrelled violently with old Apollinaïse, then with her grandmother; she had neglected her work, and next vowed that she would go and hire herself out as a servant. She sat in her usual attitude, swelling with a sense of injury, and angrily conscious that she was herself responsible for a good deal of the disturbance. Far before her stretched miles upon miles of broken country, full of the young delicate beauty which belongs to early Spring—the fresh green of the wheat, the silvery shimmer of the olives; larks were singing gladly overhead; rain had threatened in early morning, but the ragged clouds which still hung sullenly over the hills behind Grasse, had cleared away to the south, and only here and there by their high lights intensified the calm depth of blue. There was an indescribable fresh exhilaration in the air, and in the joy of growth all round; life was abroad, vigorous, rejoicing, hopeful, and only Marcelle sat, a dark spot among the tender green, an ineffectual protest against the general hilarity, until it almost made her angry to feel how little she was in harmony with it. Day after day, always the same, no one to speak to, nothing to care for, while all over the world were happy girls with fathers and mothers and husbands, and the love of home and the delight of expectation to keep their lives warm.

On this bitter contrast of reflections there struck suddenly a cry, a call. It sounded like her own name.

'Mademoiselle Boissy!'

Who could it be? There was no one to call her so, except, perhaps, Marius, and Marius she had seen go to work in a different direction. In a moment it came again, this time a little nearer.

'Mademoiselle!'

Marcelle started to her feet and gazed upwards through a network of budding branches in sheer amazement. A strange voice in this solitude of hers, to which nothing ever penetrated, gave her such a shock of wonder that she remained mute and motionless, unable to answer or to move. Was she dreaming? Who, what could it be! Then the call came a third time, clear and unmistakable.

'I am here,' she cried gladly; 'wait for me.'

And she began to climb hastily upwards, springing from point to point with unusual lightness, pushing aside boughs, treading on periwinkles, swinging herself by vine stems, until at last, opening the last tangle, she came upon the terrace skirting the foot of the high wall. There, at the top, standing on the wall itself, so as to command a freer view, was the caller. He looked down and smiled, as Marcelle, flushed, excited and breathless, emerged from her interlacing boughs, but he showed no astonishment, merely saying,

'I began to fear that Madame Merillon had been mistaken, and that you had gone farther away.'

She looked at him, not knowing what to answer. Literally, it was almost the first time that a stranger had come into her life, and with a flash she became conscious of her own ruffled appearance, and ashamed of it. This oppressed her more than wonder who he might be, and she was painfully ignorant whether she should go round by the terrace and join him, or what she was expected to do. It is the unexpected which has a trick of happening, and the next moment she uttered a cry, for while she was hesitating, he half clambered down, half dropped from the wall, and stood by her side.

'Excuse me, but really there seemed no other means of reaching you,' he said, with a smile.

'Monsieur! How could you! It is extremely dangerous,' stammered Marcelle.

'Oh, dangerous!' he repeated, still smiling, 'I am afraid it can't be dignified with a big word like that. But tell me, have you any reasonable exits from this enchanted garden of yours?'

If Marcelle heard his question she did not answer it, possibly she did not choose to let him into the secret of those ivy steps of hers, or perhaps she had not recovered from her alarm, for she still looked up at the wall and said,

'Indeed, you ought not to have attempted to jump from such a height, even Marius would not have attempted it.'

'And pray who is Marius?' But as she did not answer him, for she was thinking about other things, he put another question.

'Do you always hide yourself so effectually? It appeared to me that my call had invoked a wood nymph from between the vines.' Marcelle, who had forgotten her own manner of appearance on the scene, looked down at her shabby dress and coloured hotly.

'I prefer to be alone,' she said.

'But tell me how do you employ your solitude? Do you study, or work, or compose poetry? I have always been anxious to find out what people with plenty of leisure do with it.'

She thought he was laughing at her, and the old sullenness crept into her face.

'I do nothing,' she said.

'Nothing? Ah, I see you think me impertinent,' he said, looking

at her. 'You are right, I must seem abominably so, for I have just remembered that you do not even know who I am, or my excuse, for cousins, you know, have a right to be impertinent.

'A cousin!' she returned, staring. 'A cousin! But we have no cousins.'

'What cruel blows you inflict! No cousins? Think again.

'There are only the Solignacs,' persisted Marcelle, 'and they are every one of them old, except——'

She paused. He was smiling.

'Well, except——?'

'M. Lambert.'

'Well?'

'But you cannot be M. Lambert, because he is not in the country.'

'Nevertheless, I am as surely Lambert Solignac, as you are my cousin, Marcelle Boissy. Are you still incredulous?'

'No,' said Marcelle slowly, 'for you must be he to know my name. But it is very extraordinary. Have you come from Grasse?'

'Not to-day. From Cannes.'

'Ah,' she exclaimed eagerly: 'are you staying at Cannes? What is it like? Is it really true that there are crowds and crowds of people, and that the band plays every day?'

'Perhaps,' said Lambert, with some amusement; 'but I have been in other places better worth talking about than Cannes.'

'Perhaps,' repeated Marcelle in her turn. 'But if I could only go to Cannes!'

'My cousin, I congratulate you on such a minute ambition.'

She looked at him gravely; she did not like the idea that he laughed at her.

'You may think I am in joke. I tell you I would give anything to go.'

'Well, but what prevents you?'

'What? Everything. Everything in my life.'

'Now I am sure you are joking,' said M. Solignac, wondering at the force hidden behind her words, which seemed disproportionate to the girlish wish. He had been so little accustomed to have his own will thwarted, that he could not realise the possibility of any one finding a difficulty in so small a matter as seemed to oppress Marcelle, and he did not hesitate to assure her that her longing could not long remain unsatisfied. Perhaps he was disappointed that she shewed no sign of delight, but she did not for a moment believe that his intentions would prove stronger than the circumstances of her life, and read in his words only a vague expression of good will. Meanwhile she looked at him with a distinct interest; here was a man free to come and go, able to lead an unfettered life.

'Do they know there that you are come?' she asked, nodding over her shoulder in the direction of Grasse.

'Know! How should they not know? Don't you know they are my relations?'

'Certainly, I know; but do you tell them things? Do you like them?' demanded Marcelle meditatively.

M. Solignac laughed.

'My cousin, I must tell you that you are an oddity.'

'Why?'

'You put strange questions—or is it that you fancy because I have been in Africa that I am a barbarian? We don't uncivilize ourselves altogether out there.'

'I don't know if it is uncivilized to dislike relations; if it is, I am uncivilized,' said Marcelle coolly.

'What a temper she must have!' thought M. Solignac, who was not pleased with this outburst. 'That is a pity,' he said aloud in a colder tone than her own. She interrupted him impatiently.

'Do not let us talk of stupid things which you do not understand. Tell me more about where you have been.'

'That must be for another time,' he said, looking at his watch. 'I am late already, and have to ride back to Cannes.'

'How will you go?' said Marcelle a little defiantly. 'As you came?'

'It is not impossible,' he returned, measuring the wall and the creeping things about it with his eye.

'Oh, no, no!'

'Pardon, I have a fancy to try.'

'Do not,' said Marcelle imploringly. He did not notice it, but she had turned a little pale. Finding he did not answer her, she said passionately. 'If you attempt it I will do the same,' but recognizing the weakness of her threat, bit her lip, turned away and looked resolutely towards the budding vines and tangled branches. Her ear did not loose one sound of breaking twig or crumbling stone but she kept the same position though she longed to look. Presently he called from the top.

'*Au revoir*, my cousin.'

She did not answer. 'What a temper she has!' he thought again, as he walked away, angry at her silence. Had he seen her at that moment another sort of astonishment might have seized him, for she had covered her face with her hands and was sobbing impetuously.

V.

VISITORS.

When Marcelle returned to the house, she did not, as was usual, avoid her grandmother, but neither did she allude to her recent visitor. She moved about the room, looking discontentedly on that side and this; she did not know what was wanted, but was certain

something ought to have been there and was not. She did not appreciate the value of the odd bits of furniture which, scanty as they were, and in miserable condition, would yet have made a connoisseur's mouth water. To her uneducated eye they were merely shabby and dingy. Why they had suddenly become more than usually distasteful, she did not in the least know, nor trouble her head to think.

Madame Merillon understood her better, and watched her with a smile which had more amusement than affection in it. She was not without a certain liking for her granddaughter, though the sentiment was tepid, and could be conveniently made even colder. Still, as she intended Lambert Solignac to marry Marcelle, it would gratify her to feel that the marriage would be happiness to the girl. She had asked M. Solignac, as her landlord, to ride over to Castelbianco, but had determined that the meeting between the two cousins should be spontaneous and free from her interference, for she was at all times content to pull wires, herself unseen, and could enjoy the movements of her puppets, without requiring that she should be recognised as the one who set them dancing. Knowing that Marcelle was, almost unconsciously, longing to be satisfied about her new cousin, the clever old woman would not let a word drop. The longer the uncertainty lasted, the keener would be the wish. She even provided against old Apollinaïse's talking, for when she was cross she was as uncommunicative as a mute, and Madame Merillon had contrived to fret and irritate her into her most sulky mood, so that when Marcelle presently left the room, her grandmother rubbed her hands softly one against the other and laughed contentedly to herself.

Before long the girl came back, hot and angry. She said impetuously, 'Grandmother, why was I not told that M. Solignac had returned to France?'

'Your cousin Lambert? It would not have been a matter of much interest to you, would it? I believe that I heard something about it from M. Barnabé, when he was here, but what are the Solignacs to us?'

'He allows us to live here, at any rate,' said the girl.

'We do not owe him so much for that,' said the older woman indifferently. 'People might have been put in who would have knocked such a dilapidated old place into ruin. We are quiet tenants who live like——'

'Like rats in a hole,' interrupted Marcelle bitterly. 'That is true, grandmother.'

'Well,—perhaps,' assented Madame Merillon, shrugging her shoulders. 'I have never thought so ill of rats, and, if you do not mind the comparison, I do not. They are a frugal race, and obliged to make the best of circumstances, with enemies all round; they have courage and decision. Oh, rats are not so bad as times go!'

Her tone was mocking. Marcelle made a passionate and indignant

gesture of protest; her grandmother looked at her, and let her shoulders shake with her low laugh.

'You need not be angry with me, child,' she said, 'the comparison was one of your own seeking.'

'Why need it be so?' cried the girl, 'why are we to be unlike other people? I do not believe in the necessity. Look at my dress, it is so faded and shabby that I am ashamed to put it on.'

She held out a breadth of her skirt as she spoke,—Madame Merillon glanced at it, and then at her face.

'You have not got the art of dress,' she said in a tone of regret, 'if you had it would matter little what you put on. Your face is pretty enough, though you are imprudent in so often indulging in an expression which is not attractive. Still, as you would say, and justly, it is of little consequence. Look as you like, *m'amie*, it does not harm me, and there is no one else to be affected.'

It is doubtful whether any one is pleased by being told that their ill tempers are immaterial. Marcelle was furious, but she caught a glimpse of her face in an old-fashioned mirror, and it struck her that her grandmother was not without reason. It was not attractive. She walked hastily to the window, stood looking out, and after a time repeated her question,

'Why are we to be unlike other people?'

'Other people have money—and waste it,' was the scornful answer.

'Waste it? You mean they get good out of it, instead of saving and hoarding—Heaven knows for what!'

'If I save anything it is to live,' said Madame Merillon, in a lower and more angry tone. 'It costs something to support people.'

'Then let me work!'

'You are welcome. What will you do? For what are you most suited? Who are the friends who will give you their patronage? Where are your accomplishments? Or perhaps you would prefer going as a servant, you who are so clever about the house?' She paused. For a wonder Marcelle did not reply to these taunts. Waiting another moment, her grandmother went on in a different tone. 'Your shortest way might be to marry.'

'Where, then, is my husband that is to be?' said the girl flashing round. 'Who are the friends who will find him? Where is the *dot* to attract him? Question for question, grandmother!'

'*Tout vient à qui sait attendre.* It will do you no harm to practise the grace of patience,' said Madame Merillon unmoved.

'Patience! I am sick of it!'

'In twenty years? Wait till you are my age, then you can talk of it if you like."

'I hope I shall be dead before that time comes,' said Marcelle, sullenly.

'Well, that is another possibility, or perhaps you will have changed your hopes. You may not believe it, but one does.'

'Have you any hopes?'

'A few. The fewer the better. Sow them too thickly and a fine crop of disappointments will come up.'

There was another silence. These cynical utterances of her grandmother's always produced an effect on the girl's spirit; nothing which she yet possessed could cope with them, weighted as they seemed with the dreary experience of age. But her mind presently flying back to the immediate cause of complaint, she said irrelevantly.

'Then you do not mean to give me another dress?'

'You wear them out too fast with your wild clamberings. However, I will think of it.'

'Really?' said Marcelle, coming back in wonder. 'Then let me go and choose it myself.'

'Another expense!' grumbled Madame Merillon.

'How can you say so, when Marius will always get a horse lent to us! Or I could walk by myself, if you would only let me.'

'If you wish to lower yourselves in the eyes of those people I do not.'

'Oh, I do not wish it,' said Marcelle thoughtfully; 'but you are very seldom particular as to what I do.'

'No, that is true. Poor people such as we must count with common folk,' said her grandmother, glancing at her under her thick eyebrows, 'and it is foolish to trouble oneself about the opinion of the Solignacs or such as they. Walk then, child, if you desire it—"

'No,' said Marcelle, throwing back her head with a proud gesture; 'there is no reason, for Marius will borrow that little carriage. I have only to ask him.'

'As to that, leave it alone until I have decided. One would suppose money for dresses was as easy to find as the valerian on the wall. I must see first whether I can really scrape together anything."

Marcelle was obliged to be content with this half-promise, and to get what good she could out of thought of it during the next few days. She had never dreamt so much about a dress before. She was always picturing herself in this and that, decking herself in dainty things which came and went before her eyes in spite of her conviction that they were altogether unattainable, even were it only from the fact that Grasse would never produce them. Her grandmother had said she had not the art of dress. She bit her lips over this verdict, and tried to think whether she could not gain it. There was a certain change apparent, over which Madame Merillon chuckled silently. It was evident that something, however slight and impalpable, was already at work, and on one side she foresaw her plans meeting with no opposition. But she was not so sure of Lambert, for whom it might be necessary to incur the expense of a

new gown and of other things besides. If it were necessary she, miser as she might be, intended to do it, for no better reason, perhaps, than that she considered it a good speculation, but for that, certainly. She would wait, however. Lambert would not be long before he came again. He was not.

Marcelle, who might have had an instinctive expectation of his coming as well as her grandmother, kept nearer the house than was usual to her, and made less resistance to household tasks. One morning, however, she escaped from Apollinaïse's grumbling, ran up to one of the empty rooms, flung back the shutters and stretched herself out into the sweet airy sunshine, into a world gay with all the young surprises and extravagances of Spring. The air was full of happy sound, or so it seemed, though it was difficult to extract anything like definite vibrations, until Marcelle was suddenly struck with something which she was sure was a laugh, and which, on listening, she heard repeated. She was instantly seized with a longing to see the laugher, and as she knew the sound must come from someone on the terrace, she rushed downstairs, out into the garden, and began to clamber up the narrow and dusty spiral staircase of the white tower. It was pierced at intervals by narrow windows, and half way up there was a doorway, from the other side of which cackling proclaimed the neighbourhood of poultry. But Marcelle did not stay at either door or window, running upwards till she reached the top, and came out on a square platform, protected by battlements. From this, on either side, stretched fair and lovely sweeps of country, sea on the south, mountains on the north, arched over by a tender and somewhat broken sky. Marcelle did not look at this or these, she was in pursuit of a laugh, and as she listened it sounded again, below her and at no distance away. Trees just prevented her from seeing what she wanted, but beyond was an open space which she eagerly watched, and in a moment two or three heads were just visible outside the wall, one she instantly recognised as M. Solignac's, another was a girl's, the rest she scarcely saw. Soon they passed, and she heard the echo of their voices as they turned the angle of the wall which bordered the Madonna's grove.

Marcelle stayed where she was. At first she had a smile on her lips, but presently this vanished; she looked down at her shabby dress with great dissatisfaction, and reflected that her cousin's friends would probably have pretty clothes, and that hers were scarcely presentable. In a moment she had made up her mind that the contrast would be odious and that she would not provoke it by coming down.

Crouched on the flat top she peeped between the battlements and saw the whole party come up the steps into the garden. There was a short consultation, then Lambert walked rapidly to the door, while the others, four in number, stood in a group and looked curiously round them, the gentleman pointing out landmarks with energetic

sweeps of his arm, the three ladies paying a divided attention to his comments. Lambert went into the house, came out again, looked round him doubtfully, and joined his companions. He seemed to propose something to them, to which they assented, and they all walked slowly towards the *bocage*—he, an elder lady, and one young girl in front, the father and another girl behind. From time to time they stopped, leant over the wall, and uttered exclamations of delight which came up to Marcelle on her tower. She could not take her eyes off them, watching them with a sort of angry interest which she did not attempt to explain. Why should she not have been down walking in the sun with these people?

Presently they were among the trees, and out of sight except for some occasional flutter of a dress between the foliage, but she could still hear the echo of their voices, dying away, coming nearer. The man, whom she had decided to be the father of the girls, first emerged into sight, with one of his daughters by his side, he was still gesticulating and pointing. These passed on into the Madonna's grove, followed by the other three, who walked more leisurely. Lambert was on the outside, next to the young girl, to whom he spoke with attention; as they reached the cypresses, Marcelle could see her pause for a moment as if repelled by the gloom of the place, he made some laughing remark and they disappeared together among the shades.

She had been intensely interested in watching every movement of the party, but, oddly enough, the chances of their ascending the tower had not struck her until she saw them coming towards it from the grove. People did not always care for the climb, and Apollinaïse generally came with those who were adventurous. Even now Marcelle fancied they might not go farther than the little bridge when she saw them lingering upon it. It seemed, however, that it was only the elder lady who refused to ascend, she excused herself volubly and sat down on a projecting piece of wood. Marcelle could hear Lambert's words:—

'But you, Dr. Vallette, you will come?'

'With pleasure; with pleasure. With a view so magnificent as this I am never contented until I reach the highest point; although education has made a doctor of me, nature meant that I should be an alpine climber. Come, Adélaïde, no hanging back.'

'If Mademoiselle Adélaïde will accept my hand—.'

Which was Adélaïde? Marcelle dared not look over and see, and the sound of the old door creaking on its hinge warned her to make her escape. The thought of this did not trouble her, the door already mentioned as half way up the stairs offered an easy exit, and there was no fear of her being followed, as the lock had its secret which only yielded to those acquainted with it. She ran down a few steps, pressed a spring, pulled a latch, and was in a little room which had perhaps been used as a place of concealment in troubled

times. Now half of it was open to the air, and it was turned into a poultry house, so that she was greeted by an outburst of cackling to which she paid no attention. She was listening to the steps and voices which came up the stairs.

'What a strange old place!'

'Adélaïde, take care! the whitewash comes off on one's dress.'

'But this is altogether feudal and remarkable! What date did you say?'

'I shall be giddy in another moment.'

'Take my hand. We are close to the top.'

The voices melted away into indistinguishable exclamations; they were overhead on the platform of the tower, looking over its parapet; first on one side then on the other, laughter rippled and came down to where poor Marcelle stood in the little tumble-down room among the poultry. She clenched her hands fiercely. M. Solignac was her cousin, this was her home, and yet she was shut out from the gaiety and brightness in which strangers shared. If only she had her dress! Even then—she looked at her shoes, clumsy and ill-shaped; at her hands, brown with the sun—a hundred little failures and imperfections danced before her eyes, and she felt sure would be fine food for mockery for Mademoiselle Adélaïde and her sister, Why, why should this be so!

Fortunately, perhaps, she had not much time for these meditations, for she soon heard them coming down the steps again, and was immediately bent upon gathering what scattered words she could. There were more exclamations, and Mademoiselle Adélaïde required an amount of help which Marcelle thought ridiculous. The broken steps had their dangers, the darkness made her more giddy, dust, spiders, nobody knew what might not be met in a turn of the stairs. Somebody stopped outside the door—a hand pushed it.

'Where does this, then, lead?'

'Is it locked?' asked a girl's voice. 'Do try to open it, M. Solignac.'

Marcelle smiled securely. 'Try if you please,' she said to herself; 'you will find yourself baffled, my cousin. Before you can come here you must know the trick; and though you may climb walls, there are locks which will keep you out.' She smiled still as she heard him say—

'Apparently we are shut out; but I assure you I do not think you would find it worth while to force an entrance; there can be nothing to see.'

'Is it so?' asked Dr. Vallette doubtfully. 'Now I should have thought that these old towers were often provided with secret means of escape, and that something interesting might be found in the way of chambers.'

'Rather too self-evident a door for that, is it not?' replied M. Solignac carelessly. 'Mademoiselle Adélaïde, the steps are at their

steepest just here; you had better allow me to pass and to assist you. Put your foot close to the wall so—that is right.'

Once more the voices died away. Marcelle, who intended to go back to her outlook on the roof, had her hand on the latch of the door, when the sound of a returning footstep made her draw back. This time it stopped outside, the door opened, and M. Solignac, with a smile, stepped in.

'Good day, my cousin!' he said, enjoying her discomfiture. 'What makes you choose retirement among the chickens? Do you know you are very unsociable?'

'How did you open the door?' returned Marcelle amazed.

'You forget that I am not quite a stranger, and that, as a boy, I knew every crook and cranny of the old place. You should not expose one to temptations. I was sorely disposed just now to fling open the door and introduce you to my friends.'

'If you had!' said Marcelle, frowning. 'But how did you know—what made you suppose that I was here?'

'I saw you on the tower,' he said carelessly. 'Wear a light dress the next time that you wish to conceal yourself, though I can't see why you should have wished to avoid us. We are very nice people, I assure you. Come down with me, and I will invent an excellent reason for my discovery—say that I found you asleep in the little cell, where it is your habit to study. Trust me; it shall be natural enough.'

'No,' said the girl haughtily, 'I have nothing to do with your friends; and you had better return to them, or they will wonder what keeps you. What excuse, pray, did you make?'

'I dropped a letter on purpose,' said Lambert, laughing. 'Come—think better of it. We are going to see the chapel, and then to rest on the terrace. It will be more amusing for you than the top of the tower.'

'I only stayed there because you would have seen me come down,' said Marcelle, with a red flush on her cheeks. 'Pray go; Mademoiselle Adélaïde will want you.'

'So she will. And you will not think better of it? I wonder why?'

'Do you wonder?' cried the girl passionately. 'Look, and I think you may understand. If I am dressed like a servant, I can, at any rate, avoid the company of people who would ridicule me; and you should thank me for sparing you the reflections which, otherwise, you might find it unpleasant to hear.'

She held up her dress as she spoke, and there were hot tears in her eyes. M. Solignac's own face changed a little—listening.

'No one would ridicule you, believe me,' he said gravely. 'Cannot Madame Merillon let you have what you want?'

'Perhaps. I do not know. At any rate, she does not,' said Marcelle, with less anger, but a despairing intonation in her voice.

To some men it would have seemed a trifle; but not to Lambert, who had a dangerous facility of throwing himself into any strongly expressed feeling. He felt a sincere pity for Marcelle, realising in a moment the loneliness of her life and her dislike for its sordid circumstances. The pity showed itself in his eyes, where the girl saw it.

'But she shall,' he exclaimed. 'Trust me; I will find some way to persuade her that it is necessary for you. Poor child! It must be hard. But now, forget it for a time. Come down and join us; they are good people, and you need have no fear that they will say unkind things. Come!'

He took her hand as he spoke, and looked into her eyes, so that for a moment, and until the remembrance of Mademoiselle Adélaïde touched her again, the girl hesitated, and the natural longing of youth asserted itself. But just then a voice called up the stairs, 'M. Solignac, are you coming? Are you lost?' and she drew away her hand.

'No, no, I cannot!' she said, more gently than she had yet spoken. 'You are kind, and mean well; but I cannot forget. Go to them!'

He went reluctantly. Marcelle ran up the steps once more to the top of the tower, leaned over, saw him join the others, and walk away; then flung herself down, and burst into an agony of tears.

(To be continued.)

ASTRAY.

VII.

MRS. LYNDHURST.

Oct. 19.

We must soon part with our Denys, and our house will be a quieter one. Granny will miss him terribly; she enjoys his fun as much as she could have done not only yours, but that of her own original Denys.

The boy kept us in fits of laughter last night by his description of the sober walk he took with me to St. Lawrence's Well. N.B.—It was a lovely walk, the wooded hills of Brockenhurst Park looking as nothing else looks in autumn, with a low sun, the oaks in every shade of russet, the elms, green gilded, some spangled all over, some only on the edges, the little sprays of birch standing out like the last sparks of a firework, the wild cherry-trees glowing scarlet in the hedges, soft masses of travellers'-joy flung over the nearer bushes, among the glowing many-coloured bramble leaves of every imaginable tint, from dark crimson down to yellow, and the brown spokes of the great old hemlocks, and spikey heads of teasels standing up in the foreground, while the rugged bit of grey and red limestone quarry broke the line. The grey bit of ivy-grown ruin by the spring was in shadow, and so was the stone basin, but there was a little bit of sunshine absorbed by old Tamar Twisledon's red shawl, as she sat with her tray of tumblers and such spars and fossils as her old man lets her sell.

We asked her what Ezekiel had found lately. 'Well, ma'am, not much; but a lot of they little Bedlamites that he don't set no store by. But he have got one big thing, I can't mind now how he calls 'un, summat about a Perizzite or Girgashite. He be all of a twist, like they little hodmandods——'

'An ammonite,' suggested Denys.

'There now, sir, I knowed 'twere a Scripture name, and no wonder as they all was drownd dead in the universal deluge.'

We asked to see this remarkable relic.

'Bless you, ma'am, it baint here. Zeek, he wouldn't part with 'un, not if he were starving, though I tells 'un it be clean against Scripture to take stoans instead of bread; but he must keep 'un for his c'lection, as he calls them nasty rubbishing stoans, littering up my parlour as ought to be. And them as 'ud bring in summat, be just as if ye axed him to sell his own eyesight, he be that mad after them.

He be more took up wi' 'em than ever, since the new gentleman came, and lent he a big book.'

The new gentleman is, it seems, 'he as have come to the Priory house. There be a sick lady, or summut, there, for he come up here every morning like clock-work, for a bottle of the water, and pays the fee reg'lar. He looked at my basket, and says he, "Where did you get these?" as civil as civil. And says I, "My old man, he dig 'em up in quarry, and can tell you all the Latin names of 'em as if it war in print."

'"I must know your old man," says he, "when shall I find him at home?" So I tells him he must come to Hoggs' Corner and ask for Zekiel Twisledon, any time after six o'clock, when he'd a cleaned hisself and had his tea. So down he comes, and bless your heart, how they two goes on together about they old stoans and their hard names, as is like a chapter in Chronicles. Most every evening down comes that there gentleman, with a book under his arm, and he and Zeek goes at the stoans, talking for all the world like Frenchmen. I han't seen Zeek so peart since our Bill's little maid were took in the fever. He's a well-spoken gentleman, he be, and said he would see to the roof, as let in water that shameful as Zeek and me has to sleep under our humbererellor o' wet nights. I didn't think now't o' his talk, so many folk has said it didn't ought to be like that; but yesterday, who should come down but Dan Jukes, and ups to the roof with his ladder. "Who sent ye?" says I, "Him as owns 'un," says he; "'Pon my word and honor," says I, "gentlefolks has their whims, and I prays as this here may last."'

If you could but have seen Denys take off the old woman, and have heard Granny's merry laugh!

But to return to our walk. At the turnstile we met the walking mysteries, as Denys calls them. These were two slight girls,—I should think one was seven or eight-and-twenty, the other, who is very pretty, about seventeen; the brother had a handsome, grave face, very pale as I said before. As we stood, taking turns to twist ourselves through, the young one, who had a lovely bouquet of berries, ferns, and coloured leaves, looked up with a pretty smile, and asked if it was allowable to go through Friar's Alley, which you know is the short cut to the Priory house. Denys declared he was much tempted to shew them the way, but he thought the brother looked forbidding. I am the less sorry that he is going, as he is rather excited about them; and I find that his 'vision' is not of the delicately tinted, smiling, innocent face of the young one, who, he says is not comparable to her elder sister for fineness of countenance. I was forced to confess that I had not looked at all at the elder one, who kept in the background, under her black hat, for they are all in mourning.

We had another encounter, a little further on, with Rufus Blackstone in a fume. (Here you must fancy Denys again becoming dramatic in his narrative).

Had we seen that fellow,—that new fellow that had come to the Priory house? 'I understand,' went on Rufus, 'that he has been tampering with that old humbug Twisledon and his wife, and carrying off bottles of water from the well.'

We suggested the aunt.

'I would bet anything that the aunt is a mere pretext. If she is an invalid, why has she not consulted my father or me? Those waters are not to be meddled with without advice. No. *Depend* upon it, Mrs. Lyndhurst, that this is merely a cover for obtaining samples of the water, so as to get it puffed off. He is some irregular practitioner in partnership with a building speculator, if he is not one himself, and we shall have another brick-and-mortar mania, and a general failure, such as my father remembers in 1840. However, I shall keep my eye upon him!'

I could hear my naughty Denys muttering, 'Awful threat; I hope you feel reassured, mother.'

Granny says she remembers the mania when the big hotel was built that now looks so forlorn with all the plaster coming off. Old Dr. Blackstone was bitten by it, and invested in shares, and the original Hogg got involved in it, but there was an outbreak of that Gridiron Lane fever; some of the visitors died, there was a scare, and Dr. Blackstone lost so heavily that he has ever since viewed with horror any notion of reviving the fame of St. Lawrence's Well. However, I strongly suspect Master Rufus of designs for the future, judging by his bitterness against the interloper.

'And, do you know,' he says, 'the fellow has actually contrived to get possession of the Wynne property; or at any rate to insinuate himself into the management of it. You know the property went to some old ladies; just the way to get it into bad hands.'

I suggested that the mythical aunt was probably one of the ladies, but Dr. Rufus received the hint with gloomy incredulity, believing, in fact, that if the lady be real, the enemy is an adventurer who has got hold of her and her property.

However, on G. F. S. authority, Miss Wynne exists. Denys is very anxious that we should call, and Granny and I intend to leave our cards to-morrow.

VIII.

FRANK MARSH'S JOURNAL.

Oct. 20.

I have arrived at the conclusion that it is a bad thing to live alone. This is rather serious when a man has deliberately chosen a solitary life, and the confession will amuse you, my old friend, if these pages ever reach your eyes. I must stick to my habit, however, of telling you the truth. I do not expect to live to see you again. You are making

money in Australia, and I am making—what? certainly not fame, as I once flattered myself, in England. But we shall not forget each other. Every one of these pocket books is packed and sealed and addressed to you; some day you will like to know how the world wagged with me: and some day further on, I hope, we shall laugh over this little separation. One can't go on writing letters for ever to a fellow who never answers them. To my mind, a letter once a year is worse than none: and so I have taken to this one-sided mode of communicating with you.

It is an odd life I lead in this small southern town. You know I came here a year ago, wishing to finish my work in England, after getting all the materials together in Paris. I like the calmness of England, and I believed the doctor when he said I could not live long. But the doctor knew nothing about it. I never believed in the tribe before, and certainly I never shall again. I am not surprised to find myself stronger. I have entirely given up medicine and all scientific rubbish. The doctor here, a horrid specimen, looks at me with curious eyes, and would like, I know, to try his hand on me; but I do not encourage him; and I am no worse than I have been. I suppose one ought to be glad of this; and yet I am not sure. It puts out all my calculations. I had arranged to die at five-and-thirty, and I am not far from that age now. I thought this favourite book of mine, 'Studies in French Literature,' would certainly be my last, and I don't know what line to take up now. I must consult dear old Maltby, my prince of publishers, and take his advice if I can. The England of the eighteenth century has been attracting me lately; not that I wish to be fashionable, but how pleasant life must have been, how deliberate, how well proportioned, before the thundering riot of post and railway and telegraph, with their thousand abnormal developments, the crowd of societies, of crazes, of schemes, of newspapers, came to wear out the brain and to make life hideous in the end of this terrible nineteenth century! All our screeching teachers, all our discoveries, each adding some new misery to mankind, under pretence of alleviating its fate; each hurrying, driving on our poor old world—out of darkness into light, they say. I think, out of quiet sunshine into a fierce conflict of the elements.

'Il faut savoir s'ennuyer.' What a wise person it was who first said that; but in our modern world there is no room for such a maxim, and so manners, and conversation, and patience, and gentleness, and that sweet home life which the eighteenth century knew, are all scorned and ignored and hurried on into this sad chaos of science and restless philanthropy.

With all this, I am perhaps inconsistent in saying that it is a bad thing to live alone; for, of course, living alone, one cannot be dragged into much of this turmoil against one's will. And on second thought I don't believe I meant it. But I had posted my last sheets of manuscript to Maltby, and had nodded in the street to young

Blackstone, the doctor, my aversion, and had come home again to my house and found myself with nothing to do. I wanted to talk things over with somebody, and to make plans, for if I am to have some sort of future, contrary to expectation, it seems absurd to go wandering on without considering it. I must go to London and talk to Maltby, I suppose; but not till he has had time to read the copy I sent up to-day. I do not think I shall stay long at Emery. Certainly I am very well lodged here. My landlady is the widow of a bookseller—old-established people here—the house is a Queen Anne house, red brick, half covered with ivy, and a creeper with red leaves. The two tall windows of my front room, with small oak-framed panes and deep window-seats, look along the wide pleasant street of the village. Most of my treasures are in this room: the back one, where I work, is full of books and papers, and looks out into a quiet little garden. The two rooms have a feeling of college rooms about them, and sometimes make me regret that I did not go in for a fellowship—but after all, I don't like Oxford now. Emery St. Lawrence would not be a bad place to abide in, if people would let one alone; but I suppose they never will do that. They all mean to be very friendly. They are much too friendly; and yet you know that I am not misanthropic. But none of them, except Lady Lyndhurst and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lyndhurst, who are women of the world, understand that comfortable stage of acquaintance which stops short of a tiresome intimacy, and is not curious, even in thought, about its neighbours' concerns. Miss Forester, the Vicar's daughter, a charming young lady, used to look at me with a watchful eye, as if I might possibly turn out to be a Fenian. I think I have now exhausted her interest; she has found out that there is really nothing to find out. Major Heath is a bore, and I fly from him. The Vicar, whom I like, rather seems to avoid me. I think he takes me for a Pagan, because I am not always well enough to go to church. If he was right, how much unhappier I should be than I am!

There is not much use in letting you see, many years hence, that your old friend suffered sometimes from loneliness. You told me long ago that I was not fit to live alone, and that I ought to marry. I think ten years' experience has proved you wrong in the first of these remarks; and as to the second, what would have been more selfish than to marry at any time during these ten years, doubting every summer whether the roses in the garden would ever bloom again for me?

Well, old fellow, I have been working round to my point in a circuitous fashion. As you are safe in Australia, and as I don't mean you to read this in my lifetime, I will confide in you now, and I know you will be more reticent than the reeds of Phrygia.

I have fallen in love with a girl I saw in the street to-day. If I am to be strong, and to go on living like other people, it has occurred to me that I need not after all be solitary for ever. She was walking

with another lady, and before I met them I saw her stoop down and lift up a little child that had fallen and was crying on the pavement. She was comforting it when I passed: her voice and smile were enchanting: her large, soft, beautiful grey eyes met mine, as I stepped aside in passing. I do not know who she is, but I have seen her, and I should like her to be my wife. The words written look extravagantly bold. She is a beautiful young girl. I am at least fifteen years older, a lame, plain fellow, with small gifts of fortune, and manners which are thought odd and unsociable.

Later.—I have seen her again. Ten minutes ago she passed these windows, and my landlady, who had come in to poke the fire and exchange a few remarks with me, observed that the young ladies who had come to the Priory house were very nice-looking. Fortunately, her information flows without much questioning. Their name is King; there is an invalid aunt, a brother, and these two sisters.

Later still.—What a fool I am! I must begin another book as quickly as possible. Who would have thought that a man of my age, with my occupations, could dream of making such an unmitigated ass of himself. I do assure you, that since a certain silly scrape you remember, I have never been in love, or even on the brink. Why, then, in the name of all that's prudent, should I make the fatal plunge now?

F. M.

IX.

FELICIA'S JOURNAL.

Oct. 28.

Well, it is over. My father insisted that we must call at the Priory, for actually *he* and his sisters and an old aunt have really taken up their abode there. I cannot in the least remember what the room was like into which we were ushered; I only saw the people. Mr. King standing up, and his sister apologising for not getting off the sofa as she had a sprained foot. I did not wish to be cordial, and I don't think I was: *he* must have known I came against my will, and I wished to intimate to his sister that she must not expect to make friends with me. I cannot remember anything that was said, only my father, happily, this time, was very full of his last grievances. I wish he would let Emery St. Lawrence go on its own dull way without interfering, but he has now undertaken to fight out the question of the church lighting. I don't care in the least how the church is lighted, so that my father is not provided with an extra subject of complaint. However, if it were not *that*, I suppose it would be something else. Another sister came in before we left. She certainly is pretty, and my father, who likes pretty girls (especially if they are like somebody he met in India) at once asked her to

come and see us. I took care to look another way, and I do not think she will care to make friends with me. However, he was thinking of her as a companion for Frida Wood; we had heard in the morning that she would be with us the same evening. I have got accustomed to the idea of her living here now. Not that I like it at all, but still I feel thankful she is a total stranger, and that she can know nothing about me. We can live apart, and she will never allude to painful subjects.

When we left the Priory my father, who does his visiting on a system, said we must go to call on Lady Lyndhurst, for that really she was the only sensible woman in the place. The truth is, she lets him say his say, but I can see she only smiles when he fancies he has quite convinced her that his idea is the right one. We found Denys away. However, we had a dose of his last *bon mots*. I think most men are spoilt by their admiring womenfolk. I'm thankful to say I never bore people by my father's sayings and doings.

I think I like Mrs. Lyndhurst better than her mother; she does not expect confidences, and always says the right thing, with nothing personal in it.

When I went away she kissed me so kindly. I wonder if she guessed that I am not very happy? Not that I care about sympathy from everybody . . . Oh, dear! there is my father calling me, and a fly driving up. I do believe it is Frida Wood. She has come by an earlier train than she mentioned. How tiresome of her! . . .

Nov. 1.

I don't think I shall in future hazard a guess about unknown people, because Frida Wood is not at all what I expected her to be. I was only just down in time to see my father handing some one up the front door steps, as he said, in a very hearty tone—

'How do you, my dear? Welcome to the Bungalow. Here's Felicia. I'll see about paying the fly—they always cheat new-comers; I declare I shall make them . . .' he disappeared into the darkness. I saw before me a tall girl (much taller than I am) wrapped up in a large fur-lined cloak. By the way, she is not the skittish juvenile butterfly I expected, but four or five and twenty, and with a good deal of quiet experience in her face. The maid took her bag from her and I led the way into our drawing-room, where a cheerful fire was burning, but no lamp was lit, only the candles on the chimney-piece. I had as yet merely shaken hands, and Frida had said nothing, which was so different from what I had expected that I nearly lost my self-possession.

'Won't you take off your cloak and hat?' I said; 'you must be cold after your journey;' and then she replied 'Thank you,' quite quietly, and undid her clasp. Only then did I get a real sight of her. She was certainly very unlike a butterfly. Her figure was large but well proportioned, her face rather classical but not stern in the least, and

her eyes wide open, grey, and with an expression I have never seen in any one else. Her hands were small but a little broad, as if they could be useful on occasion.

I did not say anything to her at once after those first few words from sheer inability to find something to say. It was she who broke the silence with a smile. I don't think I have ever seen any one smile before; other people open their mouths and laugh, but they do not often smile at all as Frida does.

'How very comfortable it is to find oneself at a journey's end,' she said, almost directly, and coming towards me—'do you know I grudge you your home a little, because . . . when Papa told me about you I made up this scene in my mind, only you were to come to us. I meant you to be my sister, Felicia; but now you will let me be yours.' She did not ask if she might kiss me, as I had imagined the butterfly doing; she simply laid her cheek against mine so quietly, that I hardly knew it before I felt her lips and her strong gentle arm round me. I had a horrid choking sensation in my throat, and I tried to resist that wonderfully new powerful influence in my life, but I could not. However, I managed to say—

'I am afraid you will be dreadfully disappointed, and that this will not be at all a nice home for you.' At that moment my father came back, and Frida gently dropped her arm and was perfectly natural in a moment. I liked her for that, for I cannot bear any exhibition.

'Well, that's right,' said the Major looking first at the fire. 'Felicia, where's the lamp? That obstinate driver . . .' at that moment my father looked towards Frida, and somehow he broke off his story about the driver's delinquencies. 'Let me have a look at you, my dear; you're very like your father; he was an officer any country might have been proud of, but none but England could have produced.' I found myself wishing my father would not talk in his jovial voice about Frida's dead father, fancying she might cry or turn shy; but I need not have feared this. I have discovered that to Frida her father is not dead—he is her ruling influence still; she talks about him as if he were in this house with her.

'Every one says I am like papa,' she now answered; 'but I am afraid I am too tall for a woman. It was so good of you to write, Major Heath; you must have guessed it would make all the difference to me.' My father had taken Frida's hand and she gave him one of her smiles. I did not know father had written to her; I should never have expected him to think of such a thing; I wish I had done so.

'I hope I can still wield a pen, though I am not sure that I do not even now prefer the sword. Your father and I were like brothers. I shall never forget his pluck in the Afghan campaign; but I dare say you know all about it; Felicia, here, doesn't like an old soldier's stories.'

'Papa insisted on my understanding all about the wars he had been

in,' said Frida, 'though personally I fancy I am inclined to agree with the Quakers.'

I soon took Frida up-stairs to rest before dinner. I felt glad now she had the blue room, which looked cheerful with a bright fire. I noticed how she glanced round admiringly and then turned towards me, and smiled, though she said nothing, and then I left her alone to rest.

When I came down before dinner no one was in the room, and I felt quite curious to see Frida again; perhaps the first impression of her would wear off, and I should be disappointed. However, when she entered, the same feeling that I was with a being altogether unlike any one I had seen before came over me; I do not yet know why this is, as she is not brilliant in conversation, or even noticeably merry and good-natured. She was dressed in mourning; some soft material it was, because I thought at once there was no fear of crumpling her dress if you sat near her. During dinner she and my father talked about India, at least he did most of the talking, but Frida looked so interested that he was thoroughly happy. As for myself, I was thankful that the burden of attending was not falling all on me; I was content to listen to the conversation, in which the words *Cossid*, *Doohlie*, *Yaboo*, *Syces* and *Palkes* must have puzzled the servants a good deal if they noticed what was said. Now and then I looked at Frida, and settled that Lady Lyndhurst would be sure to like her; only I do not mean Frida to see them too soon, for fear she should not care for me at all after that. I do believe I have fallen in love with Frida at first sight; it seems too ridiculous, especially as I meant not to like her at all; and besides, she is younger than I am; still, I don't remember that when she is talking. When I said good night to her in her room, she looked up so happily as she said—

'I do like your father so much, Felicia; he seems to make me feel at home at once, and then it is such a pleasure to be able to live with one of papa's friends. I have often heard of his kindness to his men, and how during the forced marches he never would have any comfort which they could not share.'

It was quite a new idea to me to think of my father as a hero; I felt just a little jealous of Frida's admiration. Such is human nature! —I mean mine, because Frida's is certainly not like mine; *she* had been looking forward to giving me a home, and I . . . well I will go to bed. Frida has put the Kings out of my head; one thing I am determined upon, she shall have nothing to do with them. I feel as if I were responsible for Frida's happiness; it is a new feeling having someone to take care for, and I think I like it—but it may prove a dream, just as that other happiness did once before.

Nov. 4.

The more I know Frida the less I understand her. This morning Marian Forester came bustling in, full of a concert she is getting up. I believe her real reason was to see what Frida was like. I always

try to show Marian that I do not mean to be patronized by her, but she is one of those girls who are so full of themselves and their own importance that they cannot even take a broad hint. It is a pity her father does not keep her in order. She gave Frida a good look, and I feel sure she fancies she has fathomed her.

'I hope you do not mind my coming to disturb you in the morning,' she said, talking very fast as she usually does; 'but it is very important to get a really good programme for my concert. Don't you think, Miss Heath, you would relax your rule for once, and play an overture or something solid? I don't want the middle-class people who are going to perform, to feel that the gentry do not care to join with them; my own feeling is, that being a real lady, nothing can lower one—we can afford to join with everyone without losing caste. Don't you think so, Miss Wood? Perhaps you have some accomplishment that you will not mind using for the good of others. Do you sing?' Frida, who was making a child's frock, looked up when Marian addressed her, and before I could answer she remarked—

'I am quite a stranger here at present, so I must be under Miss Heath's orders. I can play the bass of a duet if she . . .'

'Certainly not,' I put in quickly. 'You know I never like these concerts; but I will take some tickets, if you want to fill your room.' Marian bears a defeat well, I must say that for her; and as I gave her no encouragement to stay, she soon took her leave, whereupon I gave Frida my opinion of her.

'She is the sort of girl I have no patience with, she thinks so much of herself, and is such a gossip.'

And I was going on to Frida about her and the Emery people generally, when she said, 'Do you know you are prejudicing me frightfully in favour of everybody you talk of?'

She laughed as she spoke, and I asked what she meant.

'Oh, only that when I hear of nothing but the bad points of people, I always find myself imagining all sorts of good qualities—which they may or may not have—to counterbalance the bad ones; so you must tell me the good points, if you want me to feel strongly about the bad ones.'

'I don't know any good points to tell you of,' I said rather sharply.

'Oh, yes, Felicia, you do. You have got eyes as well as other people; and after all, the good in people is themselves, you know, the bad is only accidental. One can't know anything of the real self of people if one only looks at their bad qualities,' she added more gravely.

'But the bad qualities are the things that jar one, so I suppose it is impossible to help feeling them most,' I said.

'I don't think so,' said Frida. 'I fancy things that jar one in people simply come from their inability to explain the good they really mean. I am afraid I do not explain myself very well; but

you understand me, don't you?' I could not, but I did not like to show Frida my inability to follow her. I certainly never separate people from their ways and their actions.

'I suppose the soul rules the body, however?'

'I am afraid not always, it has so much to overcome first—custom, shyness; and I know often I do not say what I mean, because before I have made up my mind the opportunity is gone, and I know then I have been judged by my failure, and not by what I meant to do.'

'All the same, Frida,' I argued, 'unless one is a conjurer it is impossible not to see what was done, and very hard to see what was meant.'

'Yes, of course, only one learns in time; the more one tries the easier it becomes. I think Browning puts it less tenderly than Lacordaire, when he says, "The one thing worth showing to mankind is a human soul," but he means the same thing.'

I wonder where Frida picked up her theories. It is curious, but I can't help thinking over her words after I have left her. She has lived in India a great deal, as her father had a house on the Neilgherry hills, where it is not at all unhealthy; but she had only an old governess with her whenever she was not with her father. Those two were evidently wrapped up in each other, and yet she can speak of him so quietly and happily. She is wonderfully well read, I can see by little things she says, but she does not air her knowledge. Perhaps her charm lies in being without any pretence, but it is not that altogether either. When I left her after our conversation, I could not help saying, 'Good-night, Frida dear,' and she kissed me as if she were giving the seal to our sisterhood.

Nov. 10.

I received a note from Marion Forester yesterday morning, enclosing three tickets for her concert, and I handed them to my father at breakfast, asking him if he meant to go.

'Go? Certainly! Why Frida has been here a week, and has seen none of our Emery worthies. You like music, eh, Frida? I heard you singing last night, I fancy.'

It was true that Frida had seen very few people. We had met Mrs. Blackstone one day, but I looked the other way. I am afraid I wanted to keep Frida to myself as long as possible; especially I did not want to have her mixed up with the second-rate society of Emery, such as the Blackstones and their set.

We agreed to go to the concert, and when Frida was dressed in her black dress and a soft white Indian cloak, I looked at her with admiration, of which, however, she was entirely unconscious. We reached the Assembly Rooms rather late, as my father never will alter his dinner-hour on any excuse; the consequence was that when we entered, the reserved seats were nearly filled. I caught sight of three empty chairs, and I paused a minute to let Frida go in first. Not till we were seated, did I notice that beyond her sat the Kings,

Mr. King being next to her. Happily, he did not look my way, and I tried to forget the fact by talking to Frida during the pauses. Behind us sat Mrs. Lyndhurst and Denys. I hardly remember what was played or sung during that first part, because I was so conscious of his presence. How could he act just like any one else, and enter into society? Though certainly this concert was hardly society. The first part being over there was a general move; some people next to Mrs. Lyndhurst went away, so I changed into the next row, and told Frida to come and be introduced to one of my friends. After this I breathed more freely, except when I noticed that my father would go and sit nearer to the Kings to say a few words to the pretty girl. He looked round to find Frida, so as to introduce them to each other, but happily at that moment Mrs. Lyndhurst was speaking to her. I saw she was very much struck by her face, and no wonder! When the music began again Frida gave it all her attention; she seems to throw herself entirely into whatever she is doing.

'My dear Felicia,' whispered Mrs. Lyndhurst, 'your friend's face is a study; when will you bring her to see Grannie?' and I was obliged to say that I would call as soon as possible.

Happily for us, my father cannot bear waiting a minute when anything is over; nothing but his great loyalty keeps him quiet during 'God save the Queen,' and then he always says, 'Come, Felicia, the carriage is waiting; pray don't stay to gossip.'

I was very glad to-night to be hurried off as fast as possible, away from the Kings. I only breathed freely when we reached our own drawing-room.

'Not bad, eh! Frida, for native talent?' said the Major; and Frida answered—

'No, indeed; some of the things were delightful, and there were so many new faces to study. Felicia, do you know the gentleman who sat next to me at first? He never looked our way, but I thought his profile very remarkable. How very pale he was!'

'His name is King. They—he and his sisters—are new people. We don't know them really.'

'Felicia is very particular, you will find, Miss Frida; there are few people here good enough for her. Now, I like the look of the man; besides, he showed great pluck the other day,' and much to my annoyance my father told the story of the pony carriage, which of course interested Frida.

After this my father went off to smoke his evening cigar, but Frida still lingered.

'I wonder why you don't like that Mr. King's face,' she said slowly, whilst her grey eyes looked straight at me so that I could hardly keep up the expression of indifference I put on. 'I don't know how it was, but I was so much struck by the sadness of his mouth. Perhaps he has had some great sorrow, and has not yet found out how to be comforted.'

'I should think nothing of the kind,' I said impatiently; but I felt sorry at once, for Frida looked a little hurt, and turned away.

'Frida, dear, don't look like that. I am afraid you will very often think me a cross-grained creature; perhaps it is because I cannot see the soul behind the action as you do, or perhaps it is that I have not found out how to be comforted.' Frida did not answer, only she put her arm round me again. Her silence expresses greater sympathy than the kind words of other people.

X.

RACHEL'S JOURNAL.

Oct. 21.

I have had the full benefit of all the callers, as I sprained my foot on the stairs the other day, and Burton wont let me walk at all, and means to keep me prisoner at least till next week. I wonder if any of them will have any clue to poor Burton's past! If so, I feel that this will probably be their last visit, as well as their first: and already Burton has met an old acquaintance, who he thinks recognised him, though she did not betray it. She was a Miss Heath. 'I used to know her very well when I was under old Slowman at Eddington,' he said: 'she was older than I was, I suppose, but I used to think her very pleasant in those days. She has grown so old and pinched now, poor thing: but I could not mistake her. I expect she must have an awfully hard life. She used to live with an aunt at Eddington while her father was in India. We were rather friends, and I know I had the impression that he was an old martinet and that she was frightfully afraid of him. There was a brother that she was devoted to—a nice young fellow, but rather weak; I used to see a great deal of him.'

'Does he live here with them?' I said.

'I asked Fleet, but he could tell me nothing of him; he believed that Major Heath had lost a son before they came here, but was not sure. If so, it must have been poor Owen, for I am sure he was the only son.'

'But how well did you know Miss Heath?' I asked, with some anxiety.

'Oh, as well as I knew—well, a good many other nice girls in those days.'

I knew what that meant pretty well: 'Will's young ladies' were a standard family joke when I was Lylie's age. We used to hear of a fresh one every time he came home: 'The nicest girl he had ever met.' I remember being a good deal exercised about them, much distressed at the notion of some one having called him a flirt, and Aunt Elizabeth comforting me by saying that she did not think Will was in the least a heartless deceiver; it was only that he

liked the society of women, and enjoyed talking to them more than to men. 'He is too kind-hearted,' she said, 'ever to trifle with a girl's feelings if he knows it.'

I should like to have asked more about Miss Heath, but Lylie came in, and we always instinctively avoid recurring to the past when she is there. But if she has really recognised him, I foresee trouble ahead.

The vicar's wife and daughter have been very civil. Theirs were the first cards left in our brass bowl, as we were out; then we called and they were out: but at last we met Mr. Forester and his daughter walking together, and she volunteered to come and see me. She is a most assured little person. I wonder what Aunt Elizabeth, who objected so much to the girl of the period, would have said to her? She chatters persistently, with a rather irritating assumption of saying something clever, when she is saying something absolutely commonplace. Lylie met her and her mother together,—her stepmother it must have been, of course, for she treated her quite as an equal, and called her Fanny,—and she said it was most entertaining to see how each of them waited for an innings of conversation, and having got it, went on in a continuous flow which lasted as long as their breath held out. On the whole, Miss Forester's lungs seemed better than Mrs. Forester's, she thought. Yesterday Miss Forester came and brought her father with her, and chattered to Lylie and me while he talked to Burton, whom he wants to make use of for parish work. Burton declined at once reading the lessons in church or taking a Sunday-school class; but he said that he hoped when we were more settled, he might find some way of helping him, if he still wished for his services. Burton feels it so very probable that his past history may come out through Miss Heath, that he wishes to undertake nothing which people would wish him to give up, if they knew all.

'Would you have undertaken the Sunday class if it had not been for Miss Heath?' I asked.

'Yes, I think so; Mr. Cradock always put that sort of work before me as a thing which my past experience might make me able to help in,' he said. 'But of course I should not undertake anything like officiating in a service in any case. I have disqualified myself for that, for life,' he added in an undertone, with a sigh.

Our next visitors were very nice people, the Lyndhursts. I should like to know more of Mrs. Lyndhurst; but of course our intercourse with society can only be a purely surface one. She brought her son with her—a very handsome lad of nineteen or so; rather spoilt, I should think, but very pleasant and gentlemanly in his manners. She is a sweet-looking woman, and has a most kind and sympathetic manner; she is a little old-fashioned in the length at which she expresses all her ideas, which reminds me rather of Jane Taylor and the moralists of her date. I am told that there is a mother-in-law, an

old Lady Lyndhurst, who lives with them, and who is one of those delightfully incisive old ladies who make shrewd remarks and give younger generations the benefit of their experience of life. I hope we may see her when I am able to return the visit. My housemaid, an Emery girl, beamed with delight when she ushered in Mrs. Lyndhurst, in a way which was a voucher of character in itself. How I should like to be capable of kindling people's hearts like that! Lylie has the gift, but I have not.

Oct. 28.

To day, to my surprise and somewhat to my dismay, the Heaths called. Major Heath was cordial: I cannot imagine that he knows anything about poor Burton; for he is the sort of man who must have been either contemptuous or patronizing if he had known, whereas he simply aired his grievances, in a loud voice, all the time. Such a list they were, all running into each other: beginning with the misdemeanours of a gardener, who had left open the windows of his grapehouse just when the grapes were ripening, and 'ruined, sir, absolutely ruined, the finest show of grapes in the neighbourhood. If I had my will, sir, that man should go to prison for wilful damages. It is as much robbery as if he had put his hands into my pocket and taken out my purse; and the magistrates refused to commit him; said he did not mean it! Mean it! what has the law to do with meaning it, I should like to know?'

I think I never knew such an uncomfortable moment as that. Burton stood by the fireplace, saying nothing; his back was turned towards me, but I saw the painful dark flush of his ears and the nape of his neck. Miss Heath, who was sitting opposite me, looked at me icily with stony eyes, and her expression almost took away my self-possession. There was a pause of about a moment, I think hardly longer, when the Major, who liked hearing his own voice much better than observing other people, happily for us, turned to another grievance: the question of lighting the church with gas or candles, and the shameful way in which the clergy truckled for popularity to the opinion of miserable country shop-keepers. 'Dishonesty everywhere, sir! You don't know where you may find it next.' Again Miss Heath looked at Burton, but this time happily the Major turned the conversation by asking him directly whether he dealt with Soames or Wapshot, and was highly gratified to hear that our grocer was Wapshot, who did *not* supply the church candles. This tided over the conversation towards less dangerous subjects, and just as they were going away, Lylie came in, looking so fair and sweet and rosy in her sealskin hat. Burton introduced her, and the Major, suddenly seized with a fit of admiration for her fresh young beauty, took both her hands, and said in quite a friendly tone, 'My dear, I am going to have a young lady to live with us, who must be about your age. When she comes you two must be friends. You must come and see

us, and tell each other all about your conquests, and your beaux, and your new frocks—eh? Must not she, Felicia?'

'I should like to come very much,' said Lylie, laughing, responding frankly to the old Major's hospitable invitation. But Miss Heath said nothing, and when they went away, she pretended not to see Burton's outstretched hand, and bowed stiffly to him. When Lylie ran upstairs to take off her things, Burton said, 'Evidently she recognises me perfectly.'

'She is most disagreeable in her manner, but I don't think she has betrayed what she knows, nor will,' I said.

'I suppose she thinks she owes that to our old friendship,' said Burton, after a pause. 'I foresee that we shall always be running the risk of these casual encounters.'

'I wish she was not the person who knew about it. I think she is a dreadful woman!' I said.

'Why? She is better, now, than she looks, Elly. You see she has not told about me, when she evidently might.'

'But she does not look upon you as a friend. She is worse than Medusa, with those stony eyes—for Medusa only turned you to stone, and she turns you to ice.'

'Never mind, Rachel,' he said, putting his hand on my shoulder. 'You know at any time, if you think it better for you and Lylie, I will take myself off; you have only to say the word, and no one would really cast it up to you that you had a scamp for a brother. The world is not as heartless as all that comes to.'

'I don't care two straws for the world; I care to have my brother with me—and a brother I *respect*,' I said.

I never saw anything like the change that came over his face. His eyes shone for a moment, and then he turned his head aside. 'God bless you for saying that, Rachel,' he said, in a shaken voice. 'I shall remember that, and I trust I may never forfeit your respect again.'

Nov. 5.

To-day we had two more callers; old Mrs. Blackstone, the doctor's wife, and her son, who seems to be partner with his father, and whom everybody in Emery seems to speak of as Rufus Blackstone, in the way people have when anyone has a remarkable Christian name. Mrs. Blackstone is a little prim, rather underbred old lady; Mr. Rufus Blackstone strikes me as being also slightly underbred, though he is outwardly more presentable than his mother. He is a big man, with thews and sinews, and a big voice, and thick light hair and beard, rather coarse in grain: and his skin is of the saddle-leather kind which American books attribute to all Englishmen, though I think it is rather rare really. When you get over all this, he is really handsome in his way: though I certainly do not agree with Lylie, who told me she thought he was as much like Amyas

Leigh as any Englishman of the present day could expect to be. Good heavens! I should be sorry for Amyas Leigh if I thought so. But Lylie has not seen many men in the course of her life. I thought the young man was inclined to give himself airs when he first came in; there was a half supercilious look about him which put my back up, and he was not gentleman enough to disguise the curiosity which was in his face as he tried to make out what sort of people we were. When Lylie came in, with her sweet frank graciousness, simple and natural, and sat down by Mrs. Blackstone to talk about the weather, his manner underwent a change, and he began to talk rather interestingly about St. Lawrence's Well, and the attempt that was made many years ago, when he was a boy, to turn Emery into a second Bath or Buxton. He seems to disbelieve in the efficacy of the waters, on the whole, attributing the benefit which some people say they have got from them to their superior capacity for belief. Lylie said, 'But my brother thinks my aunt decidedly better since she has taken the waters.'

'Is she taking them on your brother's responsibility?' asked Mr. Blackstone, giving a keen look to Lylie as she answered, simply, 'Not on his *responsibility* exactly, for Dr. C—— in London, thought it would be good for her; but he thinks they have had a very good effect.'

'Ah! I only asked because I have known some people take them without advice, and with decidedly bad effects. Those medicinal waters are not things to be played with, like homœopathic globules.'

I gave Lylie a warning look, which I think she understood; but the subject was happily changed by the entrance of another gentleman visitor, with Burton, who had come upon him at the door, and brought him in. He had not given his name, and Burton remembered, when he wanted to introduce him, that he did not know it; so he said, 'May I introduce my sisters?' and though I suppose he knew we were Miss Kings, we came no nearer to arriving at his identity with any one we had heard of. He is a curious contrast to Mr. Blackstone—a little pale, lame man, with an extremely sweet and intelligent face, and a very refined voice and intonation. For the present, as we do not know any other name for him, we call him Alton Locke; but I distinctly refuse to call Mr. Blackstone, Amyas Leigh. I think, however, Lylie only does it to tease me.

When they had had their tea and were gone off, Lylie said, 'Why did you look at me like that, when Mr. Blackstone talked about the well? Did you think if he went on we should have to explain that Burton doctors us when we are ill, so that we don't want him?'

'My dear,' I said, 'we all think it is better to drop Burton's medical profession as much as may be. You know his medical career is part of his life that we all wish to forget.'

'Rachel, what did he do exactly?'

'I think he would rather we didn't talk about it,' I said, considerably put to it to be at once truthful and reticent.

'I don't see exactly why he, who has been almost a stranger to us for eight years, should dictate what you and I are to talk about when we are alone together,' said Lylie, pouting a little.

'Oh, Lylie! it isn't that. Don't be silly. Now I will tell you this much—that it is a great comfort to him to think that you know no details about that trouble of his. He did wrong, he has repented, and he is trying to put the past away and redeem it by the future. He has said to me more than once what a help it was to him that neither you nor Aunt Louisa knew the details. He is much more at his ease with you than with me as it is, and I am sure the reason is that I know and you don't. Don't let mere curiosity take away that comfort from him, Lylie, pray. You don't know how great it is, and you can't get it back if you lose it.'

'He need not know that I know,' said Lylie, in a much less assured voice. 'Besides, Rachel, one thing I am quite sure of, that Burton never did anything very bad. Does Bob know what it is?'

'Yes, Bob knows. Lylie, I know what you are thinking of—that you can get Bob to tell you; but my darling child, I do implore you not. For your own happiness it is ever so much better you should not know; and if you don't believe that, take it on my word that you will take away one of Burton's greatest helps and consolations if you pry into his past.'

Lylie was silent for a few minutes. Then she said 'All right, Rachel. It is hard lines, rather, and I think it is treating me rather like a baby, too; but I promise you not to ask Bob. But I assure you it is a perfectly awful sacrifice to make!'

Lylie's tone was playful and bright again, and I knew that what she said she would do: so I was reassured.

Nov. 7.

Burton allows me to walk at last, and to-day we went out together to inspect the property in Gridiron Lane. He has been there several times, and has come back each time more and more horrified at the condition of the place. He says what ought to be done is to sell half of it and build new houses on the remainder with the proceeds; but during Aunt Louisa's life and till Lylie comes of age, this is out of our power.

Certainly, when we reached Gridiron Lane, I was as much horrified as he had been. It really looked quite as neglected as Aunt Elizabeth's district in the London slums. The houses are miserably small, with tiny windows, many of which are not made to open: scarcely any have more than two rooms, and some even of these hold a lodger besides the family of the owner. It seems a Milford builder has started a brickfield here as a speculation, and brought down a

number of Milford unemployed labourers to work it; and the result is, that as no fresh cottages have been built, there is frightful pressure for accommodation even in the worst houses. The children are frightfully wretched and dirty, and I gather from Miss Forester that one of their great problems is how to get this class into the National School without driving the better ones out. She told me she spent her time in scolding the mothers, who were too stuck-up to like their children to come in contact with the Gridiron Lane children; 'and papa is so tender-hearted, he declares that the mothers have a great deal to say for their view. Women can always get round a man,' said the young lady.

Sickness must be terrible suffering in Gridiron Lane, and there seemed to be a good many chronic cases. Burton had evidently, in spite of his resolution, been doing a certain amount of secret doctoring, and when he left me to talk to an old woman, while he went up to see a child who he thought had either diphtheria or scarlatina in another house, I heard all about what he had been doing. (I wonder why doctors never communicate infection, while ordinary people are cut off from the most obvious acts of neighbourly charity for fear they should!) Old Mrs. Coverley proved very glad to have a listener. 'Bless you, Miss, so the young gentleman's your brother, is he? I thought for sure you was his Missis when I see you come in together; and a nice young gentleman he is too, and that accustomed to sick folk, he's right down as handy with 'em as if he was a doctor born, as you might say. Now there's young Dr. Blackstone, he's that short and rough, and don't gie you no 'tention, as you may say. My dear, I'll tell you what he done, and I aint never called him in sen'. It was powerful bad when I see him go by, and I told him how bad I felt, and how I knowed what it was, for a wise woman to Milford told me: she says to me, says she, "Mrs. Coverley, that's what it is, you've got a spine to your back," says she. Well, when I said just them very words as the wise woman said to me, young Dr. Blackstone he burst out a laughing, like a great big bull of Bashan, and says he, "Mrs. Coverley, so have I; and what's more, I don't know nobody as hasn't." Making game of a woman of my age like that! So I never said nothing to him no more. But this here young gentleman is that tender-hearted, I told him his mother must be proud of such a son, and then he looked terrible sad-like, and said she was dead.' Poor Burton. Everything seems to call up something connected with the past: it is all the same whether it is praise or blame.

When Burton came out, and we walked home round by the hill-side walk, and down by St. Lawrence's Well, we discussed what could be possibly done with this property of ours. He said that he did not see that anything could be done at present, except to have the cottages whitewashed and the roofs repaired; but they were so ill-ventilated and unsanitary that they ought to pulled down altogether at the first possible opportunity, and new ones built in their places.

'That will be such a great expense, though,' he said, 'I don't see how you can do it until you are free to sell part of the property.'

'Lylie and I would economise in every way, if we might do it by degrees,' I said.

'You want capital to build with,' he said, 'and savings out of your income would not rebuild one set of cottages in the year. Besides, Aunt Louisa has no power, by Mr. Wynne's will, to pull down any of these houses even, till Lylie is of age, and that won't be for two years. But Rachel, if you really do think we ought to do something, I think some of the worst suffering might be saved if we got those chronic invalids out of that pestiferous air into a nice airy cottage on the hill-side. That poor little Bill Johnson, for instance, and Edith Bray. I don't think the expense would be more than we could very well bear, for neither you nor Lylie are exactly extravagant in your habits. And of course, while I am here, you may reckon on me for anything I can possibly do to help.'

We were rejoicing very much over this idea of Burton's, and seeing all kinds of developments possible in the future, when we met two ladies walking together. One was Miss Heath, who gave us a freezing bow; the other was a tall, fresh-looking girl, not exactly pretty, but with a bright, strong, tender face, which took my fancy. I suppose she must be the Heath's young lady visitor, who was to talk over conquests and beaux with Lylie by the Major's invitation.

'What a contrast between the two faces,' I said to Burton.

'I was just thinking so,' he answered. 'Yet poor Felicia must have gone through a great deal to change her so much.'

'I suppose she never was at all like the other girl,' I said.

'No. She was prettier, but she did not look so—so—helpful,' he said.

'I should like to know that girl better. But plainly we never shall.'

'I suppose not,' he said with a tone of regret in his voice.

XI.

MARIAN FORESTER'S JOURNAL.

Nov. 10.

Father has taken a great fancy to Mr. King. He says that he has a look of gentleness and consideration, which makes him feel that he would be a valuable helper.

'He can see farther than the bounds of the parish,' he said. 'He looks as if he had now and then heard the other side of a question.'

'Well,' I said, 'it is most important to hear the other side of a question, of course; because else one can't see how entirely one is in the right.'

Father whistled a little softly to himself. He is very fond of ending a conversation in this way. When he was at college, I

believe he could whistle whole operas. But it always rather provokes me, and, besides, I don't think it's clerical. Lylie King and I have taken some walks together, to talk German. She says I get on very well. Still, we do break into English sometimes, for there is a great deal to talk about. She is very full of Gridiron Lane. She says her brother and sister want to improve the cottages; but they can't do much till she is of age. That rather confirms my idea that Mr. King isn't really good for much, for when people are really in earnest they leap over trifling obstacles of that description. After our walk yesterday, Lylie asked me to come in to tea, and we found Mr. King and Miss King, and their invalid aunt, all having tea, in what Fanny calls 'the gloaming.' When I write my novel, I think I shall make my lazy hero something like Mr. King. He is a man who has always been rich, and had everything he wanted, and has been spoiled by flattery. That is what Mr. King's soft lazy manner appears to me to indicate. His sisters adore him, and then what a mistake for him to have no profession! He must be idle!

However, I gave him every encouragement, for I said we were so glad to hear of anything being done for Gridiron Lane. I told him we quite approved of it.

He said, 'Thank you,' in rather a drawling voice. I think he is affected. However, Ellen Green says they are a very nice family, and always have family prayers. I made a point of asking her about that.

Nov. 12.

There! I knew Mr. King would be no good. I went up with father yesterday to ask him if he wouldn't be Treasurer of the Temperance Society. Father wants to have a Churchman and a gentleman, who won't run into any wild extremes. Though, to be sure, Mr. King might be wild and extreme, for what we know. He refused before to read the Lessons, and have a Sunday class.

'A man of business habits, and a man of sense, is hard to find,' said father.

'I would rather wait a few months, till you have reason to feel sure that I am a man of sense,' said Mr. King, with that odd smile.

'Well, I feel inclined to trust you,' said father.

Mr. King didn't speak at all. I don't think I ever noticed before what a pale complexion he has, and father explained that it wouldn't be much trouble, and told about all the fuss when James Simeon absconded with the 'General Charity' money.

'So we resolved to have our treasurer in future beyond suspicion, and that has ended in my concentrating all the offices on my unlucky self.'

'I'm afraid I can't undertake it,' said Mr. King. 'But I thought about the class you mentioned, and I think, if it is entirely under your own supervision, I might try what I could do with that.'

Father agreed at once, and Mr. King asked about books and rules in a ridiculous sort of meek way, which *I* saw was affectation. As if any sensible person could have a doubt about being able to manage a Sunday School class! But I think father rather liked it, for he actually won't allow *me* to have a big boys' Bible class! He says he is not sure that I should be able to control them without a struggle that would be equally bad for them and for me. Why, it is well known that the wildest roughs can always be tamed by a glance of a gentle lady's eye. The sweetness of one's manners does it at once!

But to return to Mr. King. I told father that he only took the class to get out of the other things, and I was sure he would be lazy and unpunctual. Father told me not to attribute motives. But surely no one with an eye for character can help *discerning* motives. And then people say one *attributes* them!

Nov. 14.

Well, there must be a motive *this* time at any rate, and I say that it is old-fashioned, artificial exclusiveness. Lylie King promised me that she would sing at the concert we are getting up for the schools. And now comes a note saying that 'Rachel doesn't wish her to do it.' It must be because they have seen in the programme that Miss Wapshot is going to sing, and her father is their grocer! How horrid of them! I am so disappointed too. The practices would have been so nice with Lylie, and I have practised and practised those wretched school children for their glees, till I am tired out—I wonder if that girl at the Heath's can sing; but I should never get hold of her without Felicia.

Nov. 16.

Now I have got into a scrape with Fanny, and that's a thing I never do if I can help it. It is undignified, and shows that one can't command a difficult situation. But I don't think she need have found fault with *me* for standing at the gate and talking to Rufus Blackstone without my hat. Every one would know that if *I* was doing it, it must be about a matter of business; and besides, I have known Rufus all my life, and I consider that he is a specimen of that shrewd, common-place, good sense, that intellectual people ought not to despise. It was quite worth while hearing his opinion of the Kings. He admires Lylie and Miss King a good deal; but he is not inclined to think well of Mr. King. He says that amateur philanthropy, especially when accompanied by scientific pursuits, always looks suspicious. Why, I wonder?

He says that for a young man to potter about in those cottages, and make an excuse of getting geological specimens, is very odd. 'Looks as if he had a screw loose or a motive,' he said.

'Oh, dear! can he have been out of his mind? Lylie said she had

seen very little of him since he has grown up. What an awful idea! He may blow up the Sunday School. I think Rufus knows something about him, for he was very mysterious, and told me that I needn't alarm myself, as he had his eyes open.

Well, I do think that it is odd that we know so little about the Kings. Little things always come out about new people. Either they had an uncle at college with father, or they have some sort of relation that one has heard of before—an admiral, perhaps, or sometimes a baronet. And people always contrive to tell you who their father was; if he had any sort of creditable profession. And if he was in trade, and they don't wish to mention it, somebody one knows has always dealt with him! People always take care to let out something about themselves, and however much people may object to gossip, you *have* to find out, in a parish. Now Mr. King may be anybody. He may be mad, as I say, or he might be—he might be a clergyman that has given up his orders because he has opinions! He wouldn't read the lessons! Oh, dear, what mayn't he teach the boys! That would account for his liking the poor people. And geology might lead to it! And Lylie went to a German school! Perhaps he has been living in Germany among the Free-thinkers. I felt so unhappy that I was obliged to go and tell father what I thought. And he didn't laugh at me or scold me; but he said that he felt sure Mr. King was and always had been a layman, and reminded me that he was a regular Communicant. And then he said that he did think the Kings rather unusually reticent, but that very likely they had good reasons, and I *must* not make guesses.

Well, I only suggested the idea to Rufus, and he is going to find out the real truth.

CHILDREN OF THE RENAISSANCE.

CHAPTER III.

A PASS EXAMINATION.

'Learned schools
Were gladdened by the sage's voice,
And hung with fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.
Plato's love sublime, and all the wisdom of the Stagyrite,
Enriched and beautified his studious mind.'
—WORDSWORTH.

DEEPLY absorbed, Otto sat on a stool placed by the window half filled with stained glass, and read on and on. Germanicus opened the well-oiled door with his usual gentleness, and saw the picture of a student such as an artist might have loved to draw. His golden hair fell upon his shoulders, his blue eyes were fixed on the page, and the unconscious grace of the figure, dressed in deep red silk with only a short dagger in the sash by his side, made up a pleasing whole. Otto did not hear, but at last felt that some one was there, and looking up, met the scrutinising look of the doctor, and started forward in confusion.

'You are employing your time well, my son. I have been detained long; it is noon.'

And the bells of the cathedral began to peal overhead. Otto felt utterly bewildered as he kissed the doctor's hand. Germanicus had taken a fancy to him, but he did not know that.

'I find that you are the son of Ottocarius von Strahlenheim, one of the earliest to acknowledge the value of the Greek philosophy. You know that a fresh life has begun during the later years of this century. Many scholars came from Constantinople after its unhappy fall, forty-two years ago (may it be restored soon to Christendom!) Since then a great increase of learning has taken place, and no one knows where it may stop. Your father was on the side of advance, and well I remember his influence over me, as he lectured during his period of *necessary regency;* he was the first man whom I heard maintain the superiority of Plato to Aristotle. He, of course, only lectured for a short time, and then went to take up the duties of his station; but I have seen him twice since 1460, and am glad to see that his son takes after him; but you must explain to me this.'

Germanicus drew from Otto the story of his life, lameness, and education at the school of the Brethren of the Common Life, and how

the more intelligent of the Brethren had taught him even Greek (as Germanicus guessed, glad to have such a promising pupil). His story interested the old man, before whom he stood respectfully.

'And,' concluded Otto, 'my father, not knowing that I was his son then, was more kind to me than many fathers would have been.'

'True. Do you know that Marsinus de Politano—who transcribed that volume of Plato you were reading—was only the son of a physician when the Duke Cosmo de Medici had him so educated that he has become one of the first scholars in Europe? If you go to Italy you will see him, I hope, for he knew your father.'

Germanicus led the way into his library and gave Otto pen and papers, bidding him be seated.

'Do you write your own language?'

'Czech or German, illustrissime? I can speak a little, but write neither, and cannot read them.'

'Where did you have the opportunity of trying to read Czech?' said the doctor, quickly, with even sternness in his manner.

'I saw once a copy of the New Testament in Czech.'

'I thought so. Write something in Latin to let me see your writing. Excellent! Now this Greek. Ah, not so good! Can you translate this? I see Greek is not so familiar as Latin.'

'I have written Latin from the time I was a young child, illustrissime.'

'Have you knowledge of the Scriptures?'

'No, illustrissime, only the Evangelium S. Johanni.'

'Many a D.D. here knows no more,' muttered Germanicus. 'What has been your divinity? Aquinas, and, viva voce, parts of SS. Athanasius, Chrysostom, and Augustine of Hippo? Dangerous for young minds. Let me look at your credentials. Ah! I see, it was thought likely that you would become a secular priest. Jurisprudence?'

'I know very little.'

'The ordinary trivium?'

'So please you, I am versed in grammar and rhetoric; my dialectics, however, are defective, Father Joseph says——'

'Rhetoric without logic—a poor thing, only fit for a country priest who wishes to raise Easter laughter.'

'If it please you to try me, illustrissime,' said Otto, 'I believe it is only in appreciating it that I fail.'

'Well, what are the Categories? Being? Dictum de Omni et Nulli? Good. What is it you fail to understand?'

'The principles on which they are applied, sir; it seems to me—it is presumptuous, I fear—that they begin wrongly.'

'A Platonist without knowing it. The quadrivium: arithmetic—poor; geometry, it may do. No astronomy. Music? Yes.'

The conversation was much longer, but we have indicated the course

it took; fancying that it may interest some to know what was required of a student of the Renaissance. Germanicus was an exceptionally genial man, and Otto was educated rather above the average, but such was the general line of examination for a student who sought a degree without beginning from the beginning. Many, however, went from one university to another simply to hear teachers.

'I have examined you carefully,' said Germanicus, at length; 'I permit you to take your place among the determiners who will be examined for their degree of A.B. a month from now. Gustavus Kudos will inform you of the regulations of the University. From to-morrow you are subject to all, and I trust your conduct as well as your abilities may be such as to earn distinction for you. Bless you, my son.'

Otto kissed his hand, and with a few murmured words of thanks, retreated backwards till he had left the room.

Just as he reached the house where he was lodging, he saw Jerome Flessinger, and was astonished to find himself hastily addressed by the grim young enthusiast.

'Pardon; I see you know me. You have heard of me? I have to ask you one favour. It may seem strange. You are lodging at my uncle's house. Those who live there do not know anything of our college-life. May I ask you not to speak of what you have heard of me to them? I see by your face you are courteous and will comply with this request. May I trust your honour?'

'I do not understand——'

'Yes, you do,' insisted the strange man. 'When you see my cousin Ida you will know that neither she nor I wish my disgrace to be spoken of.'

'I will be silent. You may trust me, friend,' said Otto, and his eccentric interviewer hastened away contentedly.

CHAPTER IV.

'She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and light
Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face.'
—Byron.

Kudos met Otto at the door. 'I have been making the acquaintance of your host and hostess. Ah! here is Mistress Starkza,' he said, as a fat dame waddled into view.

'Yes, worshipful sir, and my daughter Kätchen.' Here peeped out a very pretty, fair-headed and plump damsel, who lifted her eyes shyly

to the stranger's face. Kätchen was engaged to a young goldsmith, who found her the sweetest little coquette in existence; she was so charming when repentant, that he never could be very angry with the jealousy she caused him, whenever any man came near her. But it is not everyone who is attractive to everyone else, and Otto was not in the least inclined to give Kätchen a chance of making honest Franz jealous on his account.

The reason was simple. He no sooner had seen her than he perceived another woman, to his mind infinitely more attractive, her step-sister, and in every way her antipodes.

Ida—Flessinger's cousin Ida—was standing in the outer room. She was dressed in a sombre robe, no colour or white relieving its darkness; her deep black hair coiled round her head, unlike the ordinary fashion of the maidens of Prague, contrasted with a very pale finely modelled face, in which were deeply set eyes which seemed to scrutinise the world with weary but not quite scornful contempt. She was not perhaps more than one or two and twenty, yet she looked sad and tired.

'Have you seen Jerome Flessinger lately?' said Kudos.

'He always treats us badly, but then he is Ida's cousin, not mine," pouted Kätchen.

'Poor fellow!' said Kudos. 'He has perhaps been——'

'Kudos,' interrupted Otto hastily, 'I must ask your pardon; but can I speak to you soon about my future?'

As he said this, he caught Ida's eye fixed on him. 'My father desired me to tell you that he has many books, should you require them. Shall I show you the way?'

'We would not give you that trouble,' replied Kudos courteously, though Ida was only a burgher's daughter and the two youths were noble. But she took them to the shop where her father was. Kudos told Otto what he would need, and he asked the old bookseller for them.

'Ida will get them,' he said, scarcely moving. He was one of the type we may still find in out-of-the-way corners, loving his books like children, or a good deal better in reality, and feeling himself aggrieved when called on to part with them. Ida was accustomed to this, and waited quietly on the young men. They soon purchased the one or two required, and went to get other necessaries for Otto's new life. Ida went to a window, and looked at her work lying there; the habit of illuminating had not been driven away yet by printing, and she uncovered a page of vellum with an exquisite border, enclosing some selected words of Plato, thus combining old fashions with new studies.

'I cannot see any longer. Is there news, father?'

'None—none! The king sent to know what new books I had. I told the messenger to say that I expected a parcel from Florence next week. All that is best comes from Italy now. I bethink me—

yes. Young Gerster came to speak about Kätchen and their marriage when he is out of his time. I told him her mother arranged all that. I had more important things to do. Come nearer. I wish to speak to you. What should I do without you, child?' he said, for one moment forgetting his books for one, at least, of his daughters. Ida, as now, shared all his troubles and business. She was a remarkable woman, and a true child of the Renaissance, which produced so many striking characters. It is curious how the study of this period is neglected, especially as, little as most of us think about it, we are now living in a very similar time, only in a later stage of development. Then, as now, both men and women were affected by what is called the spirit of the age, an enquiring, restless, yet truth-seeking age, which suddenly has acquired new knowledge, and a new power of making it known in a greater degree than ever before. Ida, as good a student as Jerome Flessinger in many ways, had passed through much struggling and longing, and knew, felt, and sympathised with the leading ideas of the age. She had been a weird-looking, passionate child, and her step-mother had willingly consented to her living with her aunt Flessinger and being educated with her daughter, who afterwards became a nun.

Five years before our story begins, she came home, and fell into her father's ways so easily, that he forgot she was of the same sex as his second wife and his other daughter. Ida and her father lived one life, Mistress Katherina and Kätchen another. Ida had had her love-story. Two years before she had been betrothed to Martin Kepler; but, a few days before that fixed for her marriage, he was wounded in a street quarrel, in which he had interfered for the sake of fair play, and, on what was to have been their wedding-day, he died. He was a young merchant, independent of his father, and he left Ida a sum of money for her own use, not large, but sufficient for any ordinary needs. Already, from her lovely illuminated designs, she could gain enough for her wants as it was, and she worked hard at those whenever not required by her father. What did she do with her earnings? The passionate child had become a reserved woman, self-controlled, whom none durst question, however they might wonder.

No one knew that Ida's love story was not that of her betrothal: that she loved Jerome Flessinger, and that all she did was for him and for the secret cause he worked for. He was proud of her, as a sister with whom he had been brought up, as a pupil whom he had taught; he trusted her with all but his heart, which was given to fanatic ideas, save a corner into which pretty little Kätchen had found her way in spite of himself. Ida saw this with bitter pangs of jealousy, and only her really true religious feeling kept her from hating the little trifler, who sought to arouse the feeling she did not wish to accept. Bigoted, excitable, proud, as she might be, Ida did strive, if blindly enough, to follow the right.

Ida had a great object at this moment; she longed for the success of 'the Taborites,' then asserting the idea of a National Church in a vague, ill-defined and yet definite way. We are not concerned with Bohemian politics now, except so far as they affect our characters. As usual, politics and religion were intermixed, and in the 'advanced' party might be found many men of the most different aims. The principal divisions were the Calixtines, who wished for moderate reforms within the Church, and the Taborites, or Revolutionists, who declared their desire for a new Church and Commonwealth, and some of whom included men who hoped to serve their own ends by affecting religious zeal. Wars had gone on for years. The question of the Bohemian laity being allowed to drink from the Cup at the celebration of Holy Communion was mixed up with the views of partisans of Wladislaus or of Matthias Corvinus as to succession to the kingdom. It was not till 1485, that, a temporary peace being made, the religious adherents to the Bohemian protest against Rome had leisure to quarrel amongst themselves. The separation now began which always takes place between 'moderate' and 'revolutionist' as soon as a certain stage is reached, when the former have gained enough ground for the time. The Taborites at this time were in a state of fermentation, while the Calixtines were beginning to retreat a little from their former position, sooner than have anything to do with the fanatic schemes of the more violent leaders. Flessinger was concerned in some political plots of the more worldly of the enthusiasts. Ida, like a woman, wished '*his* cause' success, but she longed that it might be attained through her means, that Jerome might recognise her at last as worthy of him. Worthy of him! Beautiful and talented Ida not worthy of Jerome! The idea was absurd—contrary in point of fact—except to her. Jerome, absorbed in his work, never had thought of the real reason of the devotion of Ida to his cause. Trusty, reserved, and talented, he thought of her as a comrade, never as a loving and lovely woman, except perhaps, when he begged her to secure Otto for them. His castle might be a retreat in time of need. Every ally was wanted. Ida must bring her womanly attractions to bear on the Freiherr von Strahlenheim.

Three weeks had passed since Otto entered the University. He and Kudos, fast friends in all the enthusiasm of high-souled youths, spent Easter peacefully and happily in a quiet monastery near Prague. There was a week's holiday, and the examination began, after which Otto was presented to the Chancellor, received the degree A.B., then he was lost for a time among the other students. Their life is described by one of themselves as this—we give it here that it may be compared with modern days—: 'Rose at six; studied divinity till seven, when we attend matins; then breakfast; after which we write for an hour or read, till we go to lectures and take notes, transcribing or collating passages afterwards. At twelve we dine, after which is an hour for recreation; then to our books till four,

when we go to evensong; after that supper, then to read for next day's lecture till seven, when we rest before going to bed at eight. The more industrious among us may sit up till twelve or one, but it is not greatly to be commended, as the labours of the day are very great without that being added.'

In this routine it may be well asked, What impression could any woman, even a beautiful one like Ida, make on a man, who would not have time to see her? But the bachelors had more liberty than the determiners (or undergraduates, as we call them), though those who stayed, by choice, after taking their degree, were likely to be more absorbed in study than the younger, more strictly kept, and more unruly members. Ida did play a great part in the story of Otto's younger days. It may also occasion some surprise that he could so easily take his place among older members of the University, but the lad who came from the schools of the Brethren of the Common Life had had the best education Europe could give. The clerks of that order devoted themselves to the cause of education, and among their pupils, the brilliant Desiderius, known by the Greek form of his name, ERASMUS, with many others, may show the success of their system. Till the establishment of the Jesuits' schools there was no training like it. So Otto found himself quite fit to struggle with men; but was he armed against a woman's devices? Time only could show.

But it must not be supposed that Ida was a plotting woman, full of low schemes and intriguing genius. Had she been so, had she been one whit less noble and pure-minded than she was, she would have had no influence over Otto at this time of his life; for, though the "cultured" may be just as liable as others to fall, it takes other temptations than those which ensnare the lower natured, to have attractions for them sufficient to break through the defence of ideal purity and nobility which, though for too short a time in most cases, protects an intellectual youth. A year passed away, during which the students had little to do with the events in the political world. Otto knew that, so far as the University was concerned in politics at all, its rector was of the ultra-conservatives, one of the four parties left by the Hussite wars. As usual, there were the moderate men, willing to conciliate the reformers by slight changes which, in their view, might be better left alone, but did not matter; there were the Calixtines, satisfied with such concessions as were obtained, who had now drawn down on themselves the wrath of their former allies, the Taborites, who separated from the Church of Rome, and obtained 'orders' from the Vaudois 'Churches.' But the word 'Taborites' included those who thought it wrong to bear weapons or fight, and those who would take up arms against any ruling power on the slightest provocation; those ready to die or live pure religious lives in love and charity, and those who claimed liberty of conscience and creed for the sake of licentiousness. In fact, it was used as vaguely

as "Radical" is now. Flessinger was a Taborite, and looked on with disfavour by the authorities, increasing suspicion against himself by his excitability, which naturally was the reason why, being in an inferior position, he was not particularly trusted by any whom they had real cause to fear.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXI.

1641.

STRAFFORD.

STRAFFORD had been impeached without any special charge, and two secret committees, one of Peers, the other of Commons, were appointed to collect evidence and get up a case against him; both being chosen from his adversaries.

An order was made by the Lords that the Earl of Ranelagh, Lord Ditton and Sir Adam Loftus, all state-officers in Ireland, should be summoned as witnesses, licence being demanded from the King for them to leave their charges for the purpose. He could not refuse it, any more than he could the other demand, that his privy councillors should be released from their oaths to disclose nothing that passed at the council board, since a refusal would only have excited suspicion. To prevent Strafford from profiting by the witness of his friends, Sir George Radclyffe, Doctor Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, and Chief Justice Sir Gerard Lowther were impeached for contravening the ancient customs of Ireland. Moreover, the prisoner only received permission to summon witnesses three days before the trial began, far too short a time for bringing them from Ireland.

The Commons further demanded that no person created a peer since the impeachment should vote on the trial, thus excluding Lord Keeper Littleton. They also demanded that the bishops should not vote in the matter, though the constitutions of Clarendon had stipulated that they should be among the judges in questions of life and limb, and they could have maintained their right had not Bishop Williams requested permission for himself and his brethren not to assist *in agitatione causæ sanguinis*. He was an enemy of Strafford, and well knew that the majority of the Bench would weigh in the other direction.

The trial began on the 22nd of March 1641, in Westminster Hall, before the Peers, the Commons, however, being present. Two private boxes behind the throne were prepared for the King and Queen, covered with tapestry screens to conceal them; but Charles with his own hands tore this away, so as to be perfectly visible, in the hope that his presence might be some restraint; but he was treated as incognito, and the Lords sat covered. There were also two galleries, where sat some foreign noblemen, including the French Ambassador, and a good many ladies deeply interested, "fair Sempronias taking notes," as the

parliamentary historian May called them. One third of the hall was railed off for the public. Baillie, the Scottish Commissioner was present, and tells us that to secure a place among the spectators, it behoved to be there by five in the morning—when it could have been scarcely daylight—and, if the seat was relinquished there was no returning, so that 'after ten there was much public eating, not only of confections, but of bread and flesh, bottles of beer and wine going thick from mouth to mouth without cups,' so that there was 'not such gravity' as he expected in so serious a cause, and in the King's presence.

The prisoner was escorted from the Tower by six barges of armed guards, and brought in each morning at nine o'clock. He made three obeisances to the Earl of Arundel, the Lord High Steward, knelt at the bar, rose and bowed to the right and left to the peers, his friends returning the bow. His children—two girls and a boy—sat near him with their stepmother. The impeachment was then read. It consisted of twenty-eight chief articles, and occupied two hundred sheets of paper. This, with a brief and dignified reply, occupied the first day. The charges were all based on his high-handed exercise of power on behalf of the Crown in Yorkshire and in Ireland, and not a single one of them, if proved, would have amounted to treason, for, as Strafford observed, a hundred white rabbits could never make a white horse. The strong man stood like a lion in the toils, no one mesh strong enough to hold him, yet all together forming a fatal entanglement.

On the second day, Pym made a long speech, and a petition from the Irish enemies was presented. Witnesses from Ireland were produced, complaining of the Earl's proceedings. The prisoner was allowed counsel, though he and they did not even know beforehand on what charge the day's accusation would be founded; but he was permitted to examine the witnesses, and he did so with great calmness, judgment, and temper, obtaining great respect and admiration for his ability, even from his enemies, disproving some charges, shewing the royal warrant for many of his doings, and finding precedents for others. Any member of the House of Commons might question him; but two barristers named Glynne and Maynard chiefly conducted the prosecution. However, they made little or no progress. The sight of one man standing at bay against the Parliament and the three nations was striking in itself, and as his shield of honest loyalty made one weapon after another fall blunted, the hearts of many were turned towards him; the ladies in the galleries declared themselves his partisans, the clergy thought more of his danger than of the archbishop's, more peers returned his salute every day, and the very rabble in the streets grew more respectful.

So thirteen days had passed, and his enemies were feeling themselves baffled, when, on the 10th of April, Mr. Pym told the Commons that he had something important to communicate to them. They went into committee and locked the doors, and Pym then produced a copy of some notes, purporting to have been taken at the privy council by

the elder Sir Harry Vane. According to these jottings, Strafford had told the King that he would be acquitted of using force, and that he had an army in Ireland which would reduce this kingdom to obedience, for the Scots could not hold out five months.

As to how these notes were obtained, there are different stories—one being that young Vane turned over his father's papers and abstracted them, the other that Sir Harry put them in his way on purpose to injure Strafford; but the latter is very unlikely, as Sir Harry remembered very little as to what he meant by the abbreviated notes. Privy councillors were sworn to reveal nothing that passed among them, and the whole matter was so discreditable that, though Pym had, it seems, been in possession of the notes for several months past, he durst not employ them till, finding the tide turning in favour of the man he so bitterly hated, he brought them forward as a last resource to influence the passions of the people, who thought of nothing with so much horror as a horde of Irish Papists let loose on them.

On the 12th of April, the charge thus discovered was brought against the prisoner in Court. Strafford replied by demanding that the other members of the Council should be asked whether he had used the words ascribed to him. Six had been present besides Laud, a prisoner in the Tower, and Windebank, a fugitive in France, and not one of them recollected this piece of advice. Strafford represented that the law required at least two witnesses in a case of high treason, and Vane scarcely amounted to one witness, for he did not recollect whether the 'kingdom' to be reduced had been Scotland or England, and no one could call speaking of reducing Scotland treason to England.

Though ill and suffering, Strafford made his defence ably. 'It is hard to be questioned upon a law which cannot be shown,' he said; and after eloquently proving the danger alike to the councillors and to the welfare of the country, that would ensue from making a man accountable for confidential advice, he thus concluded: 'My lords, I have troubled you longer than I should have done, were it not for the interest of these dear pledges a saint in heaven hath left me,' and as he pointed to the children, his voice was choked with tears. 'What I forfeit myself is nothing; but that my indiscretion should extend to my posterity wounds me to the very soul. You will pardon my infirmity. Something I should have added, but am not able, therefore let it pass. And now, my lords, for myself, I have been by the blessing of Almighty God, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory which shall be revealed hereafter. And so, my lords, even so, with all tranquillity of mind, I freely submit myself to your judgment, and whether that judgment be for life or death, "*Te Deum laudamus.*"'

Many of the hearers were deeply touched by this appeal; but the Scots and their friends, ready to believe anything against the prisoner, actually had a story that his wife had died in consequence of his faithlessness and violence.

Pym and Glynn were firmly resolved against him, and perceiving that he was making more and more impression on the peers, they decided on changing their mode of assault, and bringing in a bill of attainder against him of treason against the liberties of the country, which should be then sent up to the lords, to be simply accepted or refused, instead of giving the opportunity of sifting the evidence step by step. The opposition to this monstrous arrangement was stronger than had been expected, for many men who dreaded and hated Strafford, perceived that it was shamefully unjust to accuse him of subverting liberties whose bounds nobody knew; and honourable men were disgusted by the younger Vane's treachery, and his father's shuffling. Lord Digby made a powerful speech against the measure, but party was too strong, and it was further known that the City of London would give no money till Strafford was found guilty. On the 21st of April, the bill was passed by 204 to 54, and those who voted against it had their names placarded in the streets as 'Straffordians, who, to save a traitor, were willing to betray their country.'

The Lords had during this time gone on with the trial, as if they knew nothing of the proceedings in the Lower House, and Strafford had made another of those nobly upright and pathetic speeches, the conclusion of which was, that were it not for his children, 'I should never take the pains to keep up this ruinous cottage of mine. I could never leave the world at a fitter time, when I hope the better part of the world thinks that by this my misfortune, I have given testimony of this my integrity to my God, my King, and my country. My lords, something more I had to say, but my voice and my spirits fail me. Only in all submission, I pray that I may be a pharos to keep you from shipwreck. Do not put rocks in your way, which no prudence, no circumspection can eschew. Whatever your judgment may be shall be righteous in my eyes. *In Te Domine confido, non confundar in æternum.*'

The bill of attainder was sent to the Upper House on the afternoon of the day it was passed, but it was not very well received, and Charles wrote the following note to the prisoner.

'Strafford.

'The misfortune which is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjuncture of these times, being such that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs. Yet I cannot satisfy myself in honour or conscience without assuring you, now, in the midst of all your troubles, that upon the word of a king, you shall not suffer in life, honour or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant as you have showed yourself to be, yet it as much as I conceive the present times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being

'Your constant faithful friend,

'CHARLES R.'

Whitehall, April 23rd, 1641.

Charles was indeed hoping to find means to save the Earl. He proposed to transfer Strafford to another prison, under the charge of one hundred soldiers who might let him be rescued on the way. But Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower, refused to obey the royal warrant, or to admit the soldiers.

Another plan was the Queen's, and was founded on the fact that the English army stationed at York, not only contained many officers devoted to the King, but that it was highly discontented that the sums, raised with a good deal of difficulty, were unequally divided between them and the Scots, who received the lion's share. Two of the gentlemen who belonged to the Queen's household had commands in the army, and she hoped they would bring it over to the King. These were George Goring and Arthur Wilmot, both brave men but very dissipated, and the former utterly untrustworthy. There was, however, a dispute between them, and the King determined to send an equerry, Harry Jermyn, to compose matters. The Queen was fond of Jermyn, who had been in her service ever since she landed in England, and the Puritans invented a good deal of scandal about his devotion to her service; but as he was twenty-six years her elder, and was in favour with the King, there is no ground for suspicion as to their relations. On this occasion, Henrietta was unwilling that he should go. She called him into her cabinet, and told him the reason, namely, that if the Parliament got an inkling of the scheme, they would instantly drive out all her confidential servants from her household.

The King entered at that moment, and said playfully, 'If the thing is done, he must do it, and when you learn why, you will be of my mind.'

Then she told her fears, but the King said that Goring and Wilmot would listen to nobody except Jermyn, who accordingly was despatched to arrange that the army should march on London, liberate Strafford, disperse the Parliament and restore the King's authority. But when Goring found that he was not to have the chief command, but that it would be restored to Strafford, he pretended to agree to the scheme, and really betrayed it to the Earl of Newport, who made it known to the Parliament.

Their indignation was extreme at what was known as 'the Army Plot.' They held that it was their army, and that the King was intriguing to beguile it from them. Charles, on the other hand, viewed it as his army, over which he had the sole right, and which he was free to use against a set of traitors who were bringing about the judicial murder of the man most loyal to the Crown.

Demands were immediately made that none of the Queen's household should be permitted to leave Whitehall. Then Charles and Henrietta knew they were betrayed, but they never suspected Goring, who had a manner apparently frank and free. Jermyn fled to France, Wilmot and some other officers attempted it, but were

arrested; and a letter was sent from the two Houses promising the soldiers their arrears. The Puritan ministers made use of this plot to infuriate the people. Dr. Burges, Rector of St. Magnus, actually marched at the head of a violent rabble, clamouring for Strafford's death and the abolition of bishops. 'These are my ban dogs,' he said, 'I can set them on and take them off!'

Charles had still another hope for his friend. He offered Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, to give up to him the disposal of all the great offices of State, provided Strafford's life might be spared. Bedford consulted his friends, all of whom, except the Earl of Essex, agreed to it; but on the 1st of May, Bedford died suddenly, and his place as leader of the lords was taken by Lord Say, who, either foolishly or treacherously, induced the King to send for the two Houses and to make them a speech, in which he told them that, as long as they proceeded according to law, he had let the law take its course, but by bringing in the bill of attainder they made him a judge, and therefore he must tell them that Strafford had never advised him to use the Irish army against England, nor to look on his English subjects as disloyal. Therefore he should not condemn the Earl for treason, nor pass the bill of attainder if it were brought up to him, though he would consent to deprive him of public employment for life. He besought the lords to find some middle course, which might keep the kingdom safe, without doing violence to his conscience.

To the Commons this seemed an invasion of their newly invented privileges, and there was a howl of wrath. All the ensuing Sunday, the Puritan preachers poured forth bloodthirsty sermons, and on Monday the mob rose to the number of 6000, and surged down the streets towards Westminster, shouting for justice against Strafford, whom they fancied bringing gangs of wild Irishmen to cut their throats. They paraded before Whitehall, and beset and insulted everyone whom they supposed to be friendly to their victim, so that the more timid were actually kept from the House.

The general fury was increased by Pym, who had raked up a story that the Queen was sending for a French army to coerce the country; and in the City there were reports current that Guernsey and Jersey had been seized, and Portsmouth taken! One Mr. Maynard, a member of the House of Commons, drew up a bond, which everyone present signed, to protect the King and Parliament against all plots and conspiracies. Indeed, such was the general excitement that when a seat broke down with a loud crack, beneath the united weight of the two stout county members for Sussex and Cornwall, there was a general alarm: one gentleman cried out that he smelt gunpowder; and the people in the lobby rushed out, crying that Westminster Hall was falling and the members were being slain. The report reached the City, and the train bands marched out under Colonel Mainwaring, with beat of drum, to come to the rescue.

But there seems to have been little or no laughter over the false alarm. Men's minds were in too stern and angry a state for mirth, and the demonstration only told against the prisoner. The very day after the marriage of the little Princess Mary with the young William of Nassau, the mob broke into Westminster Abbey and pillaged the ornaments. The Queen was continually in tears, and her mother, Marie de Medici, was in an agony of fright, the King well nigh in despair.

In the midst the prisoner himself wrote to the King. He seems to have made up his mind that it would be better that—however unjustly—he should die constitutionally, with the sanction of the King, than that the fury of the people should overcome the royal authority, and perhaps involve the crown itself in his destruction. He therefore freely offered his life to restore agreement between his master and the people. 'Sir,' he wrote, 'my consent shall more acquit you herein to God than all the world can do besides. To a willing man there is no injury done, and as, by God's grace, I forgive all the world, with a calmness and meekness of infinite contentment to my dislodging soul; so, Sir, to you I can give the life of this world with all the cheerfulness imaginable, in the just acknowledgments of your exceeding favours; and only beg that, in your goodness, you would vouchsafe to cast your gracious regard upon my poor son, and his two sisters, less or more, and no otherwise than as their (in present) unfortunate father, I may hereafter appear more or less guilty of this death. God long preserve your majesty.'

The House of Lords only numbered forty when the bill of attainder was discussed, half the number that had attended the trial. Out of these forty, a majority voted that two charges had been proved—namely, that Strafford had quartered soldiers on peaceable inhabitants without lawful cause, and that he had imposed of his own authority an illegal oath on Scotsmen dwelling in Ireland. Then the judges were consulted, and they gave their opinion that these offences amounted to treason, and therefore merited death, and yet this treasonable quartering of the soldiery consisted of one sergeant and four men, and no one appeared to prove it!

The number who passed the Bill was 26 to 18. The men who might have saved the Earl were kept away by terror of the mob, and the twenty-six hated him with bitter hatred. The Earl of Essex replied to Edward Hyde, who interceded for Strafford, 'Stone dead hath no fellow.'

They held that Strafford, if still alive, might be brought to the front again, and would destroy all their work, and though every reasonable man among them knew that his condemnation was a monstrous act of injustice, they acted out of the precaution of terror.

The King's consent was still wanting, and the Commons requested the Lords to join with them in demanding it. A deputation of peers

was named to carry up the request, and they were escorted by a whole rabble, certainly not less than 2000, shouting 'Justice, justice, we will have justice!' and filling the courts of Whitehall with their howls. The privy council was called to repress these traitorous acts, but they only replied by urging the King to consent as the only way of safety. He declared that he must wait until Monday to consider the matter, and a minister looking out of a window told the mob that the King had promised to go on Monday to the House of Lords and give his consent. This induced them to disperse, but the Sunday that ensued was a time of tribulation and anguish, the preachers inflaming the people, who were frenzied enough already, and all manner of strange reports flying about. One of them was that Sir William Balfour, Lieutenant of the Tower, declared that if the King would not free the kingdom from its present danger, he should have Strafford's head stricken off on his own authority.

The King was in utter despair. He sent for the Bishops to ask their opinion. Not many were within reach, but of these, Juxon of London, a brave, straightforward man, told him that no danger, no expediency, could justify the shedding the blood of a man whom he knew to be innocent. Happy would it have been for Charles had he held to that opinion, even though the crash had come at once! But Williams of Lincoln, in courtly phrase, declared that there were two consciences for Kings, public and private, and that the public, royal conscience, might do that which the private, human conscience, disapproved—that the question was, not whether of saving Lord Strafford, but of perishing with him; that the conscience of a King to preserve his subjects, a father to save his children, a husband his wife, all of whom were in danger, ought to outweigh the feelings of master to a servant or friend to friend! Usher of Armagh, Morton of Durham, and one more Bishop recommended the King to abide by the opinion of the Judges—no one but Juxon had the courage to bid the King trust to his own sense of right and justice.

As to the Judges, they would say nothing but that the case of Strafford, as submitted to them by the Lords, amounted to treason. Charles could get no supporter, save the Bishop of London, to strengthen his better self; his wife was high spirited and not easily terrified, but she had never loved Strafford; and her mother was in agonies of terror, unable to comprehend the King's scruples; and he was told that if he satisfied the people by his consent, the Lords might still find means to save Strafford's life.

Late in the evening, then, not without tears, Charles did the deed which he never ceased to grieve over with bitter repentance. He put his name to a commission to give his assent to the bill of attainder, exclaiming, in the very act, that Strafford was far happier than he. Another bill, of fatal import, was sent up at the same time, to which he gave consent, scarcely attending to it in his grief, namely, that the existing Parliament should only be dissolved with its own

consent, a measure said to be necessary in order to give confidence to those who advanced money for the payment of the army. He also promised to dismiss that bugbear the Irish Army. No relenting followed on the part of the Houses, and Charles made one more effort, by sending his young son, the Prince of Wales, to the Lords with a letter pleading for mercy to Strafford, on condition even of perpetual imprisonment, and a postcript was added, 'If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday.'

As the power of life or death lay in Charles's own hands, this was a miserable confession of weakness, but it seems this was done with the advice of Denzil Holles, whose sister was Strafford's third wife. Through her, the prisoner had been told that his life should be saved in the interval, provided he would induce the King to abolish episcopacy; but this Strafford utterly refused, and it seems likely that Holles may have made the proposal simply to satisfy his sister. At any rate, the Parliament would not hear of any delay. Though they had told the King, by way of recompense for dismissing the Irish, that they would make him as glorious a potentate and as rich a prince as any of his predecessors, they would not grant even this concession.

Almost brokenhearted, and conscious of the full extent of his wretched feebleness and betrayal of friendship, the King sent Sir Dudley Carleton to Strafford to tell him what he had done, and his own motives, adducing especially the willing manner in which the Earl had offered himself, and asking his forgiveness.

Strafford, too strong and resolute a man readily to credit or understand weakness, asked whether the King had really passed the bill, and when he heard that it was indeed so, he rose from his chair, laid his hand on his heart, and, lifting his eyes to Heaven, said, 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for there is no salvation in them.'

This is told by Whitelock, a contemporary historian; but, strangely enough, Dr. Carte, who wrote in the next reign, denies it on the authority of Strafford's son, who declared that he had heard him, on the last night of his life, declare that he had never written to offer his life, and declared that such letter must have been a forgery. But young Lord Wentworth was born in 1626, and was scarcely thirteen at the time, nor was he ever a very trustworthy person. The existence of the letter is certain, and there is no other reason to believe that it was a forgery. Strafford also begged that the Earl of Ormond might have the Garter he left vacant; but Ormond advised the King to give it rather to one whose loyalty might need to be propitiated by such honours.

Twelve noblemen carried back Charles's letter to him on the Tuesday, and told him it was their purpose to beg him to show mercy to the Earl's innocent children. Of this he took little notice, only telling them that 'if they knew his mind, he hoped they would use it to their own honour.'

On Wednesday, the 12th of May, the Earl was to die. On Tuesday he sent for Archbishop Usher, Primate of Ireland, requesting likewise that he might once more see his friend, Archbishop Laud, a prisoner likewise in the Tower; but, even though he would have been present and heard all, the Lieutenant said this could not be without special permission from Parliament, and this Stafford would not ask, saying he would petition none but a higher Power. But he begged Usher to carry a message from him to entreat the prayers of Laud, and beg him to be 'at the window to give me his blessing as I go abroad to-morrow, that, when I pass, by my last farewell I may give him thanks for this and all his former favours.'

When morning came, after a night of prayer and preparation, Strafford walked forth, and, turning to Laud's window, made his solemn and earnest farewell, while the Archbishop stretched forth his hands in blessing, but, exhausted with grief and watching, fell back in a fainting fit, just hearing his friend's words, 'Farewell, my Lord. May God protect your innocency!'

Then the Earl moved on. The mob stood in such multitudes about the gates and on Tower Hill that Sir William Balfour feared he might be torn in pieces, and would have had him take coach. 'No,' said he, 'I dare look death in the face, and the people too. Have you a care I do not escape. 'Tis equal to me how I die—by the stroke of the executioner, or the madness and fury of the people, if that may give them better content.'

And thus, as an eye-witness declared, he walked forth more like a general at the head of an army than a victim on the way to his doom. The populace who had clamoured for his blood, were hushed in awe and wonder at the noble figure, as he came, attended by Archbishop Usher, the Earl of Cleveland, and his brother, Sir George Wentworth. As he mounted the scaffold, he turned to the last-mentioned. 'Brother,' he said, 'what do you see in me to deserve these tears? Think you are again accompanying me to my wedding. Never did I throw off my clothes with greater freedom and content.'

He made a short speech to the people, telling them that it had been his ill-hap to be misconstrued, and advising every man among them to lay his hand on his heart and consider whether the beginning of a people's happiness should be written in letters of blood. He feared they were in a wrong way, and prayed God that no drop of his blood might rise up against them.

Then he spent a quarter of an hour in prayers from the Prayer-book, repeating the whole twenty-fifth psalm; then, after another interval of private prayer, he laid his head on the block, gave the signal, and died at the first stroke of the axe. He was in his forty-ninth year. While the people, waking from their involuntary hush of awe and reverence, went home waving their hats and crying, 'His head is off! his head is off!' Usher repaired to the miserable King, and declared to him, 'that though he had seen many

die, he never saw so white a soul return to its Maker;' and Charles vowed that if ever he had the power, a day of penance for the innocent blood should be appointed, and indeed he privately kept up penance for his friend's death until his own. He was personally brave enough, and had it been his own life alone that was in peril, no doubt he would have been firm; but he was too weak to set a positive wrong against the possible consequences of right, so he acted Pilate's part, and then went mourning all the days of his life.

Richelieu pronounced the English a foolish people not to let the wisest head among them stay on its own shoulders. The sagacious Frenchman would have spoken more to the purpose if he had called Charles a foolish King, for had he leant as passively on Strafford as Louis XIII. on Richelieu, the Crown would have been as mighty as under the Tudors; and it was this perception that made the determined advocates of liberty begin their work by sweeping from their path, by a judicial murder, the man whose principles were diametrically opposite to their own, and who could maintain them with consummate ability, generous loyalty, and unflinching firmness.

One last glance at England after the internal peace she had enjoyed for nearly two years, is afforded to us by the secretary of the Marquis de Fertè Imbaud, the French ambassador, who came in 1641, apparently to remonstrate against the renewed persecution of the Roman Catholics.

The secretary, whose name is not known, was lodged with the Marquis at Greenwich, whence the royal carriages conveyed them. He thought them better appointed and handsomer than those of Louis XIII., and he was extremely struck with the beauty and fertility of the country and the general air of comfort and prosperity. London had, he says, the longest streets, the most splendid taverns, and the greatest number of shops of any city in Europe. He confessed that it surpassed Paris in cleanliness and safety, 'since everyone may walk about at dead of night with his pipe and his purse in his hand, and fear neither filth nor assassins!' What must Paris have been?

So covered was the Thames with barges, as to seem to him 'like a continued bridge, or rather the representation of a sea-fight, such are the admirable swiftness and dexterity of their movements.' Lower down, between London and Rochester, he counted 850 vessels, either of war or merchandise. The largest ship in the navy was there, *The Sovereign of the Sea*, having 112 guns, and covered with paintings, carvings, gildings and bas-reliefs. The haunt of the gentlemen was Piccadilly, then a park-like place, where they disported themselves without cloak or sword, filling the air with the odour of tobacco, from which they did not abstain even at the theatre or in the presence of ladies.

Their principal games were tennis, bowls and piquet, in which they often fell victims to Parisian sharpers. Bull and bear baitings delighted the secretary, but were not apparently the fashion at

Court. The ladies spent such sums in dress as amazed him, and still more upon bets, thirty or forty Jacobuses being sometimes laid on the event of a siege or a battle in Germany. Little did the triflers guess how soon sieges and battles would be no longer distant excitements.

The banqueting hall at Whitehall seemed to the secretary the grandest room in Europe, and he also greatly admired the royal apartments in the Tower, where he saw wonderful tapestries of gold brocade, the sword presented to Henry VIII. as Defender of the Faith, and Queen Elizabeth's cup, four feet high and a foot and a half in diameter, enriched with thousands of figures and devices.

Queen Marie de Medici had an interview with the Ambassador; but she had only one carriage to send for him, and that very ill-appointed. In fact, Charles had been obliged to curtail her pension, and the mob was so furious against her that she had made up her mind to return to Holland; and her daughter had some thoughts of accompanying her, and taking the waters of Spa. The Parliament however suspected intrigues, and petitioned that she should remain, when they voted £10,000 to be rid of her mother.

The treaty with the Scots was at last concluded, and signed in May, 1641, the English Parliament undertaking to pay £300,000 towards their losses and necessities, for which purpose a poll-tax was voted. When the King assented to it, he announced his intention of making a second visit to Scotland without loss of time. He knew there were men there, of whom the Earl of Montrose was the most distinguished, who thought that the Covenanters had gone too far, and were ready to support a reaction. Letters from Montrose were captured, in which it appeared that he and nineteen more noblemen were ready to assist the King in subverting 'the designs of a few.' Montrose and three more were in consequence thrown into the Castle at Edinburgh, and the King's intended journey was viewed with great suspicion.

Very unpleasant petitions were brought to him. He was begged to wait till the army was disbanded, lest ill-disposed persons should disturb the peace of the Kingdom. The Queen was to be allowed no attendance either of Roman Catholic priests or ladies native to the country, and she and her children were to be closely attended by persons of public trust and well affected to religion, while she resided in Oatlands, in Surrey, during the King's absence; and Father Philips, her Confessor, was examined and committed to the Tower.

On the 10th of August, Charles started for Scotland, taking in his own coach the young Elector Palatine, Charles Louis, the Marquess of Hamilton, and the Duke of Lennox, who had been brought into the English peerage by the title of Duke of Richmond. All three shared the royal blood of Scotland.

The Earl of Essex remained as commander of the forces on the south side of the Trent, and that which had so long lain at York was

disbanded. The Parliament had appointed a set of Commissioners, including the Earl of Bedford, Hampden, and Fiennes, to watch over the ratification of the treaty with the Scots; but the King, knowing that they only meant to clog his proceedings, refused to sign the Commission, but could not prevent some of them from going on their own account.

He had a prosperous journey. He dined with Leslie in his camp, and was well received at Edinburgh, where he appointed Henderson as his Chaplain, and attended the Presbyterian worship at St. Giles's. He made a speech to the Scottish Estates which assembled to meet him, claiming their allegiance as the descendant of a hundred and eight kings, in whose existence they, as well as he, firmly believed, for were not all their portraits on the walls of Holyrood? And he offered to ratify the acts of their last Session in the ancient fashion by the touch of the sceptre; but the Covenanters, fearful of the precedent, declared them valid without this.

The next point was the appointment of the ministry who were the virtual rulers of Scotland. This the Estate Parliament arrogated to themselves, and Charles would not yield, though he submitted a list to them for approval, and there was a struggle over these, name by name, one by one. A gentleman wrote, 'What will be the event of these things, Heaven knows, for there never was King so much insulted over. It would pity any man's heart to see how he looks, for he is never at quiet among them, and glad he is when he sees any man that he thinks loves him, yet he is seeming merry at meat.'

He was very anxious too about Montrose, Traquair, and the other gentlemen who were imprisoned in the castle for corresponding with their lawful king, but whom the estates branded with the title of banders, plotters and incendiaries; and he was determined not to leave them to their fate. One of the grooms of his chamber, William Murray, had interviews with Montrose in his captivity, and brought letters from him to the King.

This excited suspicion, and Montrose was well known to be at enmity with both Hamilton and Argyle. On the 10th of October, all Edinburgh was astir at the tidings that these two noblemen, with Hamilton's brother, the Earl of Lanark, had fled to Kineil during the night, in dread of an attempt of the King on their liberty, if not their lives.

Charles was indignant. He repaired to the Parliament house, complained of the insult, demanded that the three should return, and that a public enquiry should be made.

There are only confused reports of what ensued on this *incident* as Scottish historians termed it. There were ten days of hot, informal recrimination, the King insisting that the enquiry should be made by the whole House, not by a mere Committee, in which he should get no fair play, and neither his honour nor those interested could have right.

But he could not prevail. The Committee was appointed, and demanded the correspondence between Montrose and the King. In the last letter Murray had carried, Montrose declared 'that he could' acquaint his Majesty with a business which not only did concerne his honour, in a heigh degree, but the standing and falling of his Croune lykwayes.'

Montrose was examined on the meaning of these words, but he persisted in declaring that, he only meant the peace and quiet of the public, and would never wrong nor accuse any individual whatsoever.

Nothing at all was made out farther, but there was increasing need of the King's return, for at this very juncture, tidings arrived of a terrible rebellion in Ireland.

THE SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS OF MARYLAND.

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

SEVENTEEN years ago—in the spring of 1868—we moved on to a beautiful country place in Howard County, Maryland, about nine miles from Baltimore. One evening in the latter part of May (it must have been from the 20th to the 23rd, but I do not remember the exact date), I was walking down a path that ran through woods, when I observed that the ground was full of little holes, as if some old gentleman had prodded every few inches of it with the ferule of his cane. I exclaimed at the oddity of this, and was answered 'O! it's the locusts—the seventeen year locusts—*Cicada Septem-decima*. This is their year.' Sure enough—through these holes the locusts, in the shape of large beetles with six legs, the two foremost armed with crab-like claws, were coming up out of the earth, and ascending the trees, where, digging their fore-claws into the leaves and holding on tightly, they split down the back, and emerged beautiful creatures that, before morning, had grown to be two inches long—red; red eyes, green bodies, and long, lovely, gauzy, varied green-tinted wings. I counted one morning no less than fourteen of these empty beetle skins tightly fastened upon one oak leaf. In a few days they began to sing. The air from dawn till about 4 P.M. was filled with a continuous humming. After that, about the middle of June, their song ceased, and the female locust laid her eggs. Every twig on every tree upon the place was cut downward by a long straight furrow. In this she laid her eggs; and dying herself immediately after, left the twig to perish by degrees, and when withered, drop down to the earth, when the infant locusts passed into the soil, to rise again, we were told, on May 20, 1885.

If we may learn industry from the ant, we may learn punctuality from the locust. On the 20th of May in this year the process began to be repeated, and as I write, on June 7, 1885, the air is full of their humming. It is loud as the noise of not very distant waves; or, as it is the fashion this year among ourselves to describe it, it is as if every gardener in the neighbourhood was running a lawn-mower all day long.

These seventeen year locusts are known only, I believe, in Maryland, Delaware and Southern Pennsylvania. In North and South Carolina they exist, but are there thirteen year locusts, coming up with the same punctuality as their more northern cousins, but every thirteenth year.

As the habits and history of the seventeen year locusts are little known even in Maryland, and as their coming seems always to each new generation a sort of surprise, I have thought a brief account of them might interest English readers.

There exists a work in manuscript by a Baltimorian, the late Dr. Gideon B. Smith, on the subject of the seventeen year locusts, whose habits he began to observe in 1817. He continued his observations in 1834, 1851, and 1868. The date of their appearance during these years has not varied five days.

They are perfectly harmless, except so far as they injure the twigs of delicate dwarf fruit trees, though this does not affect the fruit the following year. The forest trees are thought to be improved by their pruning. They do not depend for food on any green thing above ground, but live on the nutriment they collect on the surface of vegetable substances. There are records of their appearance in Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania in 1766, 1783 and 1800, besides the years already named.

About June 15 the female begins depositing her eggs, and the work goes on about a week, when the operation ceases and no more twigs are destroyed. She is said to lay about 400 eggs, and the furrow she makes for the purpose of depositing them, is made by a singularly constructed instrument, about the size of a small pin, called the ovi-positor. 'About July 25,' says a Baltimore writer who has consulted Dr. Smith's MSS., 'the eggs are ready to hatch. The insects come out of the excavation and fall to the ground in great numbers. They are so small that they are like little moths in the air. The insect immediately makes its way into the earth and lives during the remainder of the warm season in the vegetable subsoil, and on the approach of cold weather forms around itself a cocoon or cell by cementing the particles of earth together, in which condition the locusts are often dug up in gardening or excavating without their real character being discovered. The next season it opens one end of its cell to gain access to the small roots and moist earth, but does not leave the cell, and thus it continues from season to season each year, enlarging its cell, never changing its locality from the time it enters the earth until it emerges.' Its life indeed is absolutely solitary. Two, however near they may be buried in the earth, are never found in contact, nor in their life above ground do they seem to have any inclination for the society of each other.

The musical organs of the locust, by which they keep up their peculiar and universal din from sunrise till day is beginning to decline, are thus described by Dr. Smith, who says it is only the male that has the power of sound: 'The musical organs are also very curious and difficult to describe. Directly under the shoulder of the wing, on each side of the chest, there is a beautiful membrane somewhat triangular, convex and ribbed with fine bony ridges. This membrane resembles a small shell, and is stretched over a cavity

in the chest, the lower angle connected internally with a strong muscle.

'On the breast there are two large scales, one on each side, firmly attached to the breast above, but free below. On bending the body backwards these scales are elevated, and expose two large cavities, also covered with extremely fine and silk-like membranes. These cavities are connected with those under the musical membranes under the wing shoulders, and probably serve for lungs. When these cavities are filled with air the musical organs, or membranes first described, are made to produce sound by the large muscles, the long ridges of the membranes being made to act upon each other with such rapidity that the motion is hardly perceptible.'

Late in the day, when the general hum has ceased, a lingering locust often prolongs his note, and is then heard by the superstitious ear distinctly to utter Pharaoh! Pharaoh!

It is very curious to see a locust come out of its shell. Occasionally they perish in the effort. If brought into the house at night after its back has begun to crack open, the beautiful winged creature imprisoned in the beetle shape may be seen to struggle into its new existence.

The red eyes first make their appearance through the back. It comes forth perfectly white, fluffy, and of the beetle size, and is inert and to all appearance exhausted. The wings are but the rudiments of wings and crumpled like an unfolded rose leaf. As the spectator watches it, he can *see* its wings grow and its vivid colours appear. The locusts change only after night-fall, and early in the morning every leaf seems covered with the beautiful creatures, still languid and inanimate—Bonny Kilmenys to whom our 'world of sorrow and pain' seems a novelty to which they find it hard to adjust themselves.

They are entirely harmless, though they are attended by an enemy known as the digger wasp, whose sting is fatal to the locust and is said to kill a human being in two hours. During the locust season of 1868 several people in Maryland were stung fatally. Thus far, the papers have recorded no such tragedy in 1885.

The locusts have innumerable enemies during their brief existence. Dogs, swine, cats and even squirrels (strict vegetarians as they are with this exception) eat them voraciously. Hens and ducks seem to neglect other food during the locust season. The great flocks of crows which by day fly over the hills and plains of Maryland, and at night retire in regimental order to their roosting grounds, are now making up on locusts for the privations of the last long winter, and partridges in search of locusts come hopping almost to our doors. I remarked in 1868 that the yolks of the eggs my hens laid during the locust season were nearly white, and I see that this is also noted by Dr. Smith in his observations. The Indians—'Powtowmocks and Susquehannoughs' as the old writers called them—

fried locusts while they lasted, and a physician in Baltimore has this year been making experiments in this kind of cookery; saying that a locust is composed entirely of vegetable juices.

The locust does not descend more than six feet into the ground, and innumerable as they seem while I write this, it is hard to understand how they could have survived the severity of last winter, unless they spent the last months of their seclusion far enough below the surface to escape the frost, which was from three to four feet deep this year in the ground.

It will be 1902 before the descendants of the locusts now humming in the trees will make their appearance on the surface of the earth. In the newer parts of Baltimore, where forest trees stood seventeen years ago and handsome Queen Anne houses are erected now, innumerable locusts are coming up between the cobble stones of the street-pavement and the bricks of the side walks. The same thing happened in 1868.

There are many other species of locust in the United States, but except this seventeen year family, and the thirteen year locusts of the Carolinas, they are not known to have periodic habits. The seventeen year locusts are not in any way to be confounded with the destructive grasshoppers of the West, or with those creatures called by the Puritan Fathers a 'swarm of locusts' who visited New England, and devoured every green thing in early colonial times.

It is to be hoped Dr. Smith's book will not long remain unpublished. He began it in 1834, and from that time till 1851 was engaged in obtaining facts relating to the locusts' seventeen years of underground existence. He lived to see the arrival of the locusts in 1868, but died soon after. For twenty years he had been in close correspondence on the subject with a great number of fellow observers and other persons interested in the subject, both in the United States and in the British Provinces.

[NOTE.] A letter since received, dated July 6th, says, 'They are almost gone now, but from the forest trees hang very numerous dead twigs. A few nights after I wrote to you I saw a beautiful sight. I had taken a lamp into the grounds around the house, when, passing under a native cedar (a low-growing evergreen), I noticed that it seemed to be dressed like a Christmas-tree, with glittering things hanging from the twigs. I suppose there were fifty of these within my reach. Putting the lamp under them, I discovered they were locusts in every stage of coming forth through the split in their skins. Some had only their heads and eyes out, some had come forth, but had tiny Cupid-like wings just sprouting, some were perfect, but all were pure, luminous white—"white and glistering" were the words I thought of;—when the sun rose they would have assumed their colours, vermilion eyes and legs, and a broad orange edge to their wings. The ducks have eaten nothing else, I believe, since they came, and the house cats have deserted home, and, taking to the woods, have lived on them. Baltimore and its neighbourhood seem their headquarters. There were days when their song made conversation difficult as we sat on the porches.'

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XVIII.

THE NICENE CREED.

Susan. The Nicene is the only Creed whose history we really know.

Aunt Anne. And strange is that history, showing this, the one universal confession of faith, as the means both of union and separation.

S. I know, of course, a little about the Council of Nicæa, which Constantine the Great called together in 325, to consider the doctrine of Arius, an Alexandrian priest, who denied the Divinity of our Blessed Lord.

A. More precisely speaking, it was the co-eternity of God the Son that he denied, declaring that He must have had a beginning. This, involved, of course, the equality and unity, and therefore was condemned by Arius's own Bishop, but it found supporters elsewhere, especially in Bithynia, and finally, the Emperor was moved to gather together representatives from the whole Church to declare what had been the doctrine there taught.

S. I wonder why Nicæa was the place.

A. It was as central a spot as could well have been found. Remember, that not only was all Asia Minor christianised, but that Syria, Palestine, and all the tract beyond the Jordan, which now lies desolate, was full of busy life, and that ruins of churches attest that these regions swarmed with Christians, whose emissaries met those from Greece, Italy, Spain, and Gaul.

S. Have I not heard that Constantine brought them at his own expense?

A. Yes; and a venerable company they were: many of them bearing the scars of the last great persecution, or bowed down by work in the mines, to which they had been condemned. There were 318 bishops, besides a large number of priests and deacons, among whom was St. Athanasius, then thirty years old.

S. There was already either the Apostles' Creed, or one very like it.

A. There were various forms, only differing in fulness of expression; and all present, from East or West, except about fifteen of the bishops, agreed in their doctrine respecting the Blessed Son, and declared it to be that which the Church had always taught. When

Arius unfolded his teaching, they stopped their ears and cried out that it was blasphemy, and finally the Creed in use at the church of Cæsarea was amplified and made more stringent, so as to guard against the heresy. Even the bishops who had at first defended Arius yielded to the majority, and signed the new Creed.

S. But the controversy did not end there?

A. Oh, no. Nor did the terrible death of Arius end it. The heresy seems to have recommended itself to people as being less mysterious and hard to believe, and also because, whatever detracted from the Majesty and Godhead of our Lord made His Sacrifice of less force, and took off from the sense of the importance and guilt of sin. Athanasius had to uphold the faith through many trials and persecutions, and for a century and a half or more this heresy continued to vex the Church.

S. Yes; I remember how St. Ambrose was troubled by the Arian Empress Justina, and that all the Spanish Goths were Arians at first. But was not the latter part of the Creed added later?

A. Yes—in 381. A heresy called the Macedonian had acknowledged the divinity of the second Person of the Holy Trinity, but denied that of the third Person, the Holy Spirit. To settle this, and other questions, Theodosius the Great convoked the Council of Constantinople. It added these clauses to the Creed: 'Begotten of the Father before all worlds;' 'By the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary;' 'Was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate;' 'Sitteth on the right Hand of the Father;' 'Whose kingdom shall have no end;' and all the latter paragraph after 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.'

S. So that the Creed is the work of the First and Second Councils.

A. And they were œcumenical.

S. What does that exactly mean?

A. The epithet comes from the same Greek word as economy—*oikos*, a house or household. The whole or entire household or Church of Christ is represented in the Œcumenical or General Council, and it is only the decrees of such a council, confirmed by one ensuing, that are binding upon the *whole* Church.

S. I see. So the Nicene Creed is the formal Creed of the whole Church.

A. It is the Creed chiefly recited in the Greek Church, though the Athanasian is likewise owned there, and I believe treated more as a hymn than as a creed.

S. But why did you say it reminded us of separation?

A. Do you not know that the clause '*Filioque*,' 'and from the Son'—caused the schism between the Greek and Latin Churches?

S. I think I had heard it, but I never understood how.

A. As you said before, the Goths were converted by Arians. The great Visigoth kingdoms in Italy and Spain were Arian, and I think the Goths had come to consider the orthodox faith as a sort of badge of the conquered races. At last Hermanigild, the son of King

Leovigild of Spain, married his first cousin Ingund, a Frank princess, the daughter of Brunehaut. She was Catholic and held to her faith in spite of her grandmother Goswinth, Leovigild's wife, who treated her with great violence, dragged her by her hair to a fish pond and threw her into it. Her constancy, and the arguments of Leander, Bishop of Seville, converted her husband, but unhappily he rebelled against his father, and the whole family perished. But Ingund had sown the seed. The next brother, Recared, was already a Catholic, and on his accession, he married a sister of Ingund, and in 589 summoned a synod of Bishops at Toledo, and formally reconciled the Spanish heretics to the Catholic Church. At that synod of Toledo, the clause of the Nicene Creed was altered to be 'and proceedeth from the Father and the Son,' in order no doubt to instruct the Goths in the true faith. But though a truth was declared, the Spanish church had no right to alter an Œcumenical Creed by their own sole authority. However, it was accepted with enthusiasm in Spain, and spread from thence into the adjoining lands, where the Roman and Gothic races were mixed. In 796, Charlemagne induced a synod of the Bishops of his empire, held at Friuli, to adopt it, and tried to have it sanctioned by the Pope, Leo III., but in vain. Indeed it only led to the ancient form of the Creed being engraven on two plates of silver and hung up in St. Peter's, but still the custom continued of introducing the words. Pope Benedict VIII., at the suggestion of the Emperor St. Henry II., about the year 1000, introduced the custom of singing this Creed at Mass, and thus the two words became deeply imprinted on the Western mind.

S. And was the separation of the Greek Church on that account?

A. The actual breach was made on account of various other differences, but chiefly, in truth, because the Pope's claim to be universal Patriarch was intolerable to the Eastern Christians. In 1034 Cerularius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, wrote to the Bishops in Southern Italy, which still belonged to the Eastern Empire, forbidding all the distinctive Western Customs. Pope Leo IX. sent three legates to require submission from the Patriarch, but this he refused, saying the Pope was Patriarch of the West but not of the East. The legates then laid on the altar of St. Sophia an act cutting off the Patriarch and his followers from communion with the Western Church.

S. But after all, there had been four or five hundred years without separating on that account.

A. Yes, for the faith was the same, and the only question was about the lawfulness of introducing the words. But the separation once being made, the clause came to be viewed as a badge, and in all subsequent attempts at reunion it has been one of the greatest difficulties; the Greek partisans distinctly disavowing what is called the Double Procession of the Holy Ghost, on the ground that our Blessed Lord's words in St. John xv. 26, are, 'Which proceedeth from the Father,' while the Latins argue that His saying, 'Which I will

send unto you from the Father' declares that the Blessed Spirit proceeds also from God the Son. And the difficulty is much increased by the fact that the words *Ex Patre, Filioque*, as they were first framed, are explained by scholars to be only translatable into Greek as '*Ek tou Patros kai tou Uiou*, which gives a sense as if it were, in the words of the Athanasian Creed, dividing the substance,' so that they dreaded to trench on the doctrine of One Sole Fount of Deity. And for either party to give way would argue that the equally true doctrine was denied.

S. Nothing could decide but a real General Council.

A. Such as there may yet be in God's mercy on His Church, though we are far from seeing our way to it.

S. I suppose I should go through it clause by clause with my girls, and prove it.

A. I think so. They are taught about the Apostles' Creed when they are too young for the further mysteries to be pointed out.

S. I believe in One God—there is a comma after that.

A. Yes, and rightly, though as punctuation is a modern invention, there is no ancient authority for it. But the Creed assuredly begins with declaring the eternal Unity.

S. It is 'I believe in one God'—not in one God the Father—so as to answer to Moses' proclamation: 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one God.' (Deut. vi. 4.)

A. Texts for the next words will easily occur to you. Visible and invisible—you see assert God's creation of the spiritual as well as the outward world.

S. He *maketh* His angels spirits. (Ps. civ. 4.)

A. How can one help quoting the beautiful words in Ecclesiasticus, 'Oh! how desirable are all His works, and that a man may see even in a spark! all these things live and remain for ever for all uses, and they are all obedient. All things are double one against another, and He hath made nothing imperfect.' (Ecclus. xlii. 22–24.)

S. All things double—as in the Septuagesima hymn.

> 'Two worlds are ours, 'tis only sin
> Forbids us to descry
> The mystic heaven and earth within
> Plain as the sea and sky.'

A. For we should 'look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal (2 Cor. iv. 18).

S. The 'I believe' is repeated for each Holy Person.

A. I should have told you that the original form was, We believe, as expressing the general assent of the Council, but it was made singular because each person must individually confess his own faith.

S. In one Lord. It shows indeed that our blessed Saviour is Lord

of Lords, but does not quite emphasise like the Apostles' Creed that He is our Lord. The next piece almost all comes from the opening of St. John's Gospel.

A. And from the argument from the 2nd Psalm at the beginning of the Epistle to the Hebrews. But you must add to these our Blessed Lord's own declarations of His absolute eternity, His claiming the 'I am' (John viii. 58) and the 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last—' in the opening and concluding chapters of the Apocalypse.

S. I see, without those we might take 'first begotten' to mean only earliest—not altogether from all eternity.

A. You know the illustration is that to which 'Light of Light' points us. As flame cannot be without light, and light is always with it, so Fatherhood must imply Sonship. The next words, 'God of God' were omitted by the Council of Constantinople, but were restored throughout the Western Church. *Of* is meant to translate the Latin *de*—out of—so as to express that the Saviour 'came out from God.' (John xvi. 27.)

S. There is 'Very God of Very God' just after. I suppose Very is used in the sense of true.

A. Yes. 'True God, one with and begotten of, the True God, the Man that is my fellow' (Zech. xiii. 7), 'Who thought it not robbery to be equal with God' (Phil. ii. 6).

S. 'Being of one substance with the Father.'

A. Our word substance, having come in common use to mean something material, is apt to be mistaken. It really means 'the aggregate of the essential qualities of the Deity,' the Essence, the Being. It was the word which was the chief battle-field of the Catholics and Arians. The Catholic Greek word is *homo-ousios*—of the *same* substance; the Arians made it *homoiousios*—of a *like* substance; and these two became party catch words, bandied about irreverently at baths and public places by the careless, in the reigns of Constantius and Valens, to the grief and pain of holy men.

S. 'I and my Father are One' (John x. 30) is perfect proof. And in the next clause, the words are almost the same as those of St. John i. 3.

A. The historical part following can be so easily proved that we will not go into that now.

S. But the clause 'Whose kingdom shall have no end' has always rather puzzled me to reconcile with His delivering up the Kingdom to the Father (1 Cor. xv. 24).

A. It is the Church, the temporal Kingdom of Heaven on earth, that He will deliver up, because it will be merged in the Eternal Kingdom of Heaven, over which He, as One with the Father and the Holy Ghost, is King for ever and ever. It is really a fresh assertion of His Everlasting Majesty and Glory, concluding the history of His Manhood.

S. I see. Then comes the amplification of our belief in the Third Person, God the Holy Ghost.

A. Observe, it is not 'Lord of life, and giver of life,' but Lord, as being God, as in 2 Cor. iii. 17. 'Now the Lord is that Spirit,' just as Lord is repeated before our Blessed Saviour's name.

S. I never thought of that. We ought to make a stop between.

A. In the first English translation it was 'Lord and Quickener,' as you know it is said in St. John vi. 63, 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth.'

S. It means, does it not, that all life, alike animal, intellectual and spiritual, comes from Him, as when the 'Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters' in the beginning?

A. That would mark the beginning of natural life.

S. And for intellectual—'He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.' And for spiritual?

A. Our Blessed Lord's words to Nicodemus, about being born of the Spirit, taken in combination with the whole tenor of the Epistles.

S. The next piece we spoke of before. Then 'Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified.'

A. Even in the Old Testament, when He was not fully revealed, in the three-fold blessing of the High Priest (Num. vi. 24, 25, 26); and in the Song of the Seraphim as heard by Isaiah (vi. 1, 2, 3).

S. And repeated in the hearing of St. John (Rev. iv. 8).

A. Then in the Apostolic blessings (2 Cor. xiii. 14; 1 Pet. i. 2). And in the Church's voice, too.

S. In the Gloria, and the Te Deum, and in the invocations in the Litany, and in the end of all the chief festival collects. 'Who spake by the prophets,' that expresses our faith in the Holy Spirit being the special agent in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, does it not?

A. The breathing in, by which the words became divine.

S. As our Blessed Lord speaks of 'David in Spirit' when composing a Psalm (Matt. xxii. 43).

A. And St. Peter, very explicitly, in both his epistles, tells us that the Holy Spirit of Christ spake through the prophets (1 Pet. i. 10, 11; 2 Pet. i. 21).

S. Are there not great controversies now about the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, because some things in them seem to be, as it were, mistakes?

A. In the first place, people started by assuming that every word in their own version of the Bible must necessarily be the right one, and thus inspired, allowing nothing for errors of translation or transcription.

S. Yes; there must be an error of transcription, where Jehoiachin is eight years old in one place and eighteen in another.

A. I do believe, however, that there has been a Divine protection

of the translations so as to hinder very important and fatal errors. But as science and history have gone on making discoveries, disagreements have been detected, and the first impulse was to decide that science must be wrong and impious.

S. As in the case of Galileo.

A. Then, again, it was perceived that in some cases the scriptural term was not in the least meant as a scientific one, but was only used in the popular way of speaking, as I suppose the most accurate of astronomers is content to speak of sunrise and sunset, or of a cloud being over the moon. And other statements have been proved to have been only supposed to disagree because of a popular mode of interpreting them. For instance, the first verse in the Bible covers all the ages before *our* creation began.

S. And I remember a historical instance, the tomb of the Pharaoh, of the Exodus being discovered, when he had always been supposed to have been drowned in the Red Sea. But on looking, it turns out that he is nowhere said in the Bible to have been drowned—only his army!

A. The only verse that seems to affirm it is in the 136th Psalm: 'But as for Pharaoh and his host, He overthrew them in the Red Sea.' Now if any poem written some centuries later should say, 'But as for Napoleon and his host, they were overthrown at Waterloo,' it would not mean that Napoleon was killed there. Again, you may have seen a controversy in which scholars have been shewing that it is very probable that the perplexing miracle at the battle of Ajalon is much more likely to mean that the shade of the storm cloud was prolonged than noon-day glare, and that 'Sun, stand thou still,' really was 'Sun, be thou concealed,' which would, of course, in the Eastern climate, be much more favourable for following up the pursuit.

S. I see. Then a great many discrepancies may be merely our misunderstanding.

A. And I believe that scholarship is constantly finding out more and more cases in which the real original words are perfectly and scientifically right, but have been twisted to suit human conceptions. But this is an immense subject, in many branches hardly to be worked out in this incidental way.

S. But I should like to go into it more. So many books and magazines speak as if it was impossible to believe that so much which seems strange and unimportant to us could be Divine.

A. In the first place we, of this late dispensation, are not the only people the Bible was written for. The minutiæ of the Law, the Domesday Book of Israel, in the book of Joshua, and the genealogies, were of great importance to the Israelites. And remember, the perfect topography of the book Joshua, now being verified, is a grand evidence, palpable to all minds. And, what these objectors entirely disdain or overlook, is the complete system of ceremonial and his-

torical type and prophecy, all converging in the one great Antitype, and carried out to their further meaning in the Revelation, showing the guiding power over the authorship, through the thousand years between Moses and St. John. But we must go on:

S. Here we leave out the Communion of Saints.

A. We include it in the Catholic and Apostolic Church, not only 'built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets' (Eph. ii. 20), but still including them triumphant.

S. We say, I believe, not I believe *in*.

A. There is no difference in the original, but our Church's mind was to mark the trustful faith in God by putting in the preposition.

S. Then the first means of remission of sins are defined as baptism, and we end with the solemn 'I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.'

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

XIV.

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

'Stars to the childish eye may gathered seem
Into strange shapes and wild,
Lion or Eagle, Bear or Harp—such dream
As heathen hearts beguiled:—
Or as a flock untended, roaming wide
Heaven's waste from side to side:
But of a Central Glory sages sing
Whence all may be discerned
In clear harmonious ring.'

On the plains of Chaldæa, in primeval times, the Shepherd Sages as they watched their flocks, considered the heavens by night, and saw in the scattered groups of stars, the resemblance of many a well-known friend or foe. Had an eagle swooped down on their flocks, or a bear from the hills, or lion of the desert sprung on the helpless sheep—behold, the action seemed pictured in Heaven. Many a story told round their winter watch-fires was transferred to the starry vault, and after sundry vicissitudes, those very stories, as finally crystallized by the Greek Poets, have come down to us, with their counterparts in the sky. Nay, one of these very herdsmen has taken his stand amid the stars, and survived all changes as Bootes the Herdsman, chasing the Great Bear from his flock.

The most striking Constellations had their names, (many still in use,) several thousand years ago, given by Chaldæan, Phœnician, or Arabic star-gazers. Then the Greeks took up the subject, renamed some, and made fresh Constellations where they saw neglected groups. Hipparchus did good service by cataloguing all stars visible at Alexandria, and marking their relative brightness. Modern astronomers have roamed through the waste places left to them, and by stealing odds and ends from the old Constellations have created a Zoological Garden in the North, e.g. the Camelopard, and Lesser Lion; while the Southern Hemisphere fared worse, and was filled with all manner of queer uncelestial, (if useful,) articles,—as the Triangles, Compasses, Air-pump, Chemist's shop, Microscope, &c. Hevelius in the seventeenth century was great at Constellation-making. Lastly, Bayer lettered all the stars in each group with Greek letters, usually in order of brightness; thus α (Alpha) in the Great Bear, is the brightest star in that group; β (Beta) Leonis, or Denebola in the

Lion's tail, is the second gem of that Constellation; and γ (Gamma) Orionis or Bellatrix, the third brightest in Orion. Guided by these records, we can detect changes in the lustre of the stars.

The pleasure of 'knowing the stars' is an ample reward for the trouble of learning their names and positions. There are not more than 24 Constellations, and not so many first-magnitude stars visible from London, and an hour or so at intervals of three months, ought in one year to show them all in their different positions. Far the quickest way is to get a friend to point them out. The next best is to use Proctor's '*Easy Star Lessons*,' and by means of the charts, which are very plain, puzzle them out for ourselves. A view of the whole Heavens, for England and America, is given for every night in the year, besides some instructive letterpress and figures of the chief groups. It is well-nigh hopeless to point out the stars in a Paper without illustrations.

The first thing is to find the Pole, that point which seems immoveable in our Heavens, and round which all the stars revolve. Everyone knows that we in the North are fortunate enough to have a bright second-magnitude star so near the Pole as practically to mark it. Were the moon placed centrally on the Pole, this star would describe a small circle round it. It is so near the Pole as to be, in spite of all scientific applications, the seaman's best friend; and a ship coming home from South Africa holds a good part of its course straight on the Pole-star, after the exciting moment when at the Equator it becomes visible. Our present Pole-star has not always marked the Pole, nor will it continue to do so. Owing to the sun's greater attraction on the earth's bulging Equator than on the Poles, there is always a tendency to pull the Equator level with the Ecliptic, or sun's path; and our daily rotation alone saves us from thus losing our seasons. But the gradual drag pulls the Equator a little, and causes the Equinoxes, or points where the sun crosses it, to recede among the fixed stars at a slight annual rate, and this is called the Precession of the Equinoxes. Meantime, of course, the Equator cannot be pulled ever so little from its balance without the Pole tilting slightly. All is so slight that it will be nearly 26,000 years before the equinoctial points have moved round the heavens, and in that time the Pole of the earth will have made a turn round the Pole of the Ecliptic. A lesser effect, produced by the moon's attraction, is completed in 19 years, and is called *nutation*, i.e. nodding. The result is that we have had other Polar stars. When the Great Pyramid was built, Alpha Draconis was the Pole-star, and shone straight down the entrance passage at mid-night in the Winter Solstice. At the Christian Era there was no good Pole-star either North or South. Our present one is destined to draw a little near the Pole, and then to recede, till in 5000 years, Alderamin in Cepheus will be our Pole-star. Twelve thousand years hence Vega will form a very brilliant though not quite so true a Pole-star, after which no

star of any eminence will mark our Pole till it is again occupied by Alpha Draconis.

The Southern Hemisphere is now without a Pole-star. The nearest rule for finding the Pole is to look half-way between the brighter pointer to the Cross, and the larger Magellan Cloud; or midway between the nearest pointer and the first-magnitude star Achernar (*when* you know the latter). Just as there is a dragon twisted round the North Pole, there is a small Hydra near the South; and when Alpha Draconis was the Northern Pole-star, Alpha Hydræ was close to the South Pole. About the time of Isaiah the lesser Magellan Cloud must have occupied the South Pole. Four thousand years hence the South Pole will be provided with five Pole-stars in succession for 8000 years more; these are second and third degree magnitude stars in the Ship. By-the-bye, Achernar must have lain pretty near the South Pole once on a time. On the whole, the South Pole is far brighter than the North, for though there is not a first magnitude star within 34° of the latter, the former has four or five within that distance.

We will now turn to the Constellations. In viewing the Northern Hemisphere we will consider ourselves at Greenwich; in speaking of the Southern we will take our stand in Cape Town. Every movement of the stars, unless *real* motion is specified, is to be taken of apparent motion, due first to our daily rotation, whereby every Constellation crosses the sky in 24 hours, and we see those only that cross it at night; secondly, owing to our annual revolution round the Sun, we see the Sun in turn against every part of the Ecliptic, and so get a change in our daytime and night-time stars. When naming any month in which a Constellation is well placed, let it be understood that 10. P.M. is the hour intended, being generally a dark enough hour for star-gazing, and not too late for most people. Eight o'clock astronomers must take one month later for the same observation.

Let us clearly remember that if one could stand just on either Pole of the earth, no stars would ever rise or set; all would circle completely round our sky. In winter they would be visible during their nightly revolution. Near the horizon they would make large circles; and smaller and smaller near the zenith. One half of the Constellations would *never* rise, being hidden by the globe of the earth. In summer the daylight would put out the stars, and the Sun would circle a little way above the horizon.

On the other hand, if we were at the Equator, we should see every star rise and set, making semicircles across the sky. The northern and southern ones, making small but upright arches, and moving slowly; those nearer the Ecliptic moving rapidly in large arches. In a night of 12 hours, we should see every star in the heavens rise or set. Low down on the Northern horizon we should see the Little Bear,

'Whisk about his tail.'

Low down on the Southern horizon, the Cross would turn round the Pole.

But lying, as we do in England or at the Cape, between these points, we share so much of the Polar heavens as to see certain groups turn round without setting, and so much of the Equatorial out-look as to see others rise and set.

Looking North from Greenwich, then, we recognize at once the most distinct of all Constellations—the Great Bear, which had its name in very ancient days indeed. It has seven bright stars (chiefly second magnitudes), four almost in a parallelogram making the body, and three the tail. These seven are also known as Charles' Wain or the Plough, the four stars forming the Plough, and the three are the horses, named Alioth, (nearest the Plough,) Mizar and Benetnasch. Mizar is an instance of a double star whose companion is distinguishable by the naked eye; this companion is a very faint star of the fifth magnitude, called Alcor, or 'Jack by the middle horse.' It was long considered a test for eyesight, but good eyes ought to see smaller stars. Yet I have known people of ordinary eyesight unable to distinguish 'Jack.' It is amusing to get a group of people to look for it, and say on which side of Mizar it is. The two brightest stars, marking the Bear's front shoulder, are called the 'Pointers,' because they point to the Pole-star.

We call the stars *fixed*, yet they have all—our Sun among them—a real motion through space. Now as the Sun performs his grand journey of untold length and to an unknown goal, his surroundings must naturally change a little. So vast are the distances of the stars that this is hardly perceptible. Still in the course of ages we have slightly altered our position with regard to the other stars; and we have proved that they are moving too in various directions, for when any star has a motion *across* our path, we are sure it is due to the star's proper movement, and not to ours.

Owing to these very various motions, astronomers bid us give up the treasured idea of a 'Central Glory,' which Mädler thought he had found in Alcyone, the brightest Pleiad. That special centre is disproved, and the Sun is at present proceeding towards a blank space in the Constellation Hercules, on a line between μ and π, but nearer the latter. But all the Universe is not doing the same. Patience! And when astronomers have settled the centres for each set of suns, possibly they may discover that those centres are themselves in motion around a Central Glory—or that Glory may be unattainable in this life.

Now the seven stars of *Ursa Major* have been specially examined with a view to discovering their motion, and we find that all, except the Pointer nearest the Pole, and the star at the end of the tail, are moving in the same direction, and do really form an allied group, called the 'Drifting Stars.' The bright Pointer has moved into its present position, and is slowly travelling away from the rest, and

they from it. Benetnasch is moving towards the five, and will in time, (not in our time!) be just under the middle horse. Verily, 'the stars in their courses' means a great deal more, not only than Deborah knew, but than it meant a couple of centuries ago. It is almost certain that the 'Drifting Stars' are all larger than the Sun.

From the Pointers we reach the Pole Star, and notice that it forms the end of another impossible tail to a bear. Ursa Minor's seven stars are arranged like the Great Bear's, and they are back to back. It is said that Thales of Miletus, who had probably never examined a bear, named this constellation, the whole or part of which, for some cause unknown, was called by the ugly name of the 'Dog's Tail.' Perhaps the curve of stars in the forepart was meant, that being then the nearest group of stars to the Pole, and therefore the object of regard to Tyrian mariners, so that the Cynosure has become proverbial for anyone who is the observed of all observers.

'And thou shalt be
My star of Arcady,
And Tyrian Cynosure.'

writes Milton in 'Comus.'

All nations have placed bears near the Pole, and in the Finnish Epic of the Kalevala, the hero, Wainamoinen, 'the old and steadfast,' slew a huge bear, sent by the wicked Louhi, after which he kindly danced and sung as the body was brought home: 'The bear, the honey-footed bear, was born in lands between sun and moon, and he died not by men's hands but of his own will.' This somewhat euphemistic way of treating the slaughter was, as Mr. Lang thinks, 'a trace of the beast worship, which in many lands has placed the bear among the number of the stars.' The two foremost stars of *Ursa Minor* are called the Guardians of the Pole.

We also find traces of serpent worship, for round the Pole, its tail curling between the bears, lies the Dragon. Alpha Draconis, the old Pole-star marks this constellation. The two foremost wheels of Charles' Wain nearly point to it. We shall find too the Sea-serpent which once lay on the Equator, and a smaller Hydra at the South Pole.

Grouped round the Pole is the history of Cassiopeia and Andromeda. Cassiopeia foolishly thought her daughter fairer than the Nereids, and as a punishment, she and her husband, King Cepheus, were hung up with their feet to the Pole, and their heads hanging from it,—rather short-sighted of those Nereids, for the lady in the chair has thus had far more than her share of admiration. She is exactly on the opposite side of the Pole to the Great Bear, and is known by her conspicuous stars, the only bright ones near the Pole, except Ursa Major's. Seated in a chair she is sometimes upright above the Pole, and is well seen thus in November.

Between her and the Dragon, is her husband, who certainly does not equal his wife in attractiveness. Their daughter Andro-

meda in her chains lies beyond them, only partly in the circle of perpetual apparition.

'Stars have their time to set,'

and several of hers, and of her rescuer Perseus' stars do set. He holds the Gorgon's head in his hand, marked by the celebrated variable star, Algol. Mr. Proctor says the ancients must have known of this variability. It is generally a third-magnitude star, but every 69 hours is reduced for a time to the fourth magnitude, and they called it Al Ghol, or Demon, as if it were an evil creature, winking banefully in heaven. It is in the Milky Way, and is well placed in the Eastern heavens in November.

Part of Auriga, the Charioteer, never sets in England. This group lies just overhead at the latter part of January, marked by the first-magnitude star, Capella, the She-goat. This is one of the fellow stars of our Sun. Below it, (when seen in the West,) are two third-magnitude stars, known as the 'kids,' which were very unlucky stars indeed. I suppose in Ptolemy's time, they shone well in the East and West during the evenings at the Equinoxes, for in these positions they were held to raise the wind. Capella is nearly straight above the Pole-star at the Epiphany.

Now turning to the South Pole, the chief glory within the circle of perpetual apparition from Cape Town is the glorious Cross. It is the fashion to say one is disappointed with this constellation. I cannot tell why; for no other so proclaims its own name. There is a tradition that it was the star of the Wise Men. 'A pentacle of stars whereof two shone for the transome, and three for the stock . . . must these faithful orbs dissolve and die? shall the gleaming trophy fall? Nay, not so. When it had fulfilled the piety of its first-born office, it arose, and amid the vassalage of every stellar and material law it moved on . . . towards the South, to bend above the Peaceful Sea in everlasting memorial of the Child Jesus.' It is curious to note that the stars of this Constellation have come together in this shape, and alas! the day draws on when it will be dislocated, and move apart once more. Possibly the idea that it has moved South sprang from the fact that thousands of years ago, it rose well above the horizon of those Eastern lands, whilst now some only of its stars ever rise at Alexandria for a short time, the South Pole having moved nearer the Cross.

I do not know a more beautiful sight than the Cross passing upright over Table Mountain. Its foot is a first-magnitude star, and the head is of the second magnitude. A very bright star (almost first,) marks the Eastern Arm, and a third-magnitude star the Western, while a faint star of the fourth fairly marks the line of the upright. A black gap in the Galaxy, called the Jelly-bag or Coalsack, shews it well out. Pointing to the Cross are two of the brightest stars in the firmament, far brighter and twice as near as our Pointers to the Pole.

These mark the Centaur, and we shall see that one of these is a double star and our nearest neighbour.

The Southern Fly, Triangle, and Compasses, Toucan and Hydra are small, inconspicuous groups around the Pole.

Of course Cape Town, being further from the Pole, has not as large a circle of Polar Constellations as London. But to complete the same distance as for the North, we will observe the great Ship Argo, adorned with Canopus, the second jewel in the crown of night. Canopus is further from the Pole than the Cross, about a quarter of the way round the Pole in advance and much nearer the Greater Magellan Cloud. A line from Canopus through that nebula brings us, at the same distance beyond, to Achernar.

Some of the most important Constellations are those on the Ecliptic or sun's apparent path. The ancients devised twelve, dividing them equally for the month. We ought to know these because they also contain the paths of all the Planets, (except some minor ones) which are always to be found in one or other of the twelve. We use the Latin translations of the Greek names, which were probably borrowed from the East.

As far back as we have any record, the Sun was in Taurus at the Vernal Equinox (March 21st). But when the signs of the Zodiac were settled, the Sun was in Aries at one Equinox, and in Libra at the other. The signs have since receded, as was explained, and each is about a Constellation behind its former place. Thus the *sign* Taurus, (purely imaginary of course,) is in the *Constellation* Aries; Aries is in Pisces. Naturally the Constellation in which the Sun is at any time, is invisible, but at midnight six months later, it will be 'on the meridian,' i.e. South for England, North for Cape Town.

We will again take 10 P.M. as our hour of observation. In the winter of each hemisphere the Zodiacal groups run high in the heavens; in the summer, low.

ARIES ♈, the old equinoctial sign, representing two even horns of the Ram, symbolical of the equal days and nights. It is not an interesting group, and may be looked for on the meridian towards the end of November.

TAURUS, ♉, the Bull. Four thousand years ago the Vernal Equinox was here, and it is believed to be connected with the Bull-worship of Egypt. The year began then at the Equinox. This is a most interesting group, marked by the bright-red first-magnitude star, Aldebaran, in the Bull's head, a sun-like star, close to which are the Hyades, or Rainy Stars, supposed to bring rain; further west are the Pleiades a star-group in the neck which crosses the meridian about Christmas. 'The sweet influences of Pleiades' were proverbial in Job's days. The name is derived from πλειν to navigate, because the Mediterranean became navigable when they rose with the sun. Alcyone, the brightest, is of the third magnitude, and six

can easily be counted by the eye. Once, it is said, there were seven, and much sentiment has been expended on the Lost Pleiad.

'I strained to follow her each aching eye,
So swiftly at her Maker's will she went.
I looked again—I looked—the star was gone,
And nothing marked in heaven where it had shone.
* * * * though she ministers
No longer with her lamp to thee and me,
She has fulfilled her mission. God transfers
Or dims her ray; yet was she blest as bright,
For all her life was spent in giving light.'

Probably her ray *is* dimmed, and she is one of the three others which very good eyes make out. The telescope shows over 200 stars in this group.

GEMINI ♊, the Twins, was a lucky Constellation, marked by the second-magnitude twin stars Castor and Pollux; Castor was the brighter, but now Pollux surpasses it, being sometimes reckoned in the first magnitude. The Twins, probably in Chaldæan days, were kids. The Greeks made them children; the Arabs turned them into peacocks, and then the peacocks' wings, combined with the children, produced Angels. Castor and Pollux, the Horseman and Wrestler, were invoked at sea, and in battle:

'These be the great Twin Brethren,
To whom the Dorians pray.
Back comes the chief in triumph
Who, in the hour of fight,
Has seen the great Twin Brethren
In harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven
Through billows and through gales,
If once the great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails.'

This was therefore a lucky title for a ship, and it will be remembered the ship which took St. Paul from Malta, sailed under the sign Dioscuri, i.e. the Twins, or as our English translation has it, 'Castor and Pollux.' It shines on the meridian the last week in January and beginning of February.

Of CANCER ♋, the Crab, there is little to say. When the Equinox fell in Aries, this Constellation marked the Summer Solstice, June 21st. The Sun, now overhead on the Northern tropic, hence called the 'tropic of Cancer,' begins to move backwards, and is fitly symbolized by that crustacean whose fashion of walking, Æsop tells us, could not be cured by precept without example. It shines as an evening Constellation, towards the meridian at the end of February.

LEO ♌, the Lion, is a magnificent star-group, well seen at the Vernal Equinox. Its chief gem is Regulus, or Cor Leonis, sometimes reckoned a first-magnitude star. It is the handle of 'the Sickle in Leo,' an easily-made-out curve of stars in the head. The Leonides or Meteors of November 13th radiate from this point. The Constellation

is then climbing the east in the small hours. Leo passes along south of the Great Bear, and we shall see that Bootes is chasing these ferocious animals from his flock. Thus probably the shepherds of Chaldæa pictured them.

Virgo ♍, the Virgin, was a Gleaner or Sibyl, sometimes taken for Ceres or Isis, and in mediæval times for the Blessed Virgin, the sign bearing a strong likeness to M. for Mary. She was once the day sign for the month before the Autumnal Equinox, containing the nativity of the B. V. M., and now shines conspicuously all the month of May, and of course earlier in the east, and later in the west. She holds a wheat ear, marked by the brilliant star Spica. I suppose the idea of the Gleaner came from her being the day sign for the harvest home of those eastern lands. Being now the day sign for Michaelmas, and figured on the globe as an angel, she may remind us that 'the reapers are the angels.' Another idea made her Astræa, goddess of justice, holding the Balance (the next sign), or shall we see in her Una, the pure and fearless, with the tamed lion near her!

Libra ♎, the Balance, is uninteresting, except that the Sun entered it at the Autumnal Equinox, when days and nights were weighed in the scales, and found equal. It would be on the meridian in our Evening Outlook on the first week in June.

Scorpio ♏, the Scorpion, is well marked, and shines on the meridian about Midsummer. Ten o'clock is hardly dark enough in England to admire the splendour of Antares, the Scorpion's Heart. This ruddy star was so called by the Greeks as 'the rival of Ares' or Mars. If so, he must have been much brighter then. The Scorpion has a good curved tail hardly visible in England except at midnight about Midsummer.

Sagittarius ♐, the Archer, follows the Scorpion, taking aim at the reptile's heart, from a fairly good bow and arrow. It is best seen for our purpose at the end of July and beginning of August.

Capricornus ♑, the Sea-goat, is another inconspicuous Constellation, occupying the meridian the first week in September. It was the old day sign for the Winter Solstice, Dec. 21st, when the Sun, having reached his furthest point south—hence called Tropic of Capricorn—turned and sprang back again.

When all the Planets come together in Capricorn, there is a deluge, said astrology, and such was, they say, the state of things at the flood. The Sun is then in a cold rainy sign to the lands where astrology grew up. When they come together in Cancer (a warm sign for the north), the world is to be burnt up. This is a Chaldæan tradition, and they added, says Mr. Proctor, that they had observed the heavens for 470,000 years. Possibly 'year' is a mistake for 'day,' reducing it to 1288, or from the flood to about the days of Codrus and Saul.

Aquarius ♒, the Water-bearer, is not marked by any fine stars, and shines on the meridian at the end of September.

Lastly, Pisces ♓, the Fishes, was the day Constellation for the month

before the Equinox. The Sun is now in it about March 21st; it is best seen at night at the end of October.

The Patriarchal history shows how in old times they studied the stars. It may well be that Abram, ere he left his home, or Jacob in his twenty years on the plains of Mesopotamia, helped to name the stars. We shall see, too, how the history of the flood can be read in the stars; but at the time the words 'So shall thy seed be' were spoken, only by faith could Abram have apprehended that it should be countless. For as the visible stars which *can* be numbered and ordered, we behold his natural descendants grouped in many a bright constellation, gleaning through the night of the law and the prophets, until they pale before the rising Sun. There, too, still numbered and ordered in their tribes, we see them in the vision of the Apocalypse; but with our aided eyes we recognise the words in their full meaning, 'So shall thy seed be.' Already by hundreds of thousands have the stars been charted, and we know that never shall we reach the end. Gaze on one small corner of the milky way, and canst thou gauge its depth and height? And *so*—even as the stars that cannot be numbered, yet are known to Him who telleth them all by their names—even so shall be the spiritual seed of the Patriarch. 'I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb.'

BOG-OAK.

GENERAL GORDON'S JOURNAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

'It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.'

MY DEAR ARACHNE,

The anxiously expected volume of General Gordon's Journal was kindly sent to me at your request, the day before it became public, and I have read it almost without ceasing. I must not delay to comply with your wish, and to give you the first fresh impressions produced by this very exceptional book. It is indeed a great chapter in history. I suppose first-rate fiction is often more true than most histories, of which the errors and misrepresentations have many times been corrected without making any real change in the popular belief, which had become too stereotyped to be materially altered.

This book is, however, unique, as far as I know, in this respect: that it is truest history, struck off as it were at white heat, and given to the world just six months after its last words were written—the words of one of our greatest soldiers. Such facts would make the Journal deeply interesting even if it related the story of an obscurer conflict than that of Gordon at Kartoum. As it is, we have the story of the lonely battle kept up so long by the Christian soldier at our country's furthest outpost—of the struggle on the issue of which all hearts in Europe as well as England were set. Seven months ago, what would we not have given for one word from or of General Gordon? The lonely graves at Abu-Klea and Kirbekan, where some of our noblest rest, and the blood-stained desert sands witness that the heart of England thought nothing too precious if she might but redeem her imperilled honour, and save those for whose relief that honour was in pledge. Now, the veil is lifted, though of the last ten days on earth of a hero-life we as yet know nothing.

It is a matter of congratulation that the introduction to the Journals should have been entrusted to Mr. Egmont Hake. His grand motto from Mark Antony's speech, falls on our ears at the very opening of the volume like notes from the Dead March in Saul over the grave of our lost soldier. 'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!' From the first the deep interest of the book never flags, but it is impossible to make extracts from it which will give any real notion of its contents. It ought to be on every

English study-table, in every parish library, every working-men's club. Much less might have

> 'put a tongue
> In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
> The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.'

Gordon's diary ought to move even a heart of stone to rise and wage war against its own selfishness, narrow interests, ignoble aims, in the strength which upheld the writer in his supreme and solitary struggle.

How truly that strength was his, and how his life was lived in communion with the unseen, there are abundant tokens in these journals, though more in the earlier than the latter part, when, from the extreme pressure of the siege and of difficulties on every side, they become more entirely military despatches, noting, hour by hour, the almost hopeless defence. On September 11th, the day after Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power had left him, he quotes Jer. xvii. 5, and adds, 'therefore *cursed is he of the Lord*, who hopes by any arrangement of forces, or by exterior help, to be relieved from the position we are in.' This is the key-note of his whole thought and action—that, as his editor says, 'man should make every effort towards the attainment of perfection, and then, and not till then, leave the issue to God.' 'There was an old belief among old Christians,' General Gordon wrote the same day, 'that every event which happens on earth is caused by some action being taken in heaven. To me, it seems little what those events may be, but that the great object of our lives is how we bear those events in our individuality. If we trust in the flesh, thus saith the Lord, we are cursed; if we trust in Him we are blessed.'

Thus musing within himself, he set out on the last stage of his earthly pilgrimage, with its extremest strain of loneliness, heart-sick anguish, and anxiety. The next day he reproaches himself, and says, 'I am afraid we are much the same,' (as Mussulmen, who went over to the Mahdi to save their property) 'and would prefer 50,000 men at our backs, to any Scripture promises; it is only when we are pushed into a corner, and cannot get the 50,000 men, that we turn to the promises—at least that is so to a great extent with me.' 'We profess to be followers of our Lord,' he wrote a day or two later, 'Who, from His birth, when He was hunted, till His death, may be said to have had no sympathy or kindness shown Him, yet we (and I say myself especially) cry out if we are placed in any position of suffering, whereas it is our *métier*, if we are Christians, to undergo such suffering. I have led the officers and officials the lives of dogs while I have been up here; it is spurs in their flanks every day; nothing can obliterate this ill-treatment from my memory. I may say that I have not given them a moment's peace. They are conies, but I ought to have been more considerate. It is quite painful to see men tremble so when they come and see me that they cannot hold the match to their cigarette.'

Surely such reflections and touching words of self-accusation signify plainly how, on his friends' departure, his heart turned inward, to commune with himself, and to hearken the more earnestly to the voice of Him in the print of Whose shoe in the earth he had ever coveted to set his foot. We know not what his end was, but we know that at this time he was calmly facing the thought of martyrdom, and considering whether it would be right, 'to blow up the palace and all in it, or else to be taken, and with God's help, to maintain the faith, and if necessary to suffer for it (which is most probable). The blowing up of the palace,' he adds, 'is the simplest, while the other means long and weary suffering and humiliation of all sorts. I think I shall elect for the last, not from fear of death, but because the former has more or less the taint of suicide, as it can do no good to anyone, and is, in a way, taking things out of God's hands.'

He comforts himself with such words: 'Our belief is' he writes a few days later, 'that *as Man* our Lord governs heaven and earth, not a sparrow falling without his permission; this being so, the *capacity* of man must be such as to allow of his being so endowed as to rule all events in heaven and earth, for it is distinctly said, our Lord was incarnated in a similar body to ours, except without sin. My belief is, that our future happiness is in being finite intelligences. We will keep on to all eternity grasping the infinite knowledge of God, which we are so formed as to be able to do, but which will last for ever, inasmuch as He is infinite.'

'I can only say, I am learning, but have not learned,' he writes, (after quoting St. Paul's 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content'). Perhaps when he wrote of some young soldiers, 'I fear that they will suffer, but no physical suffering will change the heart, hence I do not believe in purgatory,' he forgot that in no part of the Church has it been taught that any purifying influence after death could produce the *change* which must take place on earth.

One of the first entries in the Journal is concerning the school, which went on during the siege, and which, he says, is always full, and 'most interesting.' How tender is his notice of the children! 'Little black doves with no pretension to any nose, and not more than two feet high, push forward to say the first ten letters of the alphabet, which is all they know.' 'One is drawn towards the children of this country both browns and blacks,' he writes in another place, 'the former are of a perfect bronze colour;' and he notes the death of 'a nice little bright-eyed, chocolate-coloured child of eight years old—his mother's little *only* boy.' Also he mentions a baby being brought in by a party of refugees:—'the whole gang were shown themselves in the mirrors. Such a display of ivories was never seen. The baby danced with delight at seeing itself for the first time; it was like a black slug. The mother was, of course, delighted.' An escaped soldier who came in from the Arabs, 'saw himself in the mirror, and asked who it was: it stands to reason that

in countries where there are no mirrors, everyone must be a complete stranger to himself, and would need an introduction.'

It is hard not to dwell too long on the little touches which reveal the nature of the man, tender and true, and to turn to the history humanly speaking so heart-rending. Mr. Hake's introduction contains a brief and masterly sketch of events in connection with the Soudan and General Gordon up to the time when the Journal begins, and brings out strongly the importance of the clause in his orders from the Government:—'You will consider yourself authorised and instructed to perform such other duties as the Egyptian Government may desire to entrust to you.'

Accordingly, the Khedive wrote to him on January 26th, 1884, 'You will take the necessary steps for establishing an organised Government in the different provinces of the Soudan, for the maintenance of order, and the cessation of all disasters and incitement to revolt.' Mr. Hake dwells forcibly on the important fact that General Gordon was permitted by the Queen to accept the Khedive's firman, which was never cancelled, 'appointing him Governor-General of the Soudan, with full powers, civil and military,' and that the Khedive ordered him 'to evacuate the garrisons of the country, and to restore order.' Therefore it was, that he telegraphed to Sir E. Baring that he could not be recalled, nor could he possibly obey any recall till the Cairo *employés* were safe. 'I have named men to different places,' he adds in this telegram, 'thus involving them with the Mahdi; how could I look the world in the face if I abandoned them and fled? As a gentleman could you advise this course?'

But it is really impossible to give any satisfactory extracts from this introduction: 'I am only earnest in the cause of justice,' are almost its first words; and certainly in justice to Gordon it ought to be seriously read and weighed. I will only quote here the following words of the Khedive to Baron Malortie after Gordon had been made Governor-General of the Soudan: 'I could not do more than delegate to Gordon my own power, and make him irresponsible arbiter of the situation. I have only made one condition, *that he should provide for the safety of the Europeans and the Egyptian civilian element.*' Mr. Hake points out that this falls in with Mr. Gladstone's statement in the House of Commons on February 14, that General Gordon had undertaken his large mission 'under the immediate authority of the Egyptian Government, with the full moral and political responsibility of the British Government.'

No marvel that the difficult problem was committed to him, when we learn what he had done for the Soudan when he left it in 1879. 'It is most dispiriting to be in the position I am,' he writes on Sept. 12, 'if it was not good for me, when I think that, *when I left*, I could say, no man could lift his hand or foot in the land of Soudan without me, and now we cannot calculate on our existence over twenty-four hours.' And yet what confidence he inspired to the end! 'It is

wonderful' (Sept. 10) 'how the people of the town, who have every possible facility to leave the city, cling to it, and how, indeed, there are hundreds who flock in, though it is an open secret that we have neither money nor food.'

It would be difficult to over-estimate the trial which it must have been for the man who could say this, and who, setting his face as a flint against the slave-trade, had put it down where he ruled, to feel that the best he could now recommend was to give the country to the Turks, or to give it back to Zubair, allowing the slave-trade 'to flourish again in tenfold intensity.' It 'is not a very high *rôle*,' Gordon says, 'but *quoi faire*? When I left the Soudan it was quiet and covered its expenses, and there was no bother to have continued to govern it.' As things were he could only say, 'If you do not arrange with the Turks you will not get out of the country for a year, and it will cost you twelve millions, and probably then you will have to fall back on the Turks. Still,' he adds, 'as for the Equator, give it to me, and I will (D.V.) keep it from Zubair. It is a thousand pities to give up Kartoum to the Mahdi when there is a chance of keeping it under Zubair.'

Nor must the following words be forgotten—'I do not call our enemy rebels, but Arabs, for it is a vexed question whether we are not rebels, seeing I hold the firman restoring Soudan to its chiefs.'

It is heart-breaking to see, in the earlier parts of the Journal, Gordon's confident expectation that the Relief Expedition would arrive before long, and to read the thoughtful advice which he sends for their benefit. 'A heavy, lumbering column, however strong,' he writes at the end of September, 'is nowhere in this land. I do hope you will not drag on that artillery; it can only produce delay and do little good—it was the artillery with Hicks which, in my opinion, did for him. Ten thousand times better for us to perish than for you to run the risk; and besides that, I have a confident belief that we will not (D.V.) perish. The usual hammer and tongs fusillade will go on, but they will not attack the place, and we will not go out against them.'

Early in October he was still full of hope. 'The withdrawal of the garrisons (Oct. 1) is a difficult task, but not impossible; and if not impossible our honour bids us to fulfil it, and to my mind it is shabby not to do it. I see nothing (Oct. 3) to prevent the whole affair being settled by the end of January, and the whole expeditionary force being in Cairo by the end of February.'

'My idea,' he wrote, 'is to induce Her Majesty's Government to undertake the extrication of all people or garrisons, now hemmed in or captive, and that if this is not their programme, then to resign my commission and do what I can to attain it (the object) . . I say this because I should be sorry for Lord Wolseley to advance from Dongola without fully knowing my views. If Her Majesty's Government are going to abandon the garrisons, then do not advance. . . . Say

for a moment, that the object of Her Majesty's Government is simply to enable me to retreat, and is irrespective of the retreat of the garrisons, then all the loss of life in this neighbourhood on both sides was thrown away, inasmuch as, if I had not come there would have been a speedier collapse, without the loss of life, (at least such is probable) . . . We had better have surrendered months ago. One feels such a brute to go egging men on to fight and then let it end with a skedaddle. Had Baker been supported he would, in all probability, have been victorious, and would have pushed on to Berber, and, once there, Berber would not have fallen. What was right to do in March, was right to do in February. We sent an expedition in March, so we ought to have sent it in February . . . When they decide let it be a decision. '*We will abandon altogether, and not care what happens.* That is a decision one can understand, whether one approves or not. I should like to see some explanation why no efforts were made for the *relief* of the *garrisons* before August (not MY relief).'

I cannot enter into the political question connected with the fall of Kartoum; I can but give you a very few of its defender's words; but his journal must be read as a whole, and teach its own lesson to each separate heart. The strain begins to tell upon his hopeful spirit towards the middle of October. 'It is of course on the cards' (Oct. 13) 'that Kartoum is taken under the very nose of the expeditionary force, which will be *just too late.*' Still he was calculating (Oct. 24) 'that the advance force of troops arrived at Wady Halfa on September 22 and would meet Stewart at Debbeh on October 12, so that 15th November ought to see them or their advance guard (at Kartoum),' whereas we know now that the Black Watch only started from Cairo on September 23. 'If they do not come before 30th November,' he adds, 'the game is up, and Rule Britannia.' 'Dhoora is 2,110 ardebs in magazine to-day' (Nov. 2). 'Six weeks consumption!! and then the sponge must be thrown up.' 'If it is right' (Nov. 8) 'to send up an expedition now, why was it not right to send it up before?' On the 10th there is the sorrowful entry; 'to-day is the day I expected we should have had some one of the expedition here. Hicks' defeat was known at Cairo on the 21st or 22nd November (1883). I would not read those telegrams,* or Stewart's Journal, for a good deal, when I think how we kept feeding on delusions for so many months . . . Certainly we have been left to the last extremity, and I declare I think the year will be complete, from the time Cairo heard of Hicks' defeat to the time of the relief expedition arriving here.'

Still he hopes, and argues (Nov. 14) that it would be 'impossible for the Expeditionary Force, once having come to Dongola, not to move up to Metemma, or to the vicinity of Berber, and that once at Metemma, on at Berber, *they will find the steamers*, and consequently must communicate with Kartoum.' They did indeed find the steamers, but—alas, alas! 'It will be impossible for them,' he adds,

* Of the previous year, asking for reinforcements.

'*owing to the events of the last few days* to avoid collision with the Arabs around Kartoum. A week ago it might have been possible, but now the Arabs are too close to the town to avoid it. The Arabs *may run away*, but, somehow, since a few days, I doubt it.'

So the terrible days went on; he gave as much ammunition as was asked for, writing on Nov. 15, 'I feel quite indifferent, for, if not relieved for a month, our food supply fails, and we have fifty days' cartridges. I like to go down with our colours flying.' 'I have almost given up all idea of saving the town;' (Dec. 5) 'it is a last resource, this attempt we make to open the route to the Omdurman Fort.' He expresses his conviction that the cause of the Mahdi's advance is his having got hold of papers sent down with Colonel Stewart, written (not by himself), 'in the style of Lamentations,' and says 'it is remarkable that the very effort which I made to obtain the ear of Europe should have thus recoiled on us.' On December 13, General Gordon records his opinion that 'even if the town falls under the nose of the Expeditionary Force, it will not justify the abandonment of Senaar and Kassala, or of the Equatorial Province, by Her Majesty's Government. All that is absolutely necessary is, for fifty of the Expeditionary Force to get on board a steamer and come up to Halfeyeh, and thus let their presence be felt; this is not asking much, but it must happen *at once*; or it will (as usual) be too late.'

The end was close at hand, the next day he sent down the *Bordeen* with his journals, which close with one last forecast of doom. 'If the Expeditionary Force, and I ask for no more than two hundred men, does not come in ten days, *the town may fall*, and I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good-bye.'

Three months before he had written, 'I will not give up the place except with my life;' and again, (Sept. 19) 'I must add, *in re* the people not letting me go, that even if they had been willing for me to go, I would not have gone and left them in their misery. I think I can truly say I have never asked for a British expedition; I asked for two hundred men to be sent to Berber, at a time when, Graham having beaten Osman Digma, one might have supposed there was no risk for those two hundred men, and I asked for Zubair.' Two days later he writes, 'If you remove me from being Governor-General, then all responsibility is off me, but if you keep me as Governor-General, then I will, *at the cost of my commission* in Her Majesty's Service, see all refugees out of this country.'

The relief of others was what he kept steadfastly in view; he had lived for it, had been faithful in that which was little, and now was faithful in that which was much—faithful unto death. Over and over again he puts back with scorn the notion of the expedition having come to save him. 'I altogether *decline*,' he says, 'the imputation that the projected expedition has come to *relieve me*. It has come to SAVE OUR NATIONAL HONOUR *in extricating the garrisons, &c., from a position in which*

our action in Egypt has placed these garrisons. I was relief expedition No. 1. They are *relief expedition No.* 2. As for myself, I could make good my retreat at any moment, if I wished.' And again (Oct. 2), 'I hope I am not going down to history as being the cause of this expedition, for I decline the imputation. *The expedition comes up to deliver the garrisons.* I think it would read well in history, "Her Majesty's Government having accepted duties in Egypt, and consequently in the Soudan, sent up a force to restore tranquillity, which, having been done, Her Majesty's Government handed over that government of the Soudan to the Sultan."' 'I was named,' he writes (Nov. 22) 'for EVACUATION OF SOUDAN, not to run away from Kartoum and leave the garrisons elsewhere to their fate.'

He comments, with bitter jest, on being requested to state *exactly* when he expected to be in 'difficulties as to provisions and ammunition.' 'It is as if a man on the bank, having seen his friend in river already bobbed down two or three times, hails, "I say, old fellow, let us know when we are to throw you the life buoy; I know you have bobbed down two or three times, but it is a pity to throw you the life buoy until you are really *in extremis*.'

On Sept. 19 he wrote:—'Any one reading the telegram 5th May, Suakim, 29th April Massowah, and *without* date, Egerton saying, "Her Majesty's Government does not entertain your proposal to supply Turkish or other troops in order to undertake military operations in Soudan, and consequently if you stay at Kartoum you should state your reasons," might imagine one was luxuriating up here, whereas, I am sure, no one wishes more to be out of it than myself; the *reasons* are those horridly plucky Arabs.'

If only the men under General Gordon had been plucky, half his trials would not have existed. Alas, he had to say on November 17, 'I certainly lay claim to having commanded, more often than any other man, cowardly troops;' and, earlier in his journal, 'A more contemptible soldier than the Egyptian never existed. Here we never count on them; they are held in supreme contempt, poor creatures! *They* never go out to fight; it would be perfectly iniquitous to make them. We tried it once, and they refused point blank to leave the steamers. We are keeping them in cotton wool to send down to Baring (if he has weathered the storm).'

'No sentries at the North Fort or Bourré,' he wrote on October 23, 'or on the Mudirat; these people are enough to break any one's heart. Fortunately, from the roof of the palace one watches all these things, and can bully them into obeying orders; but it is (as Hansall says) "a *vie abrutissante* to be always snarling and growling.' He notes, on November 25, one of his steamers being sunk by the Arabs, 'the sentries being all asleep, as I had supposed.'

Nor had Gordon any help from the officers; he seems to have been absolutely alone, and he mentions his painful position in not having one person with him on whom he could rely; or one person

who considered that he ought to do anything except his routine duty.

'Not being able to sleep last night' (Oct. 20), 'I was late in getting up, and consequently every one also slept, and no proper look-out was kept on the Arabs,' is one entry; and the complaints of officers increase so much as the end drew near, that we feel Gordon was right in believing that they had 'all hedged.' 'Of course, needless to say, I found all the officers in charge absent; *they had gone home to bed!*' is his report on November 16, adding, 'If we do get out of this mess it is a miracle, for I do not think a slacker lot of officers ever could be found; but a bad workman always complains of his tools; a good workman turns out good work, however rotten his tools may be.'

Thus he turns from complaint of others to blame himself. But the 'good workman's' earthly task was nearly ended, 'To-morrow,' he wrote, on December 6, 'it will be 270 days (9 months) that we have endured one continuous misery and anxiety. I visited the steamers, and had weariness of heart at hearing the complaint of the men as to the robbery of their rations by the officers.'

The strain of anxiety upon the chief in such a position as his must be excessive, even when surrounded by devoted aides-de-camp and able officers; it is impossible to imagine what it must have been to Gordon, without *one* trusted subordinate. He makes little complaint, but the few words which betray his suffering are the more touching. 'The continual anxiety one is in about these little things is very wearing,' he writes, Oct. 6. 'One never knows if, through some rash act, I may not lose a steamer, or men may not be cut off.' 'The firing has ceased, I am glad to say (Nov. 12). I have lived *years* in these last *hours*.'

The steamers, on which his hopes were set as a transport for the advance troops of the relief, were his great anxiety, and there are grievous indications of the physical effect on even his iron frame and nerves. 'I never feel anxious about any of the fights,' he wrote on Nov. 13, 'except when the steamers are engaged, and then I own I am on tenter-hooks as long as they are out.' And on December 8, 'Every time I hear the guns fire I have a twitch of the heart of gnawing anxiety for my penny steamers. The battle is over, (Dec. 8, 11.30 A.M.) and my penny boats are safe, thank God! (not in words only, but from my heart.)'

Even three months nearly before this he had written, 'You can scarcely imagine the state (well known to Stewart, Power, and Herbin) one gets in, when one is constantly hearing explosions; what with the guns, mines, and musketry, one's nerves get strained, and nothing can drop without one thinking it is an explosion. What the Russians underwent at Sevastopol must have been terrible.' Of the firing on Nov. 7, he says, 'It was quite like old times, when it used to go on for months. I never got accustomed to it, for I

knew what troops we had, and it always murdered sleep.' Then came the long anxiety about Colonel Stewart. Gordon writes of the condition of Kartoum being, 'humanly speaking, desperate. When Stewart left we were at the lowest ebb.'

Another great loss, besides that of Colonel Stewart's Journal, is the non-publication of General Gordon's telegrams, but this we may hope to see remedied. He says on Nov. 9, 'I have now got all the telegrams, European, sent from and received in Soudan for 1883–84—splendid collection, full of interest. I shall send them down with this Vol. vi.' To these words there is the disappointing foot-note, 'not received from the Government,' and this note is repeated many times when sundry telegrams of interest are mentioned in the journals. On the other hand, a letter of great interest, printed in the appendices, has been received from the Foreign Office. It is from the Mahdi to General Gordon, dated Oct. 22, announcing to him the destruction of Colonel Stewart and his party, with the seizure of all the documents sent down by him, and giving an account of the contents of the letters, lest Gordon should not believe the statement. The loss of the Journals is irreparable; 'It is really as much my journal as Stewart's, though he wrote it,' Gordon says, expressing his fears that it 'will not be published *in extenso*, but will be doctored; if so, it is a great pity, for there are lots of nice things in it.'

I have said enough to give you some notion of the interest of this remarkable book, but must repeat that it is impossible for extracts to give even the cream of it, and that every word of it should be read, although, to use the Editor's words, 'with a heavy heart—with eyes dimmed by tears.' Mr. Hake truly says that, from his friend's death 'we may learn at least how fit he was to teach us while he lived; how fit to hold his country's honour in his hand; how fit to judge of what was right and wrong.' Surely he may teach us still more in death, by the noble possession of thought and example which has been given to us in this book. Ought not his 'ardent and unstudied words of kindliest wisdom,' and 'most prudent philanthropy,' to make us henceforth less narrow, less occupied with our own petty trials, anxieties, and pleasure, more thoughtful of our brotherhood with all, with the oppressed, the slave, and all who dwell in cruel habitations? And is not Gordon's history a great illustration of the truth that the best and noblest work is only *begun* on earth? Mr. Hake says truly that 'it would seem the fate of those who devote their lives to the cause of humanity to be foiled instead of aided in their aim,' and that, 'in all his efforts for the good of these blacks, Gordon met with every form of interference whence he might at least expect support.' He battled on, not yielding to the temptation to profit by treachery, or to entertain overtures from apostate Europeans in the Mahdi's camp, and his long terrible struggle ended in defeat, in death, and, like his Master, in apparent failure. But can we for a moment doubt that, having sown in tears he will reap in joy—joy not only in

the sight of Him Whom he loved and followed on earth, but joy in the rich harvest of sheaves gathered through him into the eternal garner?

And one thought more fills the heart in dwelling on his story. What must have been the greatness, natural and spiritual, of the man upon whom He, Who will not suffer His own to be tempted above that they are able to bear, laid such a load of trial and suffering. On us, His weak ones, he lays the Cross but lightly: 'Isaac's pure blessings and a pastoral home' may be ours: on Charles Gordon, 'high strung to high emprise,' He laid the glory and the burden of such trial as few indeed have borne, and none more worthily.

'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he shall inherit the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.'

Your affectionate

AIMAR.

AUTUMN NOTES FROM MERAN.

CHAPTER II.

But on sultry August evenings street scenes quickly lose their fascination. We are glad to turn from the hot stones towards the tall trees by the river. There, 'Unter den Pappeln,' is a noble promenade, worthy of comparision with Oxford's famous Broad Walk, and with some misty resemblance to it. What a relief is the welcome shade of these grand old trees, which at least suggest coolness!

After all, it is only the ghost of a breeze that fans you by the side of the saucy crystal-clear Passer, but that ghost is better than nothing. Just now the river—dwindled to its narrowest by the summer heats—is taking its ease in its broad white bed, sprawling, now this side now that, as it frolics past the town to unite itself to the Etsch and have its own little share in the latter's wild doings in Italy. This walk on the Wassermauer (Water wall) is less frequented by invalids than the sheltered Winter and Summer Gardens above the big bridge. Here the view is extensive and sweeps all down the verdant valley of the Etsch. Southwards, towards Bozen the mountains walling in the valley form magnificent side-scenes, particularly to the right, where the big cliff of the Mendelspiz stands out abruptly against the sky. At the back of the stage, as it were, far away beyond invisible Bozen, rise the Trentiner Gebirge, with their ever-varying southern tints. Unfortunately the monster hotel, on the opposite bank of the Passer, now shuts out the southern view from part of the Wassermauer and the gorgeous new Kurhaus; and should Meran continue to grow in size and repute, the day is not far distant when the prospect Unter den Pappeln will be bounded on both sides, as it is at present on one, by comfortable, commonplace, many balconied villas, each with its own gay plot of garden ground. On a bright morning (and the mornings generally are bright in Meran) nowhere is the air so fresh and buoyant as here, on this wide raised causeway. If a mountain breeze is blowing down the Vintschgau it is best enjoyed 'under the poplars,' and so this walk is more frequented by the sound than by the sick, and has likewise an air of cheerful bustle, which you seek in vain among the well-screened flower walks dedicated to invalids. Here, as the season advances, gay little stalls crop up between the trees, for the sale of those omnipresent Algerine knick-knacks, fragrant lacquer ware from China and Japan, impossible jewellery, and coarse baskets, on which the bright eyed little Frenchwoman, their vendor, will deftly embroider the

word 'Meran' with a cluster of worsted leaves and cherries, while you are lingering over her wares uncertain what to choose.

But it is upon the bridge that the outer aspects of Meran life may best be studied. It is lined with long wooden benches, where tired peasants stretch themselves to rest before setting out on their homeward tramp, and unconsciously form themselves into pictures for the benefit of idle lookers on. The band is playing in the Summer Garden (it plays rather too often during the season), and snatches of waltzes and mazurkas mingle with the gentle, monotonous accompaniment of rushing water, beneath your feet. Dishevelled tourists come bumping past on shaggy, fast-trotting ponies, sometimes even a neatly got up rider, accompanied by a neater young lady, in the most irreproachable of London habits. These latter, however, seem out of character with the surroundings, and we prefer to look at those weather-beaten country folk, who are watching the dusty, luggage-laden carriages driving in from Bozen, and speculating, perhaps, on the amount of solid benefit thereby accruing to the town. Here it is that the fruit sellers ply their thriving trade. Great baskets are piled high with luscious figs, enormous peaches, tawny apricots, rosy apples, which find their way all over Germany, and last not least, with the glorious grapes that bring so many occupants to the hotels and lodgings of Meran.

Of the real merits of the grape-cure the writer has no personal experience, but the yearly increasing numbers of pulmonary patients who flock to Meran solely, and wholly to eat these renowned grapes, gives some proof that, at all events, they alleviate the insidious malady which they are warranted to cure.

During the month of September and the first half of October, grape eating is the great business of life in Meran. Almost every man, woman and child that you meet, as you stroll up and down under the poplars, or among the flower beds of the Winter and Summer Gardens, carries a basket holding a pound or so of the rich purple clusters. On every bench and under every bower, are invalids engaged in getting through their allotted portion of fruit, and were not the little heaps of grape skins dotted about on all sides on the ground, sedulously swept up almost as fast as they fall, they would soon cover the ground as thickly as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa. Nor is it altogether so painless a cure as might be imagined, for it seems that various small ailments attend the grape treatment. Often, after a few days of it, the teeth become sensitive and coated with tartar, the mouth sore, etc. Internal ills develop themselves, and the cure has to be suspended for a time.

The daily portion of grapes prescribed varies according to the nature of the case, from two to eight or even ten pounds, so that supposing that only half of the two thousand strangers in the town follow the cure, the quantity consumed must be something prodigious.

The produce of these Meran vineyards is so delicious, that it is

pleasant enough to eat a pound or two of them, but it must be weary work getting through the remaining quantity. The medical recommendation to take light meals during the treatment, strikes one as comically superfluous. A mountain of grapes and half a dozen glasses of milk could scarcely whet the appetite for a heavy dinner. Yet the writer remembers the lament of a Russian lady, who, to judge by appearances, did justice to Hassfurther's excellent table d'hôte in a manner betokening a very vigorous digestion.

'Figure to yourself, madam!' said she plaintively, 'daily do I eat three pounds of grapes and drink eight glasses of milk, and yet I feel oppressed. It is evident that this air is not for me.'

In favourable years the grapes begin to ripen in the middle of August, though medical authorities advise patients not to come before the 10th September. Of the different qualities grown here those most approved by the Faculty are the three varieties of the black Vernatsch grape, i.e. the Edel or noble Vernatsch, in grand clusters of enormous berries, the common and the small Vernatsch, all extremely sweet and juicy. The Meran grapes are said to have tougher skins than those of the Rhine. Of the less used white grapes the Blatterlei are the first to ripen, but being very watery, they are soon abandoned for the richer flavoured *Fraulei Fleisch trauben*, and the delicious but not abundant Muscatels. And in spite of the enormous demand, grapes are still cheap in this Tirolese watering-place. Nothing else, alas! Hotels are exorbitant, lodgings expensive, food, clothes, conveyances all very dear, but the best and largest and sweetest of grapes may still be bought for twopence halfpenny, sometimes even for twopence the pound.

But the black and yellow mail cart from Bozen having clattered over the bridge nearly an hour ago, it is high time to inquire for letters, so leaving the shady corner under the trees, the groups of fruit-sellers and fruit buyers, peasants and loungers, and passing the side of the irregular, pepper-castered convent of the English Sisters, we find ourselves on the big Sandplaz, with its throng of diligences and travelling carriages, and its modest little monument to the Virgin, gleaming white amid a circle of acacia trees. At one end of this square is the post office, to which strangers naturally flock perseveringly at every delivery. But the Austrian postal authorities are rather bored by people calling for their own letters, for a reason of which more anon, and you are soon informed that the postman has your address and will bring your letters to your own domicile. Of course you think this a charming arrangement, only, it being the fashion of the place to give the man a kreuzer or so for every letter, his zeal does not die out at your hall door, but carries him upstairs to your bedroom itself.

Until accustomed to the novelty, it is somewhat discomposing to be startled, say, at the splashy period of your toilette, by a sharp rap at your door, immediately followed—unless you have had the wisdom to

turn the key, by the apparition of a much bearded, gruff-voiced *Briefträger.*

And your address once known, the post-office clerks are quite insulted if you dare to drop in and mildly ask for long expected newspapers. You are made to feel that your conduct is casting unmerited aspersions on the whole establishment, and when at last your papers do reach you, you are so glad to get them that perhaps you hardly notice how very untidily your home correspondent has fastened them up. But at last a crisis comes. A member of Parliament, noted in his own circle for his voracious appetite for newspapers, and maddened by unexpected deprivation of his favourite food, carries the post office by assault, and at lasts extorts an explanation. Such a very large number of newspapers arrived for the English Herrschaft, that delay had been inevitable, the director of the Post Office really had not had time as yet to perform his *duty of opening and looking through all these foreign papers!* In spite of Austria's progress in reform there is room for improvement still.

One of the principal hotels is on the Sandplaz close to the Post Office, but however great its merits, it has the immense disadvantage of being extremely noisy. Being likewise a diligence office, heavy lumbering vehicles are always coming and going, and the peace of unlucky sojourners in the Erzherzog Johann must be grievously disturbed by arrivals and departures at all hours of the day and night. Hassfurther's hotel and Pension is a far pleasanter abode. Situated in a quiet quarter of the town, with a pleasant garden opening into the Winter Promenade, you see from its pretty balconied windows nothing but trees and flowers, glimpses of the sparkling Passer dashing round and about enormous boulders, peeps of far away hills beyond the convent chapel to the right, and opposite, the shady paths and sloping lawns of the Summer Garden leading to the villas and vineyards of Obermais. A fountain plashes cheerily from morning till night among the geraniums and oleanders beneath your balcony. There are plenty of tables and chairs in the little enclosure, and people sit there all the morning drinking coffee or beer, playing chess, doing woolwork, and chatting. One or two invalids recline in hammocks slung between the plum trees, from which ripe fruit is always falling disregarded to the ground. German gutturals and children's laughter rise above the cadence of the fountain to the rolling accompaniment of the river outside. The great bell for the twelve o'clock dinner begins to ring, and the groups in the garden are joined by other groups of outsiders who come here to dine. It is like a scene in a French play. Nearly everyone is on speaking terms with everyone else, and it is an amusing study of manners to watch the bows, salutes and mild flirtations going on among Hassfurther's flowers, before and after the midday meal.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

Grasshopper walks in the Highlands; Alert by the Lake of Geneva, both very interesting, but more like travels than English country walks; Kitten is very enthusiastic, and has let her language run away with her, so that her meaning is not always plain; Apathy gives a quiet description; Bog-Oak, Spinning Jenny, and Wandering Jew are all excellent, but, on the whole, Moonraker's is the most complete and interesting. As no question is given out for the holiday month of August, the other answers (of which there are but two) are reserved.

A Walk in the New Forest.

Come with me, and I will show you the Forest. It is just the day for a walk, no hot sun, but the clouds broken by a fresh breeze that will keep us cool, and insure us against rain. My only condition is, that you put on thick boots and a gown that will not be ruined by a little contact with mud and bushes.

We go through the lane first. There are cottages scattered about, some of them picturesque enough, with their thatched roofs, low walls, and dormer windows. Here is one all built of yellow clay. There are hurdles inside, to keep the walls upright while drying, and the clay is built firmly up on each side of them. This one is so old that the walls bulge and there is a great hole in the roof, but the old woman who lives there will not turn out that it may be pulled down. 'It'll last my time,' she says. Some years ago, an old widow held to her cottage till it got so ricketty that people were half afraid to trot their horses down the lane, for fear of shaking it down. At last one day, the old woman was seen standing out in her garden.—'I be afeard to bide in my house!' said she, 'I be 'most afeared he'm goin' to fall down. A-ah—he *do* shake when I moves about in un!' and sure enough, one of the walls fell down then and there! It was lucky for her that it did not happen at night.

Here we are on the high ground above Rufus's stone, where that monarch was killed. Shall I show you the spot? No, I think not; it is marked by a very ugly three cornered iron pillar, and it is much frequented by picnic parties, more numerous than select, from the neighbouring towns. If you want historical interest, why, the whole forest was his hunting ground. Look at the view from here! On the horizon, in the wide half-circle of blue and misty distance, is the hilly country that lies between Salisbury and Winchester. In the

foreground is plenty of heath and furze, which will not be in their glory till September. Between the two is a perfect sea of trees, broken here and there by a roof or a field, showing every gradation, from the blue in the distance to the rich full green of the nearer woods. See how the colouring changes. Now the sun is shining on some of the distant hills; how bright they look in contrast with the surrounding shadow, and how much more distinct they have become! Now they are in shadow again, and their outlines are all softened and blurred. If you want to see these cloud shadows at their best you should come up here on a windy day in February or March. Then the buds are swelling, in the sunlight they are of a warm red-brown, but the shadows are a deep sombre purple; the fields supply an occasional touch of light green; and the distance is often remarkably clear. You feel the full force of the wind; you watch the clouds careering across the sky, drawing their shadows after them; the whole gives a delightful sense of motion, of breadth, and change, and freedom. This extensive view is like a panorama of human life, and on a day like that I have been describing, it represents the out-look of hopeful energetic youth. We see that the gloom does not last; and the sun is always there, though hidden sometimes. As the spring advances the trees come out gradually, daily increasing the admixture of green; the beech leaves are a beautiful clear pale green, those of the oak almost yellow. So childhood and youth appear to us, when we begin to look back to them with pleasure. Now the trees are an almost uniform tint of deep green; it is a very comfortable colour, and there is something soothing in its very uniformity, and in the broad gentle curves of the masses of woodland. Is that the view of contented middle age? In the autumn there will be variety enough, with every imaginable tint of red, yellow, brown, and green; and for a month or two in winter the woods are all grey, and the chief interest centres in the distant hills.

But it is not enough only to look at the forest from outside like this! Let us take this track across the moorland. Sir Walter Scott said that the open parts of the forest reminded him if his own lowland moors—which we take as a compliment. Now I will show you a bog! We love our bogs, there is no place like them for rare plants, or for beautiful common ones, and there is a pleasureable exercise of skill in walking so lightly and quickly over the small tussocks of grass and moss that our feet are not immersed in the surrounding brown slush. If you lose your nerve and stand doubting where to step next, you are sure to get wet. The slope is covered with cotton grasses; see how merrily they dance in the wind. They are just like the daffodils in Wordsworth's 'I wandered lonely as a cloud.' But instead of being yellow flowers, they are like silvery white tassels of the finest hair, two or three on a small withered gray stem. How delightfully aromatic the bog-myrtle smells! Here is the beautiful bog-asphodel, with its spikes of golden stars; and the carniverous sundew. Each leaf is covered with crimson hairs, and contains a crystal drop of glutinous liquid that retains the small flies that visit it, and from which the plant draws part of its nourishment. You may see their withered remains on some of the leaves. Aha! my little friend, with your delicate lilac flower! butterwort is your name, because those little curled leaves were used to make the butter 'come,' but the botanist calls you *Pinguicula*

vulgaris. We are always glad to see you, for you have been pointed out to us as a rare plant, though you are not really so very uncommon here. We have much rarer plants than this; but they are a sore subject, for every specimen we find is sure to disappear sooner or later, and we know that it has gone to a collector. They will be exterminated soon, as the honey-buzzard and other rare birds already are.

Come into the wood. The foliage is thick overhead, under our feet is a carpet of dry brown leaves. Here and there the sunlight falls on a few green twigs, or an old mossy trunk. Scattered about among the beeches and oaks are a few old yew trees, and now and then we come upon a pile of wood, cut months ago, when a few trees were felled here, and waiting to be bought and carried away. Now let us walk quietly and see what we can see. What is that light brown ball against that tree? It is made entirely of dry fern, there is a hole in the side and you can feel that the inside is lined with moss; it is a wren's nest. Is it not beautifully and neatly made! going on a little further we are startled by the lusty shrieks of a family of young black-game, whose mother gets up almost close to us with a whirr, while her brood scuttle away through the holly bushes. They look like little dark chickens, but *how* they squeal! They have startled something else; see that reddish brown line undulating through the fern there in the clearing. It is a fallow doe, you can see her now, as she bounds gracefully away through the wood. Some fifty years ago the deer were the commonest animals in the forest, but now they are few and shy, and we seldom see them. Oh, how bored some of our governesses used to get, when we expected them to march for an hour or two, in total silence, through all sorts of mud, on the chance of a momentary glimpse of such a beast as that!

But now we have no time to do more than walk straight home as fast as we can. I meant to have shown you my favourite pond. It is such a nice wild spot! You may sit there for hours, without seeing a soul, listening to the skylarks and plovers, and watching the swifts. You must not think that I have shown you all there is to be seen in a walk like this. We never go there without seeing something new: and if we knew ten times as much and looked ten times as closely, we should still find no limit to the interest. That is the best of nature, her resources can never be exhausted.

MOONRAKER.

Ravenleigh, Betchworth.

Miss Cazenove thanks those who have so kindly responded to her requests for the Brabazon Home of Comfort. She has received a bath-chair and one for carrying. Her present wishes are for a piano, and books for the library.

Notices to Correspondents.

Touchstone.—St. Aidan was one of the Scottish missionary saints to whom the conversion of Northumbria was due. He lived in the reign of St. Oswald. A life of him is published by S. P. C. K.

Ivy.—If you will send six stamps for postage to Miss Yonge, Elderfield, Otterbourne, Winchester, she will forward you some Melanesian reports.

E. S. C.—The name Singeric is an impossible one, but a person who could make such a rhyme as qualms and arms, is capable of anything.

Rosa.—The lines are Capt. Croke's epitaph on his little boy in Burdock Churchyard, and are mentioned in the *Memorials* of Caroline Fox.

F. L. M.—The *Wreck of the Hesperus* is by Longfellow.

If *H.B.* will send her address, the Editor will tell her Bog Oak's name.

Acknowledged.—2*s.* from a Grandmother for the Charlotte Cot at Broadstairs. But the Editor does not collect for this. When postal orders are sent please do not fill them up.

APOSTLES OF JESUS!

I.

Apostles of Jesus! The way lies before you,
Not new or untried as in ages of old,
But marked with deep foot-prints, each fraught with a story,
Of battles and bloodshed and triumphs untold,
Apostles of Jesus!
Go forth to the battle, be fearless and bold.

II.

Apostles of Jesus! His heart is in anguish
For souls which He seems to have bled for in vain!
Each moment is precious, and Hope seems to languish,
While the cause of that Heart is forgotten of men.
Apostles of Jesus!
Go forth to the battle and triumph again!

III.

Apostles of Jesus! with you is He pleading,
To bear in His joys and His sorrows a part!
With you, His own creatures, is He interceding,
To stand by that cause which is nearest His Heart.
Apostles of Jesus!
Go forth and be fearless! and gladden that Heart!

IV.

Apostles of Jesus! His own is your glory,
He longs in your triumphs to triumph again!
You, His nearest and dearest, in love He broods o'er you,
Nor will His sweet Spirit brood o'er you in vain.
Apostles of Jesus!
Fear not! for in you He will triumph again!

The preceding lines form a hymn written for St. Joseph's Missionary College, Mill Hill, N.W., published some years back by John Philp, 7 Orchard Street, Portman Square. The hymn is sung on the departure of the missionaries of St. Joseph's for the distant scene of their apostolic labours, whether China or elsewhere.

A. L. D.

Fanny, Exeter, sends some lines written to the tune of the Austrian Sailor's Hymn, sung while foundering in sight of land.

WRITTEN FOR THE "AUSTRIAN HYMN."

"Father! Thy will be done;
No human help is near;
All hope of rescue gone,
Hear us, in that we fear.

"Watch Thou o'er all we love,
In our far distant home,
Whom we no more shall see
Until 'Thy kingdom come.'

"Call us from hence to Thee,
Though wind, nor storm should cease,
Thou wilt our 'Harbour' be,
And be Thyself our Peace."

S. E. S.

[The first two syllables of each line go to the first note of music, except in the third line of the last verse, when one syllable only belongs to the first chord.]

"There is a day in Spring
When, under all the earth, the secret germs
Begin to stir and grow before they bud.
The wealth and festal pomps of Midsummer
Lie in the heart of that inglorious hour,
Which no man names with blessing, tho' *its work*
Is blessed by all the world. *Such days there are,*
In the slow story of the growth of souls."

FANNY, EXETER.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

I am sorry to be obliged to give notice again to the members, that I have several complaints of irregularity in sending on the parcels. I am the more sorry for this because there is a decided improvement in the monthly contributions, but such irregularity is fatal to the complete success of a Mutual Improvement Society.

VERTUMNUS II.

BITTON VICARAGE, *July* 15.

ERRATA.

Perhaps the Editor of the M.P. will be glad to have two mistakes pointed out, which occur in the notice of Mrs. Ewing's books (July). 1. The *Abbé's Friend* should be the *Viscount's Friend*. 2. The Highlander is not in the *Brownies*, but in *Lob lie by the Fire* (who no doubt *was* a Brownie) which never appeared in any magazine.

Also, p. 86, for Eccles. i. 8, *read*, Eccles. i. 18.

The Monthly Packet.

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

MADAME'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ROSE GARDEN,' 'CONTRADICTIONS,' &c.

VI.

AT GRASSE.

MARCELLE did not think of her cousin's coming near them the next day, and she wandered away to some distance from the house; when she went back, however, she heard from her grandmother that he had been there.

'He left this box for you,' said Madame Merillon, handing her a little packet.

'For me!' cried Marcelle, flushing deeply. Was it a present? She had never received a present in her life. Unfastening the box with trembling fingers, she drew out a slender gold necklet, delicately fashioned. 'For me!' she repeated incredulously.

'Let me feel it,' said her grandmother, taking it from her hand and examining it closely. 'It is gold, yes, and of fine quality. The man must be a fool,' she added, rather under her breath; but Marcelle heard her and snatched back her treasure.

'It is mine, at any rate!' she exclaimed triumphantly.

'Yes, it is yours,' said Madame Merillon with her low laugh, as the girl clasped it round her throat.

'Grandmother, when will you give me my dress?'

'Will not this content you? But that is always the way, the more that is given, the more is wanted.'

'This is no giving of yours,' said Marcelle indignantly; 'and it is disgraceful that I should go about like a peasant. For the sake of M. Solignac, who lends you a house to live in, it seems to me that something is due to appearances. Do you think he can feel proud of us as his cousins?'

'I think he probably forgets the relationship when it is convenient.'

'Oh, how you misjudge him!' cried the girl.

'However, you can ask Marius to borrow the little carriage for us;

to-morrow we will go to Grasse. You had better not let Mademoiselle Jeanne know who gave you the necklet, there might be a scene. If you like to give it to me, I will keep it for you safely.'

'No, thank you,' said Marcelle, drawing back. 'I am not afraid of Mademoiselle Jeanne.'

'That you are not,' said her grandmother, chuckling. 'But it is too valuable to wear about the roads; you can let me have it.'

'Never!' said the girl briefly.

Her grandmother's fingers, long, lean, curved, seemed irresistibly attracted towards the gold, her eyes rested upon it greedily, and when Marcelle left the room she stood looking after her. 'He is a fool,' she repeated scornfully; 'a man who will fling his money away upon any pretty girl he comes across is no better. It ought not to be difficult to manage him, and as for her, the silly child needs no preparation, she is ready primed. *Ciel*, how small a thing will set these boys and girls going, their hearts are made of such inflammable material! It is well that we grow cooler as we grow older, and can keep our wits in order for the wear and tear of life. What will Mademoiselle Jeanne say when Lambert marries Marcelle? As he shall. She will perhaps acknowledge that I am not a woman to be scorned.'

The next morning, when Marcelle and her grandmother set off for Grasse, was one of those spring days, not so much brilliant as touched with a delicate delight of its own and joy of youth. Capricious lights stole out and shone where least you looked for them; colours, if not so varied as in the autumn, weremore exhilarating; a playfulness was abroad which even got hold of the shadowy grace of the olives, and shook them into something less ghostly and more human. Behind Madame Merillon came old Apollinaïse with a crate of eggs clasped in her wiry arms, in front of all walked Marcelle. Generally she looked serious if not sullen, but this morning a smile every now and then flitted over her face, and she put up her hand and fingered her necklet proudly. She called with unusual gaiety to a brown shepherd watching a flock of brown sheep which browsed on the terraces under the olives, the boy had soft dark eyes, and a smile as sweet as the sunshine. Once Marcelle altogether disappeared from sight, having run to a hidden patch of wheat where she knew a few scarlet anemones blazed, and gathered them to stick into her dress. Then she ran lightly down the hill, at the bottom of which Marius was waiting with a shabby little carriage which she inspected critically; the young fellow had furbished up the harness, put on his own best clothes, and done his best in honour of the occasion; but he said, with a sort of apology,

'Mademoiselle will understand this was the best horse they would spare me, and though he is not fast he is solid and will take us safely. Madame does not like anything that shakes.'

'The eggs would break and we should be ruined,' said the girl,

with a laugh. 'Do you know why we are going to Grasse, Marius? It is that I may buy a new dress.'

Marius had been her confidant from childhood, she had no other, and as by his devotion Madame Merillon had reaped many advantages of unpaid service, he was often able to shield Marcelle from harshness. But for some unexplained reason she had said nothing to him about the necklet, and as she felt his eye rest upon it, she flushed deep crimson and became silent. Madame Merillon arrived, the eggs were packed in, the girl and her grandmother settled themselves, Marius cracked his whip with an air which generously covered all deficiencies, and they were off along the scorched and dusty road. Then Marcelle sat forward and looked from side to side with a new air of vivacity and curiosity. Not much of a talker in general, to-day her tongue was marvellously loosened, nor did it affect her that she had the conversation to herself. Every now and then they passed some other little cavalcade on the road—flower-laden carts, picturesque groups flinging rich shadows on the sunny road. Gourdon on its hill grew nearer; by-and-by their road merged in another, which carried them westwards, past rose-gardens and violet beds, where the air was sweet with the scent. Marcelle had fallen into a happy silence. Presently Madame Merillon leaned forward.

'Marius!'

'Madame?'

'How were eggs yesterday?'

'The price had risen slightly.'

'And I might have had more if Marcelle were like another girl and attended to them properly.'

'The fowls do not want for attention, madame,' said Marius, respectfully yet firmly. 'As for mademoiselle, she cannot be expected to give them all her time.'

'Is it of such value?' retorted the elder woman, with her low unmirthful laugh. There was another silence, broken this time by Marcelle. She looked at no one in particular, but said in a dreamy murmur:

'This time I have decided. It shall be that blue which yet is not always blue but seems to follow your fancies. At first I had thought of a shade of olive, but after a time that would weary me. Grandmother, how much will you give the *mètre*?'

'I suppose I shall have to find sixteen *sous*,' said Madame Merillon in a grudging voice.

'Sixteen *sous*! Oh!' cried Marcelle angrily. Marius shook his reins impatiently, and the old horse started forward. 'Only sixteen *sous*!'

'If the eggs are broken it will be less; already you cost me too much, Marcelle.'

The girl restrained herself, though there was a storm in her heart, and sat staring moodily at the faded stuff of her present dress, which

she hated. Sixteen *sous!* Even old Apollinaïse had given two francs the *métre* for her *fête* day skirt. But by-and-by her spirits began to rise, they could not help themselves on a fair spring sunshiny day like this, when hope was abroad, hidden everywhere, peeping out of buds, floating overhead on delicate filmy clouds, smiling, beckoning, charming. Marcelle looked about her again, they were drawing near Grasse; in a few moments they were rattling down the long straggling street, past a great fountain where women were thumping their clothes, among the sharply outlined shadows of the old houses. At the door of one of these houses they pulled up.

'Nothing but pay, pay,' sighed Madame Merillon, as they got out. 'In all these years, Marius, I should have thought you and your mother might have made friends who would have shown a little hospitality to a poor horse, which, after all, does not look as if he required more than a handful. And for that I shall be charged exorbitantly.'

'Not more than is just, madame,' answered Marius coolly. He said in an undertone to Marcelle as he helped her to spring out, '*Vé*, Mademoiselle, if M. Cours has not got what you like, make him send for it. He has a son at Cannes.'

The girl nodded; her eyes were shining, her face full of expectation. Madame Merillon, looking at her, began to think the new dress was an unnecessary speculation.

'Now,' cried Marcelle joyfully, 'now for M. Cours!'

'Not yet, if you please. With all these extravagancies it is certain that I must get something. Marius, go and put up your horse, and then there are the eggs to dispose of.'

The girl had to control her impatience while prosaic necessities went on; Marius came out carrying the basket, her grandmother started alertly down one of the narrow uneven streets, Marcelle unwillingly following her. If she had been indifferent, the scene which followed might have entertained her, for the egg merchant was a large masculine woman, who measured Madame Merillon with her eye, and thought to brow-beat her like her other customers; there was a battle of at least ten minutes over the last two *sous*, but Madame Merillon came off victor.

''Dame, she would scrape the skin from a flint!' the virago muttered, wiping her face as they turned away; Marcelle hearing her, flushed angrily, and half stopped, while her grandmother walked on unconcernedly.

'Foolish child,' she said, more kindly than usual; 'so you have not yet lived long enough to know that it is better to be abused than cheated? What harm can her words do me?'

'Oh, they sting!' replied Marcelle.

'Sting? Not a bit of it, unless you like to allow it. It all rests with yourself. Shut your doors, and such words stay outside, while

the money is in your pocket. Are you still set upon this dress? You do well enough as you are.'

'Grandmother!' cried the girl indignantly.

'Well, well, go on, then. Some day you will be wiser, unless folly has proved too strong for you. Go on, go on!'

M. Cours' little shop would have looked homely enough by the side of the fashionable establishments in a large town. Piles of stuffs were heaped together in the centre, and bright coloured handkerchiefs for the peasants festooned the doorway; but there was no farther attempt at decoration. Nevertheless, Marcelle's heart beat fast.

Then began a struggle. On the one hand Marcelle, eager and inexperienced, with her, M. Cours, brisk, shrewd, and opinionated; on the other, and more than a match for the two, Madame Merillon, deaf, and calmly resolved. Only one thing was in the girl's favour, and this was that her grandmother did not insist, as she had feared, upon an ugly, unbecoming colour. She would have it pretty, yet of a cheapness which M. Cours swore would be the ruin of any unfortunate tradesman. And here, to Marcelle's despair, the matter seemed likely to halt.

'If madame would allow me to put this up for her, at thirty-six *sous*?'

'At twenty-six *sous*. Well, I have seen worse.'

'Thirty-six, madame, thirty-six. The other would be an impossibility.'

'A little out of date? Yes, that is true. Still I keep to my offer.'

'Madame, you do not comprehend. I said that was an impossibility.'

'Ah, an impossibility!'

'Regard, then, *mesdames*, regard,' exclaimed M. Cours, appealing to two or three stout countrywomen, who meanwhile were patiently fingering materials designed for their own ample skirts, 'and say if you have ever seen a more solid, a more tasteful article for forty *sous* the *métre*? And this is but thirty-six! It is simply a farce to suppose that I could supply it for less.'

'Twenty-eight, then, finally,' replied Madame Merillon imperturbably.

'Twenty-eight! Madame jests! If it were a matter of two *sous*, I might stretch a point, but twenty-eight! Now, I have here an excellent article at thirty.'

'It does not please me,' said Madame Merillon, tossing it on one side, 'and it would be exorbitant at twenty. Well, M. Cours?'

'Thirty-four, madame, is my last reduction, and I should prefer not parting with it at the price. Only as madame does not often favour us——'

'Grandmother!' said Marcelle appealingly.

At this moment there was an interruption, and M. Cours turned

to welcome a new-comer. '*Hé, bonjour*, mademoiselle,' he began. 'You are come for the knitting silk, and I am desolated to tell you that it has not yet arrived.'

Madame Merillon turned. It was Mademoiselle Jeanne Solignac, her black poodle behind her, who stood looking visibly perturbed at finding in what position she had planted herself, but who at once greeted the other in her high positive voice.

'*Hé, bonjour*, madame,' she began. 'This is a surprise, for it is not often that you favour Grasse with a visit.'

'Not often, is it?' Madame Merillon replied composedly. 'We poor country people dare not too frequently indulge in the distractions of your town; but in this case I have had to think of my granddaughter, who is answerable for drawing me out of my seclusion. Child, do you see Mademoiselle Solignac? If she is wanting in manners, mademoiselle, you must have the charity to excuse her, remembering that we live a buried life.'

'There are many who would be glad of such a burial!' cried Mademoiselle Jeanne, indignant at this depreciation of Castelbianco.

'Ah, yes,' sighed Madame Merillon, 'in this world there are always poor wretches worse off than oneself. Yes, indeed, you speak too truly—— Heavens, what a frightful dog!' as Chou-chou pushed himself to the front. 'M. Cours! Marcelle, drive it out!'

'Drive out Chou-chou!' cried Mademoiselle Jeanne, bristling with anger. 'Permit me to advise you not to attempt such a step. You know better, do you not, my Chou-chou, my angel?'

The amiable Chou-chou retorted with a growl, Madame Merillon gathered her dress round her and looked askance at him.

'A thousand pardons,' she said, putting her hand to her ear. 'Your nephew's dog, I think you said? I trust you receive good accounts of my cousin?'

The attack was so sudden that the other stood disconcerted.

'Oh! the accounts are good enough,' she said awkwardly.

'He writes in good spirits?'

'Certainly,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne looking away, and conscious that M. Cours was listening.

'What happiness for you to have him back! When do you expect him?'

Cannes was not Grasse, say what one might. Mademoiselle Jeanne routed her conscience and rallied her forces.

'As to that, madame, I hardly know.'

Madame Merillon fingered a corner of the material, looked up and said sweetly.

'Imagine my being the one to enlighten you! M. Solignac told us he thought he should probably be here for good next week. Marcelle, my child, my deafness is much in my way, was not that what your cousin said?'

Instant perception yawned before Mademoiselle Jeanne. She

recognised with dismay that Madame Merillon had not only stolen a march on her, but that she had certain well-formed designs already in course of being carried out; designs which to Mademoiselle Jeanne seemed nothing short of infamous. She lost her head.

'You—you have seen my nephew?'

'Oh, many times!' said the other calmly. 'We ought indeed to be flattered if we have so much the advantage of you. But then—if he writes cheerfully!'

Mademoiselle Jeanne glared at her, mute with indignation, when M. Cours broke in with a wave of his hand.

'*Tenez*, mesdames, here is M. Lambert himself.'

It was he, indeed, who was just entering the shop, and greeting them gaily.

'Chou-chou told me that I should find my aunt here, but I little expected to meet so many friends. Am I interrupting any serious business?'

Marcelle, remembering her necklet, unconsciously put up her hand and coloured, and Mademoiselle Jeanne saw the flush. What did she not see at that moment! As for Madame Merillon, she was darting amused looks from one to the other through her half-shut eyes.

'To tell the truth, we were talking of you,' she said, answering the young man's question; 'and your aunt was complaining of her ignorance of your movements. We told her all we knew, but if this is your first meeting, do not allow us to be in the way.'

'Our first meeting?' he repeated, 'that would be a little strange! Have you forgotten what I told you of my return?'

'Oh, no, I have not forgotten; it is apparently Mademoiselle your aunt who forgets,' she answered coolly. 'However, Marcelle, my child, we are detaining M. Cours unconscionably, we must come to a decision. Perhaps M. Solignac will give us the benefit of his taste, and tell us whether he approves of this colour.'

Lambert looked at Marcelle and smiled.

"I have seen prettier,' he said.

'Why, so have I,' said her grandmother, tossing it on one side. 'M. Cours, you must find us something more attractive. What is that I see?'

'It is more expensive than the others madame thought of,' said M. Cours gravely. 'The price is fifty *sous*.'

Fifty *sous!* Marcelle's heart sank.

'But it is prettier,' said M. Solignac.

'You approve? Good,' said Madame Merillon. 'Put it on one side for us, M. Cours, I will return and let you know how much is required. I am glad to have had some one to whom I might refer, for we live so much out of the world that when one comes into it one is a little bewildered. Now I should never have guessed—so stupid am I and so deaf—that just now Mademoiselle Jeanne was joking. Decidedly one grows dense.'

Fifty *sous!* Marcelle could scarcely believe her senses, or that the pretty, delicately coloured stuff was to be her own; she was smiling and flushing, looking her best, and M. Solignac looked at her. Presently he said—

'You are coming to our house, of course? Has my aunt arranged it?'

Mademoiselle Jeanne was silent. Madame Merillon regarded her with a smile.

'She is too kind,' she said; 'my deafness often gives me an appearance of rudeness, but since she really desires it, and if you are sure that we do not incommode you?'

Poor Mademoiselle Jeanne! And to hear her nephew answer, eagerly—

'Incommode? On the contrary! But I will go and prepare Maria for your coming.'

'I will go too,' said his aunt hastily.

'In that case, if you will be so good,' observed Lambert, 'I will remain and escort my cousin.'

Poor Mademoiselle Jeanne again! Had she been a woman of the world something effective might have occurred to her at that moment, but she had often thanked Heaven that she was too straightforward to beat about a bush, and just now she paid for her virtues. She thought of inciting Chou-chou to aggression, but Chou-chou was a dog who in all his actions required a strong personal motive, and no wild ideas of attachment to his mistress were in the least likely to influence him to attack Madame Merillon. All Mademoiselle Jeanne could do as she marched grimly homewards, was to heap vituperations on her enemy, and to these Chou-chou listened unmoved.

To Marcelle that day seemed like a dream. She said little, and she never attempted to analyse her own feelings, but she walked along the rough pavement and saw the tall and crooked houses with wrought-iron balconies, standing yellow and hot with sunshine, and marked with strong lines against the sky; odd flights of steps running up to old archways which served to frame pictures, sometimes no more than a girl with a shining green pitcher, or it might be a hanging branch delicately bright against the dark background—a mere nothing, yet full of suggestive grace—saw them without noticing, and felt that the world was like Paradise. By-and-by they come to the green-shuttered house in its gay garden, where Mademoiselle Jeanne, who had two passions, doctoring and housekeeping, had a *déjeûner* prepared, which, if bountiful, she determined should be savoured by sharp expressions of her mind. She would have been disappointed had she known how little they affected Marcelle; perhaps the girl's solitary life had given her a power of abstraction; perhaps a counteracting influence was at work, at any rate, it is certain that on this morning, words and innuendoes which Madame Merillon chuckled over, accepting them as a sign

of the mortification of her enemy, fell absolutely unheeded on Marcelle's ear.

M. Pierre did not make his appearance, he was at the manufactory, superintending the production of a new scent to be extracted from the peel of oranges. What did it matter? What mattered Mademoiselle Jeanne sitting stiff, frigid, and inharmonious? Marcelle was in a happy dream, she had never looked so gentle or so attractive.

After the *déjeûner*, M. Solignac escorted his cousins to the scent factory, that Marcelle might choose a bottle. Mademoiselle Jeanne excused herself, and indeed she was in no condition to endure further civilities. She put on her bonnet and hurried off to consult Madame Arluc, but meeting M. Barnabé on the way, poured the first torrent of her indignation on him.

'Conceive then, that woman, that snake in the grass!—conceive her having already had the audacity to get hold of my nephew and to twist him round her fingers!'

'Ah!' said M. Barnabé gravely, 'it is not unlikely.' He was thinking of Saint Eustache, the shares had just gone up amazingly, his opportunity had fled; he had a shrewd suspicion that Madame Merillon had known and kept her own counsel, and he could not help admiring her business powers. If she had circumvented him, was it likely that M. Solignac would escape?

'You talk coolly, M. Barnabé,' said the indignant Mademoiselle Jeanne, 'pray do you consider it will be a fit marriage for my nephew if she succeeds in entrapping him for that granddaughter of hers?'

'Ah!' repeated the notary admiringly. 'Has she done that too?'

'She is on the way to do it, any how, and I ask whether it is not enough to enrage one beyond endurance? But I foretold it years ago, I foretold this woman would be our ruin. If my advice had been taken—!'

He shook his head solemnly. Mademoiselle Jeanne foretold and talked—that was true; so did many other women. But this woman, who was unlike them all, acted and carried her point. There lay the difference. He thought regretfully again of Saint Eustache, and sighed.

'If she is determined, I do not really see what you can do,' he answered feebly and spreading open his hands with a shrug. Mademoiselle Jeanne looked at him with a snort of contempt.

'Do you not? Well, it is true that men are but poor creatures, and Heaven knows what they would be if they were left by themselves! Ask your wife, and see if her counsel would be so tame! You and my brother are alike, he shrugs his shoulders, and buries himself in some ridiculous pamphlet. Determined, is she? At your service, Madame Plotter, at your service! He is not caught yet, and we shall see! Come, Chou-chou, my angel, you, at any rate, have common-sense.'

'A foolish woman,' said the notary, walking away from the storm of words. Since Madame Merillon had been too much for him, he felt

that anyone else in Grasse had a poor chance of getting the better of her.

Meanwhile, the beautiful day had come to an end. The women had finished their work at the fountain and gone home, the children had come out of school and swarmed about the narrow streets; M. le Curé, on his way to some sick man, stopped to speak to Madame Merillon—whom, however, he regarded with doubt—and talked of sending out his *vicaire* for a mass at Castelbianco; the air seemed full of leisure and heat, and—so one of the three fancied—of strange delight. Madame Merillon went to M. Cours and had a little interview with him in an inner room, and by a clever stroke got him to take part of his payment in wood. She came out triumphant, and when they reached the house where the horse had been put up, had no change, so that M. Solignac paid the amount. It was when they were already in the carriage that he said suddenly—

'By the way, you find the old house dull?'

'I!' she said, lifting her eyebrows; 'what is it to me? It is this child who complains. But what can I do for her? I assure you, my dear Lambert, you can have no idea what the repairs swallow up, and I could not apply to you for such interminable little requirements.'

He smiled behind his beard, having, first and last, already heard a good deal of these requirements. 'I understand,' he said. 'But if you find it so expensive and dull and large—have you never thought of letting an apartment?'

'Ah! my friend, no one would come to such a solitude.'

'Pardon, I believe I could find you lodgers at once.'

'Really?' said Madame Merillon musingly. 'It would, however, be necessary for me to get another servant, and the expense—'

'The friends to whom I allude would pay well.'

Marcelle leaned forward. What had changed the day, brought a cloud over the sunshine? She caught her grandmother's eye, and with her lips shaped the word 'No.'

But the words 'pay well' had an irresistible attraction for Madame Merillon.

'They are friends of yours?'

'Yes—old friends. Dr. Vallette is a physician from Lyons. They have come to Cannes for the benefit of the health of one of the daughters; but the air is too exciting for her, she does not sleep, and her father is anxious to move her inland. It is difficult to find what they want, but I verily believe Castelbianco is just the place. That is, if you felt it convenient.'

'I would make it so,' said Madame Merillon, after a pause intended rather to stimulate him than to gain reflection.

'Then you authorize me to propose it?'

'Yes—I leave it in your hands.'

'A thousand thanks.' He went on to remark that Marcelle would

now have companions, Mademoiselle Adèlaïde—but at this moment the horse started off, M. Solignac had only just time to step back, and her grandmother, whom nothing escaped, said angrily to Marcelle.

'Why did you sign to Marius to drive on?'

'Because I did not want to hear more about those people,' returned the girl sullenly. 'Are we beggars, that we must take in lodgers?'

(To be continued.)

ASTRAY.

XII.

MRS. LYNDHURST.

Nov. 1*st.*

After the turnstile meeting I told you of, I could not but pursue the acquaintance with the new-comers. It is not a case of utter ignorance of antecedents, for they are really the owners of the Wynne estate, so they have literally a *pied à terre*. We have exchanged visits, and it happened that Granny was alone when our call was returned by the two sisters. She was very much pleased with them and says Denys has discernment. The younger one, whom they call Lylie, is the beauty, but Granny is struck with the gentle strength of 'the vision's' face, and says it is like the line,

'Half way twixt joy and woe.'

It is curious that such a countenance, rather than the pretty one, should have attracted the boy, satisfactory too, for Miss King is too much the elder for there to be any danger of nonsense. There is another new face here, Major Heath's ward, Frida Wood, whom I should call a sweet girl, if the expression were not so often a mild form for inanity; but please to understand that the young lady is positively, not negatively sweet, and she is almost mitigating even the Major and poor Felicia.

Nov. 6.

The usual skirmishes have begun over the parish concert—Marian has been flying all over the place trying to bring her performers together, and greatly disappointed that on the one hand, Felicia refused to play a duet with Miss Wood, and on the other, that after the youngest Miss King had undertaken to sing, her sister made her give it up, and she can get neither novelty nor aristocratic infusion. It is really hard upon her, but she has a peculiar fashion of setting people's bristles up the wrong way. Granny hinted to her just now, when she was bemoaning the general perverseness, that a little management often made a great difference, and she replied, 'Indeed, dear Lady Lyndhurst, I am sure it does not, for I always use a great deal of tact in approaching different characters.'

'Suppose you didn't use quite so much, my dear,' said Grandmamma, trying not to laugh too much.

'Simplicity?' said she. 'O yes, that is a powerful engine for those

who have nothing else, but you know intellect and discernment of character cannot go in for simplicity.'

Nov. 8.

I fancy Felicia somewhat repents of her ungraciousness, for as she sat before me at the concert, she required me to agree with her that it was desirable to hold a girl just come into the place, like Frida Wood, aloof from the set that Marian got together. I said if she were to be alone there I should be quite of that opinion; and that no doubt it was as well not to be in a hurry till there had been time both to understand her, and for her to know the place; at which Felicia's shoulders expressed unutterable things.

I see she really likes her ward, but she never forgets that she *is* her ward, and I fear her affection may be like that of Denys for the unfortunate frog which he hugged to death. She watched the tall slim figure, and pretty bepearled head like a basilisk, fidgetting if she saw it only turn towards the Kings, who were on the other side of the Major, and there was a combat with the good man's loyalty to get him off just as the National Anthem was begun, but as you know, nothing will induce him to stir till he has kept us all up to singing

'Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks.'

even when he has not you and Denys to help him. After Felicia had swept them off, while waiting for the room to clear, I had a nice little talk with 'the walking mysteries,' beginning with old Twisledon, who, Mr. King says, has really an immense deal of geological knowledge; and thence going on to Gridiron Lane, which is a pain and grief to them, though they can do nothing really effective there till the young sister is of age. They say there is a child who ought to be at a Convalescent Home, and I have promised to come and see her to-morrow and try to get her to Eastbourne.

Nov. 9.

Mr. King met me and escorted me, seeming to think I ought to be taken care of down that lane of evil odours, though I have often been there before; but it is certainly worse now the new works have brought such a rough importation. My cavalier was very silent at first, but when we had been into the little den, where the poor child was lying on two rush bottomed chairs, in an atmosphere in which onions, old clothes, and tobacco were the most wholesome ingredients, and we had begun making arrangements for her journey to Eastbourne, he grew quite communicative. Good man, he will take her to London himself, and see her into the train, for the Sisters to meet. That is real helpfulness.

Then, when it was impossible not to mourn that it was only taking one leaf out of the sere and withered heap for a little while, he was moved to tell me of his present incapacity to do more than surface

repairs, but in the meantime of the longing of himself and his sister to make a Home on the hillside of Doddery Down, where the sick might have a chance of breathing better air. He asked about the land; I think it is Lord Brockenhurst's, but I am not sure whether it is not common land of the manor of Emery. However, we built a cottage hospital there in the air when we were about it, and it was worth anything to see how the man altered, and how much younger he grew under the influence of 'the enthusiasm of humanity.' We took a few turns on the Milford road, discussing James Hinton's life and theory, which stirs him deeply; and then we adverted to Hawthorne's curious book, 'Transformations,' where, if you remember, Donatello, at first a mere Greek Faun, seems to gain a soul, not like Undine through love, but through repentance.

He stood still, and said, 'Do you think it possible that a crime can be the beginning of higher development?'

I cannot describe his earnestness. I am sure that man has a history. I felt that a word at random spoken might wound or heal, and I hesitated out that though innocence must be the higher state, yet that I thought one great palpable sin repented of might be part of those dead selves which should be stepping stones, whereas a thousand apparent trifles, never repented of, might be plunging us lower and lower.

'Thank you,' he said, in a tone that was almost a confidence; but no more passed, for we met the lame Mr. Marsh returning from his constitutional, which he had been tempted to overdo. Mr. King gave him an arm up the hill, and they seemed to be taking to one another.

Granny and I have been considering of means of bringing the young people together, and preventing the Heaths from moping their gracious Frida. I propose some Shakspere readings to be held here; Granny delights in an excuse for hearing him, and I strongly suspect Marian of having never patronised him. We might get Mr. Marsh, if it is not in the evening, and if it is not too great a penance to hear how some of us will read.

Nov. 10.

On sounding Mr. Marsh, I found my scheme was exactly what he wanted. He is going to write something critical and historical about Shakspere, and he declares that it will be really useful to him to watch the amount of expression and intelligence of an average set of educated people. Of course I am not to betray that he has a purpose, or there would be a scare; but he heartily undertakes to give some introduction, and to take any part which does not involve much expenditure of breath, such as Caliban, Fluellen, or Banquo.

While I was out, Felicia Heath brought in her friend, and Granny actually elicited promises from them. The young thing looked so

eager and delighted, that actually stern Proserpine relented; indeed, I don't think they could have refused Grandmamma.

Now I must try my hand on the Kings. Did I tell you that, after some hesitation, the brother has taken a Sunday class, which he works carefully, and which seems likely to be a success. He has the big boys that no one else can manage. That great Dan Stone, who comes no one knows why, unless to torment the teachers, who acted playing the fiddle in Marian's face, and replies to her questions with 'Don't you wish you may get it?' was handed over to Mr. King, and became a very lamb. It turns out that they were acquainted already, and that Mr. King has been very kind to the little crippled brother, who has the soft spot in Dan's heart.

So Mr. Forester told me, and likewise that he got Mr. King to take the night-school boys in their master's absence one evening, and that it turned out so well that he is to continue thereat. He is becoming very valuable to the place, though one wonders why he is here at all; I fancy it is one of those matters of health that it is kinder not to inquire about, perhaps overtasked powers in these days of competition. Indeed, he refused to take the accounts from Mr. Forester, who groans over them, and is really contemplating another curate.

You will say this is woman's curiosity; but we must consider whether the new acquaintance will be safe for Denys. I wish you were at home; men understand one another so much better than women can guess at them; and Denys does want a companion. Happily he does not take to the lower stamp, and there is no one else near at hand but Mr. Marsh, who is too much out of his line.

Nov. 11.

Mr. Marsh has evidently made great friends with the Kings, and his opinion is a great point in their favour. I met the two gentlemen walking together much engrossed in a discussion, and I propounded my Shakspere scheme for next week.

Mr. King heartily said that it would be good for his youngest sister, for in Germany the English side of her education had been let alone, the national passion for Shakspere not apparently extending into girls' schools. I really think I shall get all the three. The question is, whether to begin with *The Tempest* or *Macbeth*. I think Mr. Marsh would prefer the latter, but the whole effect of it depends so entirely on the chief characters, and they are so few, that I had rather start with what distributes the interest more equally. No doubt Mrs. Forester will take the songs, but I have put off asking the Vicarage people till we are fairly under weigh with a developed scheme, or we shall have Miss Marian taking the command.

Nov. 12.

Granny and I have got a packet of Knight's single plays in

one little book, and are ingeniously Bowdlering them for our mixed company. I like to hear how she used to sit nestled in a hay rick, feeding on Scott, Spenser, or Shakspere, at an age when the present generation read nothing beyond nursery literature, if they can read at all.

But here are more volunteers than we bargained for. Here is Major Heath condescending to be Prospero. There's no help for it. We can only be grateful for the honour, but I can't help pitying poor Miranda. I think she had better be undertaken by Lylie King, because he can't bully her so much. However, there is no knowing the young lady's capabilities, and she may read in the German chant.

A ticket has come for a bed at Eastbourne next week, and the King sisters are making an outfit for the child. Even Miss Wynne is knitting a little shawl for her. That poor lady is very feeble and seldom speaks, or only to ask a question in a dreamy bewildered way. I should think she must have had a stroke. She goes out in a chair on fine days, and sometimes they bring her to a week-day Evensong. Lylie told me, half crying half laughing at her own expression, that it was quite startling to see 'Lady Lyndhurst so much younger, when she is so much older,' but then she added that 'poor Aunt Louisa had never been like herself since Aunt Elizabeth died quite suddenly last year, just before I came home from school.'

The child was five and a half years at school at Heidelberg, without even coming home for the holidays after the first Christmas, though her mother died and the home was broken up, and she only saw her sister and aunts at some Swiss place in the holidays. Her sister came and called her away, telling her she was pouring out a flood on me, poor lively little thing. That elder one is very difficult to get on with. I am not at all sure that she likes or approves our plan, or that she will not back out of it at the last moment. Her first impulse is evidently to decline all that can lead to intercourse; then she seems to bethink her of her young sister, and to look with hesitation for her brother's decision.

XIII.

RACHEL'S JOURNAL.

Nov. 19.

In spite of all my resolutions, we seem being drawn into society here. There is to be a Shakspere reading at the Lyndhursts', and Lylie is to read Miranda, and Burton, Ferdinand. When Mrs. Lyndhurst wrote and asked me to join, I answered by refusing at once, and just as I was sending the letter found that she had talked it over with Burton, and he had accepted for Lylie, as a piece of useful education. Just like a man! It had never struck him that reading

Shakspere in company meant throwing oneself into all the social life of the place—just what we had resolved to keep aloof from; and then, when Mrs. Lyndhurst asked him to take Ferdinand, because she was afraid Lylie would not like to be the heroine of a love scene with any stray young man, he had agreed to that also. I tried to make him see how undesirable I thought it.

'I am very sorry you don't like it, Rachel,' he said; 'but it will be so good for Lylie to get to be friends with Mrs. Lyndhurst, and she will like it.'

'Lylie!' I could not help speaking impatiently. 'It is not a question of what Lylie will like, it is the question of what is good for all of us in an anomalous position as we are.'

'If my being with you puts you into such an anomalous position, that Lylie is to be sacrificed to me, I will go to America,' said Burton. There was pain in his voice, and I turned round from the writing-table and went to him.

'It is not being sacrificed—you know she would be glad to do it if she knew—as I am,' I said.

'My dear Rachel, I am staying here because I hoped to help you and Lylie—whether I shall be most help or hindrance, time will prove; but the moment I find you and Lylie curtailing natural and desirable pleasures in order to sacrifice yourselves to me, I shall know it is time to take myself out of your way.'

He spoke resolutely, and I knew he meant what he said. I know I am clumsy, I should not have said anything that he could have twisted into a hint of sacrifice; Lylie would have managed better. Nevertheless, I am very sorry; partly, I think, that complications *must* follow if we go into society—even quiet Emery society—with concealment of a secret like ours, and partly I am grieved that Burton should not feel more deeply the effect of what he has done. Sweet natured and good and humble as he is now, I cannot help feeling that he ought to be more crushed. Did he not break mother's heart and ruin his own life? and what is to become of the broadest distinctions between right and wrong, if a man can have a past with such a secret as his, and then accept the first time an innocent old lady asks him to read in a Shakespeare reading!

I believe I am cross and disagreeable about this Shakspere reading; but I wrote and accepted, and now I am to be Ceres and Gonzalvo, and a few other minor characters who don't appear together. I heartily wish I was to be out of it; and so, to-day, as if to show that one man's poison is another man's meat, in comes Marian Forester, in a state of amusing indignation because Frida Wood is to be Ariel, when she wanted the part herself. 'Fancy making a girl five foot eight take Ariel,' she said. 'Juno is the only part in the whole play that would suit her. For Ariel you want somebody small and keen, with a quick, vivid intelligence, able to guess things before, they are told you. I suppose most people would think such a remark as

that self-conscious,' she went on; 'but one generally knows one's own *forte*, and I feel that mine is penetration. I know I *do* guess things constantly before they are told me—long before. I am always penetrating the secrets of people's lives. Not yours,' she went on reassuringly, 'for no one could look at your face and feel that you have any secret; life has always been still and calm and uneventful to you—hasn't it? If any one always lives in one place it must be so.' Happily Marian Forester never wants an answer, so one need not trouble to give her one. Here, however, she suddenly seemed to catch herself up, and went off upon another tack; on the strangeness of that lame Mr. Marsh giving up all his misanthropic habits all at once, and agreeing to read Caliban. Evidently this Shakspere reading is a taking novelty here at Emery.

Nov. 28.

We have had the Shakspere reading, and it is to be only the beginning of a series. After all, Marian Forester was Ariel; Miss Wood had found out somehow that she particularly desired that part, and made her take it. She did not do it remarkably well; she was far too emphatic and knowing, and was always giving mysterious Burleigh nods, not at all in place. Lylie read very nicely, in spite of Prospero's roaring at her, and when we all had tea afterwards, it struck me that Caliban was very attentive to Miranda. Sometimes I wish Lylie did not admire tall men so much; of all the mankind I have met here, Mr. Marsh, notwithstanding his lameness and his short stature, is by far the nicest. But I don't think Lylie would ever look at a short lame man, whatever his gifts of character or intellect might be. What am I writing about! when I *know* that neither Lylie nor I must ever look forward to possible marriage, as most girls may, with Burton's secret hanging over our heads!

Burton seemed to enjoy himself also. He was talking to Frida Wood with as much absorption as Caliban to Miranda; and she seemed very much interested too. I was amused by her striking when Miss Heath pounced upon her to carry her away, saying she had an engagement at home. Major Heath had gone another way. Frida remarked, quite quietly, that she would follow her, for she was not quite ready yet. Frida is so dignified that Miss Heath, though lemon ice was not the word for her face, was obliged to surrender and go on without her. She and Burton were talking about Gridiron Lane, and I was rather annoyed to hear him asking her opinion about our little pet scheme of the Cottage Hospital on Doddery Down, which I thought he particularly wanted kept to ourselves.

I was called away here, and came back to read over my last sentence and get thoroughly ashamed of it. I did not know I was so small and mean. I am sure Frida Wood would not have written anything like it. Well! one lives and learns.

The next Shakspere reading is to be on this day three weeks,

when Bob will be here. We are to have *Macbeth* then, and Mrs. Lyndhurst has told us to be sure to bring him. I hope he will behave himself.

Dec. 16.

As I thought, Burton's insistance upon our accepting Mrs. Lyndhurst's invitation to the Shakspere reading has broken the ice all round, and here we are—all four of us, now that Bob is here—quite naturally at home in Emery society. Somebody suggested that we ought to do Locke's music as an interlude to *Macbeth* and so we have been diligently practising part-songs, *Around—Around—Around—Around* and *We fly by night*, to sing in the witch scene. Burton is the only tenor, so he has been dragged in. Mr. Blackstone got himself in, through Marian Forester. I don't think Mrs. Lyndhurst wanted him, but she did not like to refuse: and as he has a fine sonorous bass voice, he is to be Hecate, and sing

'My little little airy spirit see, see
Sits on yon foggy cloud and waits for me.'

I wonder whether there is any private understanding between him and Marian? One would say not, she is so much more of a lady than he a gentleman. And she is the kind of girl who is not sensitive enough to mind behaving in a way that makes people talk, when she is conscious that there is nothing in reality to talk about. But I certainly thought he glanced at her, and she smiled, when he sang that. An uncommonly foggy cloud it must be where Marian Forester is the enlightening spirit.

I foresee that Bob will not keep us out of the society we have got into. He is fond of young ladies, and not at all fond of home dulness; and he is one of those naturally pleasant people who attract every one at first sight; he has such a confiding way with him. I feel a little anxious lest his confiding way should lead him to betray Burton's secret. I tried to warn him on the first night of his return, but Bob is always very airy and reassuring whenever one warns him of anything. 'You may be sure,' he said, 'I have no wish to open the cupboard door and show the skeleton to all the world, any more than you have.' I wish I did not always feel as if he was not to be depended on. The difference in reliableness between him and Burton is very curious: one would have expected it to be all the other way; but I feel I should no more *now* expect Burton to do anything deserving open blame than I should do it myself.

Miss Heath has been away, nursing a sick aunt, and the result is that Frida Wood has been much more friendly and sociable than her dragon will ever allow her to be when she is at home. She has invaded Gridiron Lane with me several times, and she is *so* nice with the people there. I feel myself hopelessly at sea unless there is anything definite to be done. I can arrange a sick woman's bed, and make her comfortable, thanks to my long apprenticeship to Aunt

Louisa's sick room, but I cannot get her to talk to me and tell me all her troubles as Frida can. I think Bunyan made a mistake when he says, 'I beheld in my Dream, and a Man came to him whose name was *Help*.' It ought to have been a woman. Sometimes we four girls—Frida, Marian, Lylie, and I—go out for long walks together. This generally resolves itself into Marian taking possession of Lylie, and leaving Frida to me. Marian does not think much of Frida. She told me once that there was nothing in Frida but the natural instinct of the average Teutonic woman. Lylie asked how that natural instinct differed from the natural instinct of any other kind of woman, and Marian did not seem to find her meaning quite easy to explain. Whether it is the natural instinct of the Teutonic woman or not—I hope it may be—there is something in Frida that makes one feel comfortable and natural when one is with her. I forget then the gulf that separates us from every one around us; I feel as if I were an ordinary human being, and that it is pleasant to talk about what one thinks about the world, and one's fellow creatures, and all the complexities that puzzle one. Frida never, somehow, asks any question which I can't answer; I wonder sometimes whether Miss Heath has dropped any hint that we have a past we can't talk about, and so has appealed to her pity. But her manner is so unconscious it hardly seems as if this were possible.

Mr. Marsh comes in a good deal now also: he seems to like Burton very much. He had rather fine prospects before him once, when his health failed, and he took to literature, 'intermittent authorship, sandwiched with attacks of illness, which were always just going to kill me, but stopped short,' he said. He is very much interested in Burton's microscopic studies: but Burton, I can see, feels for himself what he will not feel for Lylie and me: that it will not do to accept close friendship from anyone who does not know the facts of his life.

Dec. 19.

We have got through it—reading, part-songs, and all. Miss Heath was at home: she and Frida played the duet of the overture, and she was to have read Lady Macbeth, but had a cold, so they made me do it. I would rather not have done it, but did not like to refuse; such passages as 'All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand' come home painfully to anyone with experience like ours. At this entertainment I had a squire who scarcely ever left my side, it was that boy, Denys Lyndhurst, who has just come home for his first Oxford vacation. Oxford has done him good, his manners are improved, and I think his conceit has been taken down a little. I like the boy, he has his enthusiasms, and at present he is full of the nationalization of the land. He has not quite decided on the question of confiscation or compensation yet. Dear old Lady Lyndhurst, whom I always feel inclined to call Granny, as every one almost does here,

suggested that a few other questions would have to be settled when the land was free, such as Ruskin's, 'Who is to dig it?' and Denys replied enthusiastically. 'I would; you would, wouldn't you, Miss King?' At which Mr. Blackstone gave one of his great laughs, for which I hated him: for after all the boy is in earnest, and young enthusiasms should always be respected.

Mr. Blackstone seemed rather to devote himself to Bob to-day. Can it be that he likes Marian, and that he thought it would be the best way of keeping her and Bob apart if he engrossed Bob himself? She and Bob seem to be becoming very confidential: I am almost sure that Bob was demanding her sympathy about what happened two nights ago, when he wanted to go and play billiards in the club-room at the Red Lion, and Burton prevented it. Perhaps if she knew how often Bob has spent more than he owns, and how natural he appears to think it that Aunt Louisa and I should pay his debts, she might think Burton was justified in preventing any fresh temptation of the sort, especially now that he has more money than he ever had before.

But I am afraid the relations between Bob and Burton will always be strained. Bob is six years younger than Burton, it is true; but then, on the other hand, he seems to consider that Burton has put himself out of the running as elder brother by the catastrophe of the past. Burton, on his part, seems to feel specially called upon by Aunt Elizabeth's dying bequest to stand between Lylie and me and Bob's follies, and winds himself up to a struggle with him out of the purest sense of duty. It is well that Lylie is such a dear honest straightforward child; for nothing would be easier for her than to get Bob to tell her everything if she asked him at any moment when he was in ill humour with Burton. And Bob is one of those people whose ill humour does not blaze out and then pass over: it smoulders mildly, hardly affecting his amiable outside at all, but nevertheless it urges him to action when you hope he has forgotten it.

Dec. 31.

The last night of the old year. Bob and Lylie had gone to the Foresters, and Burton and I had a quiet chat as we waited up to see the new year in; a chat which gave a revelation to me.

'Rachel,' he said, 'I have made up my mind to one thing for the new year which you must help me in.'

'Anything I can,' I began.

'I want you to help me to drop unobserved out of this social business we have got into. Not you and Lylie, mind, it is perfectly right for you; but for myself, it is certainly best not to go on with it.'

'I thought you would think so sooner or later,' I said, as sympathetically as I could. 'But what affects you affects me and Lylie too, Burton.'

'Nonsense,' he said. 'This is a question that concerns myself, simply and entirely, and no one else at all.'

'What?' I said, simply puzzled this time.

He was silent for some moments; then he stood up with his back to me and leaned against the chimney-piece; and at last said, 'I think I had better tell you, because you can help me to act for the best, and to keep myself up to what is the only right thing. But mind, if I find that it affects you and Lylie in any way, if it interferes with your having the society which you are entitled to, I shall simply take myself off.'

'What is it then?' I said, as he did not tell me.

'It is that I ought to keep out of Miss Wood's way, or I shall make a fool of myself, as I have no right to the hopes of other men'—he said at last in a voice which shook a little.

'Burton, I am so sorry!'

He paced the room, which is a way he has when he is troubled. He has got a habit of pacing up and down in a small space.

'I thought nothing could have disturbed me very much after hearing of mother's death, and living through that,' he said, 'and you have been so good to me, Rachel; you have scarcely ever made me feel the difference between myself and other people. I know you have thought sometimes I did not think of it enough—well, that is between myself and God. But never till just lately did I feel what life might have been, if I had had an unspotted past to offer the woman I loved.'

'If any woman could afford to overlook it, Frida could,' I was beginning to say, with that impulse of comforting which makes one give vent to unwise and impossible suggestions; but he stopped me with, 'I could never ask her. You must see that yourself, Rachel. The sweeter and nobler she is—the more even it might be within her power to overlook—the less right I should have to offer her a stained name. Don't you see?'

Yes, I did see. I wished I could help seeing. 'Poor old Burton!' was all that I could say. 'I am so sorry.'

'Never mind,' he said, with his unfailing instinct of forgetting his own trouble in other people's. 'It will be bad for a bit, but I shall get over it; you know I am not the sort of man to be killed by trouble,' and he tried to laugh, but did not make a very successful business of it. 'She will always be in my mind as a sort of white lily. I shall be glad to have known her, and I shall always be glad really to think I was man enough not to desecrate her by saying anything of what I felt. You will help me, old girl? You see now I am right?'

Yes, I did see; and I saw too, with bitter regret, how, if Burton's past had been different, she would have been the very wife for him. Whereas now, the past might be blotted out by the power of divine forgiveness, but it would never be in Burton's power to offer the woman of his choice a stainless name. And how could he offer anything else?

I went to bed and dreamt that I was living with Lord Lytton's 'Coming Race,' and that the problem was solved by Frida proposing to Burton herself with a full knowledge of all the circumstances of his life. Alas, I woke and found that I was still back in this benighted nineteenth century, when complications like these are caused by the fact that a proposal of marriage cannot be made from one side as much as from the other.

XIV.

Nov. 28.

MRS. LYNDHURST.

The *Tempest* was on the whole a success, only, as Denys would say, it was too Prosper-ous and A-e-rial—

I told you the Major was inevitable, but I did not reckon on Miss Wood being too amiable, after the fashion of the good, and letting Marion dragoon her out of Ariel and make her retire upon Juno and Alonso. Of course Prospero and Ariel were so much *too* everything that one could not wonder at Caliban's disgust. I was Trinculo and could hardly keep my countenance at the comical significance of the tone of his murmurs. He really does read beautifully, but he has not breath enough for any lengthy part. As Denys will be at home before *Macbeth* comes off, I must be a little more autocratic and not let him be disgusted.

I could not help telling Marian that I thought simpler reading would be more effective, whereupon she cocked her head on one side, as she does when she means to be candid, and said that she was so constituted that she could not help throwing character into any part she took. The Kings read nicely, Lylie with much grace, in spite of a shade of foreign intonation, and her brother did justice to Ferdinand without making one recollect Mr. Burton King. The which I take to be the perfection of reading.

Nov. 29.

Everybody enjoyed *The Tempest* so much that we are to have *Macbeth* in another three weeks, with Locke's music. A special treat to Granny, so I hope Denys will not be bored.

I have had another talk with Mr. King about the Cottage Hospital, and it has resulted in my writing to Lady Brockenhurst to ask whether, supposing funds were forthcoming, her husband would let us have a site in a suitable situation.

Dec. 1.

A very kind letter from her ladyship, charmingly prompt. There will be no objection on Lord Brockenhurst's part, and he will give the ground on an application being formally made. She will give £50 herself, and holds out hopes of an annual subscription if desired, a most satisfactory response. One quiet worker seems to

infuse fresh life. Here is Mr. Forester wakening to perceive that he must open a mission room or chapel, and keep another curate with a turn for Sunday schools. By all accounts the boys' department is a bear-garden, all but Mr. King's class. Mrs. Forester has lately come in for a handsome legacy, and it is very good of her to wish to make such a use of it. I had hardly thought there was so much in the little woman, though to be sure Marian's superior compassionate patronage should have worked on me by contraries.

Dec. 2.

Crowing is dangerous. I feel as if I had been officious and premature, for Miss King, to whom I first spoke, in true slap dash fashion, was quite cold, and threw me back. She was obliged, but they had not intended this to be matter of public subscription. Is it reserve, I wonder, and desire to have it all in their own hands. To be sure, the notion of a committee, with Major Heath in the chair, might appal any mind. I told her I was sorry I had out-run her wishes, and the apology seemed to shock her. I said I understood how much nicer it was to keep such work to oneself, and that there was a shrinking from letting in the light, and she broke out eagerly. 'Oh, not that, not that, Mrs. Lyndhurst; I can't have you suppose that! Please bear with me and forgive me.' There were tears in her eyes. A strange thing in one usually so self-contained.

In ten minutes after I had parted with her, Mr. King was announced, full of gratitude, evidently anxious to atone for any appearance of ungraciousness from his sister. He did not think she had realised that any such work, unless undertaken by a millionaire, must involve participation with others. And when I said I was afraid I had rent the silken veil too soon, his pale face actually flushed as he answered, 'You must not invent such kind reasons. Only, if it goes on, I hope Mr. Forester will consent to be prime mover and authority.'

We went on to discuss the plan. My idea is very likely impracticable. I want the spot to be at the turn of the hill, where there is such a splendid view, but I dare say wind, water and all else will be wrong there. However, on the first fine day we are to walk over to Doddery Down, and reconnoitre.

Dec. 7.

Fine days don't abound. Yesterday wet, and to-day we are in a fog wetter than ever. One can keep simple rain off with an umbrella, but the fog is all round, and makes one cross. I was as savage as if I was only ten years old just now, when Marian Forester 'loomed out of the mist' as I was coming out of the post office, and told me that Rufus Blackstone must do Hecate. I answered, with that wicked sort of 'My dear,' of which one always repents, that I did not want to have all the town in; whereat she patronised my weak exclusiveness, declaring that Rufus had always been 'one of us.' I am thank-

ful that I don't *think* I said 'speak for yourself.' I don't know why, I never could bear that young man.

Marian even observed that, considering whom we admitted, we could not be exclusive. I frigidly desired to know what she meant. 'Oh,' she said, rather frightened, 'strangers that no one knows anything about.'

'There is such a thing as internal evidence,' I was weak enough to say, starting her on a disquisition about her peculiar insight and constitution, as I believe, for I did not listen, being so much absorbed in regrets for my ill-temper that I was ready to lay the part of Lady Macbeth at her feet, only that I am pledged, and so is Miss Heath, not to let her have it, but to keep her to poor old Duncan, into whom she cannot possibly foist too much expression. Well, I pay the penalty of my ill temper, for I felt obliged to bring Marion back from her intuitions, by a relenting question about the young doctor, and I found he had come in during a practice at the Vicarage, and offered to assist with his fine bass. Fine is exactly the word for it. I became gracious, and undertook to invite him, for I *will* not have Marian bringing him as an appendage. I don't believe there can be anything in that quarter, and yet a girl with *that* opinion of herself is capable of any sort of folly.

However, I hope she has something else in her head, for she rewarded me with the promise of a copy of a number of the *Halfpenny Telegraph*, in which her first attempt at authorship has appeared. After parting at the gate, she ran home and fetched it. I read it to Grandmamma, and we agreed that there is a good deal in it. It is not commonplace; all her people are lifelike; and nobody is supernatural except the young lady, who of course is Marion idealized, and we may be thankful that she falls short of the ideal! However, she is a good girl and a clever girl, however you may laugh at her.

Dec. 9.

Our walk has taken effect, and we had two unexpected companions. Marion popped out upon us, to represent her father, I suppose, and the Kings had another brother with them, I believe he is in the militia, hoping to get into the army. He has just enough likeness to Mr. King to show what a difference a soul makes in the same mask. We formed two parties, for of course the younger trio kept together, and seemed so well amused that it was quite a relief to see Marian so like a real girl. I wanted to see the pair with me as merry, but it was not in them, though I am sure they are both under thirty. Something must have taken the spring of life out of them, or this brisk, frosty morning would have made them at least as frolicsome as a staid matron like me.

The view hardly did itself justice, it was so grey, with lines of fog along the water courses, and trees standing up severe and bare, all the rich purple gone out of the colouring. I saw Rachel King's eyes

fixed on the expanse where even sunshine only made the mist white, and I wondered whether it was like their lives. However, there was no sentiment about our business, and I had to give up my beloved site, because an east wind would come round the corner. Moreover, it is too high up, and would need extra roadmaking, and Marian says it is out of the parish, which is not desirable.

Marian had her site too, exactly the soil and aspect as she averred, and Mr. Robert King vehemently supported her asseverations that it was neither boggy nor damp, till the frosty crust gave way, and they found themselves sinking into little pools. So we fell back on another spot which, being near a roadway, is more convenient of access, and will not need so much levelling. It must be begun on a small scale, so as to be capable of additions.

Indeed the Kings seemed less sure than before of doing much for it. Their younger brother looks as if he might be an expensive member of the family. I hope he will be gone before Denys comes home.

Dec. 11.

I never before tore up anything I had written to you, dear Edward, so I won't tear the above, now your letter has come. Indeed, what I have said speaks for itself. You *must* see that this is not the way of an adventurer—nor of a person whose life will not bear inquiry. There is absolutely nothing against them, but that they are reticent as to their past, and the peculiarity of a young, and apparently active man, having no profession. There is not the slightest doubt about the property being theirs by inheritance from old Hogg. There were, besides Mrs. King, two sisters, it appears, of whom Miss Louisa Wynne is the only survivor, and the share of the third sister is left between these young people, in the hands of trustees. That was the explanation Mr. Forester heard from Evans, who of course understands it, because of the rates, &c. I know also that their father was a clergyman, Miss Wynne shewed me one day a photograph book with the Rectory where all the dear children were born, she said; and of late, till the other aunt's death, they lived in London. However, I wont argue the point, for I know that you will no sooner be at home than you will be enchanted with Lylie, struck with the grave Rachel, and interested by the first sight of the elder brother. Remember, Mr. Forester and Major Heath are quite satisfied, and so is Grandmamma, who reckons for much more than I do.

FRANK MARSH'S JOURNAL.

Dec. 20.

The ringers are practising for Christmas, and the whole air is full of bells. As is it impossible to do any real work under these circumstances, I may as well go on with my history for you. I have quite neglected you for two months, which is a good sign; it shows that

life is interesting. So it is, and puzzling too! Much more so than on the day I first saw Miss Lylie King.

Well, being resolved not to lose my reason, and to set to work steadily on something or other, I went one day to town and had my talk with Maltby. I may have told you that this excellent old fellow is a Shakspere enthusiast. He does not belong to the New Shakspere Society, or to any special body of critics; his views are not cut and dried. If he belongs to any school, it is to that of romantic criticism; he lovingly watches Shakspere's character in its development, and does not interest himself at all about verse tests, weak endings, double endings, rhyme, and the like. We had often talked over this subject—my way of looking at things being very much the same as his; and now he wants me to write an essay in one volume on the Influence of Shakspere. I have gladly entered into this plan.

But I soon found that it was a difficult subject to work out alone. Shakspere's influence on English character, and on every phase of life in England, has been enormous. When people are most unconscious of it, they are swayed by it most. He is in the air. Next to Christianity, he has been the greatest power in forming our modern England. Yet, as I thought about it, I felt a wish to have these theories proved by something personal; to know, for instance, something of Shakspere's effect on minds at Emery.

Not being intimate with any of my neighbours, I had thought about this in silence for some days, when Mrs. Lyndhurst, who is a clever woman and a good angel, proposed Shakspere readings to amuse people through the winter. She spoke to me on the subject, and I entered into her plan with some enthusiasm. Perhaps I have since regretted this a little, not having quite realised what it would be to have Prospero represented by Major Heath, Ariel interpreted by Miss Forester, and so on, all through my neighbours. I growled out my Caliban, and tried to profit by all the absurdity; but the worst of it was, that it shook my faith in my own theory. How could Shakspere have entered into the minds of these people at all? The whole thing makes my book more difficult and yet more necessary.

And even now I am unfair, for Prospero and Ariel were the only dead failures. Young King was Ferdinand, a depressing lover certainly, but refined and intelligent. And his younger sister was Miranda, and that ought to have redeemed all things; but I am afraid it only made me more impatient and intolerant of the whole thing. I gave them a little sketch of the history of the play, of what one fancies may have been the current of feeling in Shakspere's mind which produced it. The idea of beginning a course of Shakspere with *The Tempest* is certainly a little ridiculous; but these readings are meant for amusement, not study, and it is a most attractive play.

Last night we had our second attempt, and read *Macbeth*, with a great deal of music. I think, however, it was rather less successful than *The Tempest*. The odious Blackstone was there, singing a deep grinding bass, which set my teeth on edge. Miss King, the elder one, was Lady Macbeth; her reading was almost too realistic, too unhappy. The shadow of Lady Macbeth's crime seemed to rest on her; there was a sob in her voice now and then as she ended.

Burton King has one of those charming tenor voices which bring tears to the eyes even of the unmusical. But the voices of all this family have a pathetic sweetness. As for Lylie, with her bright eyes, bright hair; with all the sunshine of youth and health and innocence, I can never hear her voice without a sudden strange thrill, that compound of intense joy and agony, which is the most terrible thing in life, and yet the best worth living for.

Here I once more take comfort in the thought that you will not read this till I am dead, and you will not laugh unkindly at these fancies of a sick, foolish mind. Still you must not think that I am unhappy now. I see the Kings constantly. They have a charming way of showing me that I am welcome at the Priory. I am not at all misanthropic now—at least, in that house I love one person, and I like two. I have taken some walks with young King, who is a good fellow, though slightly dismal and scientific. I am trying to interest him in other questions; and though he often stops to catch little beasts in the grass, and bores me with them in the microscope, I like the fellow so much that I bear these things patiently, and he listens in return to my literary chatter.

The youngest brother is here now; he is an uninteresting youth, quite devoid of the attraction of the others. Young Lyndhurst is at home too. There is a new young lady, of great height and large eyes, staying with Miss Heath. King thinks her much handsomer than I do. The town is full of boys and girls, and I feel an old fellow amongst them all; yet at the Priory they have a way of making me feel young.

I think King and his eldest sister have something on their minds. I shall never ask them or any one else what it is. But they are unaccounted for in a way that *is* unusual, and I do not gather that the estate has been theirs for long enough to account for his having no profession. Either he has had bad health himself, or has been very much accustomed to those that have. I can see that he almost unconsciously watches me; and, though I never enter on the subject of my health, he has once or twice checked me in little things, and given me bits of advice that seem to me to indicate some medical knowledge. Then, though I should say he was naturally a cheerful sort of fellow, with a touch of his little sister's sunny brightness, there is at times a depth of melancholy about him, altogether different from the surface depression that comes of solitude and weak health.

Well, the consideration of 'other organisms,' as some one called their fellow creatures, is an amusement I like to indulge in. But I strongly suspect that with Burton King it is, from another point of view, a quite uncontrollable impulse.

And—well—if ever you read these pages it will be far away from all the figures that flit across them. This new friend of mine has other ways for which I cannot account. He has knowledge of other things beside medicine which he hides as carefully as other men hide ignorance. I came by when he was helping old Twisledon to dig fossils out of the quarry. He knew how to swing that pick-axe, yet I am sure the Kings have not risen from the ranks. And he has the oddest habit of starting out of a dream into sudden and complete attention when addressed. Why do I trust him? What a strange thing the impression made on one of a person's character is! In the moral world two and two don't always make four. Happily no one else in Emery studies character except Miss Marian Forester, and I think her pretty brown eyes are engaged in studying Burton King's younger brother—a much easier subject.

There is Lylie coming down the road. I wish I was six foot one, and such a 'Frank in the Guards' as my poor little sister used to spout nonsensical rhymes about—long, long ago!

MRS. LYNDHURST.

Dec. 20.

Our dear boy has done famously this term. I send you the very pleasant letters I have about him—copies I mean. I won't trust the real things to mail steamers. He was just in time for *Macbeth*. I expected him to shirk it as a bore, but no such thing. He didn't mind so long as he was let alone, and not made to read. And he was most helpful, courteous and attentive to all and sundry, a great contrast to young Robert King, who supposed it to be good form to be supercilious, looking out for a joke all the time, and keeping his sisters upon thorns. He was much worse than Rufus Blackstone, who knows better than to be obnoxious in our house.

Felicia Heath was to have been Lady Macbeth, but she had a cold, and Miss King was implored on all sides to be fixed in the part before Marion arrived, leaving Fleance and the Macduff child to her brother Robert. She consented unwillingly, but could not help reading with her whole heart, as though carried along by some deep flood of feeling. Denys was really entranced. He leant forward, silent, almost breathless; and you should have seen his eyes. When in the midst of Lady Macbeth's objurgation to her husband, what must that wretched younger brother do, but mutter audibly, 'Go it, old girl.' He made his voice into an insufferable squeak for Fleance, and into another variety for Macduff's son. One thing Mr. Marsh

and I agreed upon, there shall be no more Shakspere readings while that youth is to the fore.

His sister Rachel reads to perfection. Her tone in the remorseful passages were quite overpowering in unconscious pathos. Granny indulged in a little cry in her corner, and Denys declares it was the most beautiful thing he ever heard. If she were a little younger it might be serious.

Dec. 24.

The boy is certainly smitten, though Granny tells me not to be uneasy, and that you will know as well as she does (Ha! ha! Captain Lyndhurst!) that admiration for a really superior woman, much older, is a very wholesome bit of education, unlikely to cause any lasting pain or sore, but even turning to the advantage of 'my Queen' of the future. Meanwhile, it is very funny to see him, dear boy. He consulted me whether it would be too great a liberty to send her a Christmas card, and on my consenting, all his energies went to finding one transcendental enough to be worthy of her. I don't know what the ideal card in his mind may be, but he must have worried the vendors of those articles nearly out of their minds, both here and at Milford and Calchester, turning over to us whole packs of the rejected. What crooked stick will he take at last?

Christmas Day.

I suppose you are spending your Christmas day between blue sky and sea. Or are you in some southern harbour, with poinsettias instead of Christmas holly in the churches? Our hearts and spirits are together anyhow, and perhaps your Matins met our Evensong.

It was bright here; and there was a fuller attendance than usual. Lads were there, and young men, the fruit of the night school, though Mr. King does not seem to produce the like effect on his brother.

Denys' card was a strange choice after all, done by a private hand—a stormy sea with a vessel riding in it, and a break in the clouds, from which a sun-beam is struggling. It has not yet reached the ship, but you see that it will. I asked him whether he chose it as appropriate to a sailor's son, and he said, 'No; but somehow it was like her, more like her than robins and lilies and flummery,' and he pointed to the motto, 'Upon them hath the light shined.'

After many devices for sending it, he ended by posting it. I wonder whether she guesses whence it came.

MARIAN FORESTER'S JOURNAL.

Jan. 3.

My story, 'The Choir-Boy's Temptation,' has been accepted and published by the *Halfpenny Telegraph*. I am not to have any money for it, but one mustn't expect that at first, and I consider it very

encouraging indeed. My studies of character must have strengthened my mind and my style, so that 'Alfred Hopkins' is not the mere common-place, faultless chorister of fiction. I think there is something rather new about him, and I must say I think he is very nice too. Fanny *does* think more of me since I have been in print. She said she was sorry the children interrupted me, and though Papa pretended to laugh at me and at the *Halfpenny Telegraph*, and asked me when he might stop my allowance on the strength of my earnings, he took it off into the study, and I heard him tell Major Heath that his little girl had been meddling with pen and ink, and a foolish editor had encouraged her to go on.

So I took up some copies to the Priory, for I thought perhaps Mr. King might read it to his class; and as it is meant to do good, of course I want to spread it as widely as possible. Since we had the Shakspere readings, I have seen more of Mr. King and Miss King, and I think perhaps there is nothing unusual about them. It does seem so unlikely that there should be anything unusual about people when one sees them every day. After all, why should there be, any more than with that Mr. Marsh, who, by the way, has made friends with Mr. King? But then Fanny's grandmother was at school with *his* great aunt and that is something.

Well, when I got to the Priory, they were all at home, and actually Felicia, and Frida Wood were calling. If I wasn't a Christian I should *hate* Felicia. She was *quite* wrong at the G. F. S. meeting the other day; I wish I'd never asked her to be an associate. She had the wrong story of Charlotte Brooks, and Mrs. Lyndhurst said so; and when *I* told the right one, that horrid thing said, 'Of course, we must all bow to Miss Forester's opinion' as if I had been a little girl pretending!

I ought not to have written that here. My studies of character mustn't be made an excuse for parochial or feminine spites. And the Vicar's daughter must have *no* feuds. So I smiled graciously on Felicia, and of course there is nothing against Frida. She reminds me of Maud, 'faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null;' but I suppose a person of less discrimination wouldn't see beneath, I mean wouldn't see that there was nothing to see beneath her beauty.

Mr. Robert King was there. I have seen him several times. He is *much* the nicest of them all. He is handsome, like Lylie, and has such pleasant manners and a nice smile. His eyelashes are very long too. Now if I *said* that, Fanny would say it was silly. But when one is studying character that makes all the difference. It is not silly to notice a hero's eyelashes, and he has given me some ideas for my hero. So I felt rather shy when Lylie, after congratulating me about 'The Choir-boy's Temptation' said?

'Now, Marian, you must begin your novel! I am sure you must be ready with a hero and heroine and a villain and all.'

Somehow I didn't want to talk about the hero, so I said,

'I think villains are very difficult.'

'Do you think they are more uncommon than heroes?' said Mr. Robert King.

'Why, yes,' I said. 'I never saw one at all.'

'Did you ever see a hero?' said Felicia.

I said I thought it would be easier to invent one, and we went on talking for a little. Mr. King had been very silent at first, but after a bit he went on talking to Frida and to Mr. Marsh, who was there too, and I heard them laughing and quite lively, and presently Mr. King turned round and said in a very funny sort of way—I shouldn't have thought it was in him.

'Miss Forester expects to see the villain of the old school, wrapped in an enormous cloak, or else with a black frock coat buttoned tight up to his chin, with flashing white teeth, which he reveals in a sardonic smile.'

He made a very funny face and we all laughed; while his brother said.

'*That* sort of villain is exploded.'

'He ought to *look* just like other people,' I said, 'and be found out gradually.'

'Yes,' he said, looking all round, and Mr. King suddenly left off talking, while his brother muttered very low, 'Forgotten himself for once with a vengeance.'

Who forgot? What could he mean?

'He must first delude the heroine,' said Mr. Marsh.

'Only if she is very foolish,' said Miss King; and she came and sat down by me and began to talk about the 'Choir-boy.'

Surely she didn't think—she couldn't imagine that her brother (I mean her younger brother) was talking too much to me. He *did* dance the other night three times with me, and he would have danced again, only I thought the example would be bad for other girls, who wouldn't know my reasons. I mean who might be supposed—who might really be silly. The reason was that he was telling me how his brother had no confidence in him. I don't think I like Miss King—much.

I thought I had better go away. Somehow, everything was bothering, so I wished good-bye, and went off in a hurry. But as I ran down the road, who should come out of the garden-gate but Mr. Robert himself. He appeared surprised to see me, and said that he had escaped for a few moments from the family atmosphere.

'Don't you think, Miss Forester, that it is very hard on a fellow to be sat upon by his sisters? But ladies always hang together, of course.'

'I take great pains,' I said, 'not to look on things from a merely feminine point of view.'

'*You* would not interfere with *your* brother's little pleasures?' he said, softly.

'Oh, no!' I said. 'Of course it is different when one's brothers are grown up.'

'After all,' he said, 'one might put up with *sisters*. But—you see I am very little at home—when a *brother* takes up the same story.'

'Mr. King is older,' I said. I did wish to have a good influence over a young man who appealed to me.

'Older? Yes,' he said. 'But if all *his* past came to light!'

And then he caught himself up in a great hurry, and begged me to forget all he had said and never to mention it. He said my sympathy was very sweet, and he squeezed my hand hard. And then he asked me to give him anything to remember my kindness by—a flower, a ribbon—for him to remember, he said, and for me to forget.

But I hadn't got a flower in January, and I had no ribbon, except the bit of 'blue ribbon' in my button-hole. I thought, perhaps, if I gave him *that* he might wear it. But it's sewn in, and I was so hot and uncomfortable, and suppose any one had come by? So I gave him 'The Choir Boy's Temptation'—I had one left—and ran off as fast as I could.

I got home rather late, and had to dress for tea in a great hurry. I wondered if I ought to mention that I had met Mr. Robert King. Of course I couldn't say anything about his secret; but I thought it would seem as if I thought meeting him was a matter of consequence if I avoided his name, so I said, in an airy sort of manner, as I cut the bread—

'Mr. Robert King has more to say than his brother. Why don't you ask *him* to take a class, papa?'

'Has that young man any profession?' said papa.

'He's trying to get into the Army through the Militia,' I said. 'Why don't you get him to do something in the parish, papa?'

'I should like to know a little more about him first.'

'Well, papa,' I said, 'we know quite as much about him as about Mr. King. I'm sure I know which I should trust the most. Of course I can't help studying characters.'

'I think, my dear, that for young men's characters you had better continue to draw on your imagination,' said papa.

I *do* think that it is most unkind of him to make such a remark before Fanny and the children. As if I was a ridiculous girl like any one in the parish! It was only because I was angry, that I got so red and hot. I could have cried, I was so vexed with him. I said—

'Art is above sex,' in as dignified a manner as I could.

'Perhaps so, my dear, but not artists,' said papa; and Fanny said the sausages were smoked.

Well, I must endure misapprehension in a good cause. If my sympathy is to do any one any good, I must not deprive them of it for the world's scorn. What would be the use of being rather superior to other girls if one could not do an unusual thing?

Fanny has been to call on Mrs. Lyndhurst. She says she means to go to the Shakspere readings herself, and read a little part.

I think Fanny's mind must be developing. But she is rather tiresome, for when I wanted to go out with Lylie yesterday, she took me out on a round of Christmas calls. I like to go with Fanny, of course; it shows that we are on good terms with each other; but it does take up one's time horridly.

As we were going from Lady Lyndhurst's to Major Heath's, whom should we meet but Rufus Blackstone and Mr. Robert King. I have seen them together several times, and I dare say they will make friends. Rufus is clever in his way, and has a great deal of discrimination. He never did like Mr. King, and after what passed the other day, I feel that first impressions are always the ones to be depended upon, and that I mustn't let my suspicions go to sleep. Papa is so easily taken in.

I don't think Fanny made herself agreeable. They would have come in and had a cup of tea if she had asked them; but she was very stiff.

However, that evening Rufus did come in to speak to papa, and afterwards I had a little talk with him about the Kings. He told me that he was looking out carefully to see what was going on, and I couldn't help saying that I thought there was a great difference between the two brothers—one so open and the other so reserved. If Rufus could find out the secret! For there *is* a secret, and I think I ought, as a duty to papa, to try and discover it.

Rufus talked to me for some time. I did not mean to say anything about what Mr. Robert King said; I only hinted that I thought that he had troubles at home, and led a very dull life. Rufus *is* sensible and a real old Emery person, so that, of course, he feels suspicious of strangers.

We are going to have a Missionary Meeting next week, and S. P. G. sermons. Mr. Blackstone's nephew is coming to preach; he is an old tutor of Mr. Marsh's it seems. It is odd how everybody, except the Kings, are connected with somebody else. Papa says he means to talk to him about a curate. If we have one, I hope he will be sensible and hard-working. I shall put him up at once to the best plans about the schools, and I think he might take a Scripture class in the week if he proves capable.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN OF THE RENAISSANCE.

A SKETCH AT PRAGUE, 1495–8.

CHAPTER V.

TEMPTATIONS.

'Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain!'
—CLOUGH.

IT is May 1496. Kudos is now wearing the bonnet and long gown of the A.M. He has rooms at the bookseller's, where Ottocarius also lodges, both of them having small private means. In spite of the difference of University status they are fast friends, their friendship, like all true friendship, founded on mutual respect as well as affection, and cemented by community of interest. The occupations of the best men at our modern universities, who 'work when they work and play when they play,' (and none can 'frivol' better than clever men,) are not, unfortunately, specimens of all that is done at Oxford or Cambridge, and Kudos and Otto are only representatives of the better class of student at Prague. Kudos had begun to write those critiques on the Old Testament, which, as the friends believed, would make his name famous as a Hebraist; nay, Kudos had a plan for a critical edition of the New Testament, such as Erasmus, unknown to him, was even then preparing; for we know that nearly every idea which does good to the world, is thought of and brooded over by many ambitious minds in solitary thought, till the world is ripe for it, and one man wins for himself an immortal name by its publication. Till he should make his way and obtain his D.D. Kudos was content to study hard, to help Dr. Germanicus in his correspondence with men of all nations, and live, trusted by his superiors and beloved by all who knew the persevering and true-hearted young teacher.

The day on which we see the two again, was one on which, for the first time since that fortunate rencontre on the bridge, there seemed to be a constraint between the two friends. Otto had become much more manly-looking, without losing the peculiar beauty of expression of his youth. He was carving—it was a saint's day, and Otto's favourite form of recreation was, as in his youth, to carve heads of all his friends. On the wall now hung one of his sister Hildegarde, done for his unknown father, as an offering from the grateful peasant boy. He had carved many for the brethren at Marienbad, and now he was at leisure moments graving a panel for a church. Kudos was unusually idle. He seemed to have something to say and knew not how to begin.

'That is a fine piece of work,' Kudos at length observed. 'It will not be finished for Trinity Sunday, though.'

'And if not?' said Otto. 'I am not now obliged to fix a day for my work.'

'You promised it to the Monastery.'

'I am sick of the monasteries, and all connected with them,' said Otto pettishly; then with the gravity of one who would justify bad temper by reason, quoted from somebody else—'the abuses of the present system are too much for me, Dominicans and Francisans running down each other all day long, and one as bad as the other.'

'This house at all events is strict enough in following the reforms of S. Carlo di Borromeo.'

'What a difference there must be within the memory of the older men,' said Otto, now more in earnest. 'Thirty years have brought reforms and changes, especially, they say, in Suabia and round about here. They are much stricter than they were, not without cause either.'

'Indeed, no,' said Kudos.

'But you will acknowledge how much there is to disgust one in the state of the Church?'

'None more readily—to you at all events. I need hardly say it is not safe to say much now. That is why I rejoice in the spread of learning. Such Dominicans and Francisans cannot exist in what has now become their detestable ostentation of poverty and ignorance, when light comes. Ah! when will the time dawn when there will be no persecution of scholars and hunting down of men who try to advance before their fellows! No one longs for a reform in Church morals and doctrine more than I do—no one can,' he repeated warmly.

'Will it come soon? Those who come from Italy tell us of strange works there, and movements led by Girolamo Savonarola, the Dominican.'

'Yes, it will come,' said Kudos. 'Glorious it will be, when once more the Church is united and purified.'

'Not much chance of that,' said Otto, 'the Greeks, they say, yield no jot. Remember the Councils of Basil and Florence.'

'But a more general Council, to be composed of the learned from all countries? Surely they might arrange an eirenicon.'

'And the Pope? Innocent only in name. Nay, it is the Borgia now, not even that.'

'But a General Council is above the Pope, and these evils must carry their own remedy,' said Kudos again.

'How? Think of all who are interested in making Rome what it is, where only evil prospers, where——'

'Hush, walls have ears. Remember John de Vesalie, who died in prison, about 1479, I think, for saying half we think.'

'Not Weselius?'

'No, not the great Platonist of that name. You mean his friend.

Learned, pious, true, he studied the Holy Scriptures thoroughly; but when asked for his views on Reform in the Church, he would only say, "Brother, go to your cell and pray the Lord to be merciful." So I say now. It is a dreadful age.'

'Unbelief is worse than our fathers ever knew. In Italy some men love absolute Paganism. Wherever the new light has spread it has brought scepticism.'

'Kudos,' said Otto suddenly—'do you never know what it is to doubt everything?'

Kudos paused, and then said sadly, 'Ah! you have come to that now? It is the hardest stage of one's journey; but if you go on bravely you will get through it. You could never be, like Baiern, for example—'

'No, Gustavus, no,' said Otto, earnestly. 'I do not mean that I would give up my faith in right, but when I hear these abominable friars talking profane rubbish, when the Archbishop's mandates are read out about Indulgences, and I know it is merely the result of the bargain between the Pope, Archbishop, merchants and hawkers, as to how much each shall get from the poor widow's store, or from the compound the murderer makes with his conscience?'

'But, Otto, no one asks you to believe in that. Trust me, even if it is good for the ignorant, which I do not think, Christianity is as much like that as you are like Baiern.'

'I thank you for the flattery I suppose you mean.'

'Accept it for what it is worth, and then listen to the reverse,' said Kudos suddenly.

'What do you mean?' replied Otto, surprised. His ill-humour and constraint had vanished during their grave discussion.

'The truth is, I have to do an unpleasant thing—official, or semi-official. Can't you guess? Remember, of course a friend may be silent, when a senior cannot;' he added, as Otto crimsoned and started up, rather angrily.

'I do not see what you have to do with me, however, now,' replied Otto. 'Of course, I suppose you mean I have been careless, unpunctual, and everything else.'

'I see your guilty conscience——'

'Tells me that my respected præposter wishes to rebuke his lazy pupil, has been told to do so, whereat my pride took alarm. Go on.'

'Yes;' said Kudos, momentarily smiling, then taking Otto's hand gravely. 'I have been told to speak to you.'

Otto started again. 'By whom, pray? Who has dared to complain of me?'

'Not I, dear Euphon, pray; for I thought that such inattention at the lectures I am giving under the superintendence of Germanicus was only natural, and that you, as a friend, were not bound to pretend you liked or listened to them,' observed the elder student dryly. '*I* did not complain, but——'

'Say it; don't keep me in suspense. What is it?'

'There is little to say after all. I have only been commissioned to give you a hint to save you from getting into any trouble.'

'By whom?'

'By Germanicus.'

'When?'

'To-day. This is all he said; of course in confidence, I tell you this. "I am sorry your young friend from Teplitz is relaxing his zeal in his studies. He is not as he was three months ago. You had better tell him quietly that, should he act in any manner which would provoke my official displeasure, no partiality will be shown him in any way." You know the sort of man the Doctor is; the more patient, the more severe at length. Between ourselves, I should not provoke him too far, and there is—well—some cause for his censure. That is all, my friend. You may be sure I said no word against you.'

There was a long pause. Otto had turned away. Kudos knew well his sensitive nature, and guessed that, delicately as the service had been performed, and it was a service, through the consideration of Germanicus, by one who was his dearest friend, the blame had gone home. He would speak no further on the subject, and after a silence of some minutes began to talk on less personal matters, knowing that the rebuke had been accepted as it was meant to be. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.'

A few weeks later Kudos, Franz Gerster and Otto brought downstairs the finished carving, and Otto called Frau Katherina to see it. Her remark, that of the uneducated in all ages on seeing a work of art, was, 'The trouble it must have taken! It's to be for the chapel?'

'Yes. Does not Kätchen make a sweet little S. Agnes? of course I have only taken this face from hers.' Otto, full of pride in his work, looked at Kätchen with an artist's earnest yet abstracted gaze. She coloured under his look, as amateur models always do, for they do not realise they are only 'subjects.' Gerster saw the look and the blush and was angry; but Otto was quite unconscious. 'Then S. Dorothea is Freiherrin Hildegarde, my sister, I mean. But I like Ida best, as the S. Cecilia. How beautiful and stately she is! It will last nearly as long as stone above the altar,' went on the pleased artist. 'It is to be in the side chapel, S. Cecilia's, you know. There is the lay brother to take it.'

Meanwhile Gerster had drawn Kätchen into the shop, and held her, looking into her face steadily, till she was frightened. 'What is the matter, Franz? Are you ill?'

'No,' was the stern answer.

'Have you lost your tools and have to wait longer before you are a master goldsmith?'

'No.'

'Then what is it?'

'You,' was the reply, followed, however, by explanations which ended satisfactorily, for Kätchen really was rather piqued with Otto

than otherwise. He had used her face as a model, but had never even appeared to see her airs and coquetteries. So she had given him up, as one out of her station and not to be attracted, and was well satisfied with her present position as bride-elect of the son of rich Master Friedrich Gerster.

But other enquiries did not end quite so easily,

Later on, Otto asked, 'Why do you not like it, Kudos? I know you too well to read satisfaction in your face when it is not there.'

'I like it as a work of art, but I do not quite like the S. Cecilia—from my associations with your model.'

Otto coloured deeply.

'Forgive me; but do not become too intimate with Ida.'

'Do you doubt me?'

'For harm, no; I know that your honour as a Bohemian noble would prevent you marrying a burgher's daughter, and I am not afraid of Ida. It is not for her sake, but yours that I warn you. That is the only reason that I do not like the carving. Why! you have made honest Franz jealous for Kätchen's sake.'

'I have never even been alone with either of them; you really are too absurd, my friend, this time.'

'I only repeat, Ida knows what she is doing, and to be with her, when her deaf old father is absorbed in his books, is practically being alone with her.'

'Well, and if it were so? Is she not a superb woman, and as good as beautiful?'

'Don't let her take you into her confidence, that is all. Has she ever spoken to you of the Taborites?'

'Once or twice she has told me of the sufferings during the persecutions. Fancy being obliged to live in a cave, never to light a fire, except with the greatest precaution; in winter, if they did have one, to go out and collect firewood by stealth, the last dragging a branch behind him to efface the footmarks from the sand! How Ida's eyes glowed as she told me.'

'So long as she keeps your sympathies to those I do not care. I seem to be always checking you.'

'I cannot say that I like it, my Kudos; but I suppose it does me good.'

'Germanicus told me to-day he was glad you were working so well now. He notices everything, little as most of you think it.'

Otto flushed again with pleasure and shame mingled together, as he said hurriedly, 'I know I was surly and angry with you that day you spoke, and have been foolish enough to avoid asking your forgiveness. I was bothered then. When one's very faith seems slipping from one's grasp, and the earth seems to stagger into nothingness—stay, I must not give so heroic a reason, which is only partly true. I was thoroughly lazy, and one cause reacted on another; trouble of that

kind makes one really hate intellectual work for the time, and yet one only seems to make it an excuse for indulging one's idleness.'

'I felt like that, years ago,' said Kudos thoughtfully.

'You are not much older than I am after all, only four and twenty now!'

'No,' said Kudos gravely. 'But I have been here since I was eleven, and so many years of this life makes one feel old. I think we students, saved as we are by the engrossing nature of our work from other ways of growing old, ripen rapidly, I should like to die young as Pico di Mirandola did, only two years ago.'

'What, at thirty-two? I feel life is so short.'

'Yes; but "eternity is so long"'—quoted the friend. 'But I am ambitious; I want to be famous, to be looked up to as a finished scholar, (if learning can be called finished,) to be a reviver of learning, and having done my work, like Prince Pico, to die as he did, at length, peacefully and holily. He was devout, you know, in his latter years. Germanicus had a long letter from Florence about him to-day.'

'But,' persisted Otto, 'would you not prefer to live like Gemistius—Pletho they call him—to a good honoured age, and see your work?'

'Perhaps; only one is never satisfied with it.'

'Were you always such an ardent student, so exemplary, such an Aristides?'

'I wish they wouldn't call me exemplary. If people only knew me! If you had seen me when I first came here! I was the greatest scapegrace who ever played merely mischievous pranks. Being 'noble,' I was exempted from degrading personal punishment, and lectures, reprimands, confinement in solitude for days, only made me meditate new follies.'

'I never could have believed it. So few know how you love any amusement now. But when did you steady down?'

'Not for four or five years. The Dean was a crabbed old fellow, not like the doctor. When I was fifteen he frightened me by saying he should prevent my becoming a determiner. For family reasons, which now you know of, you may guess how alarmed I was. I was tired too of having a band of followers whom I could not manage, and would have given anything to have made a fresh start. My new life was begun for me in an awful manner; there was a powder explosion in the streets, and my rival in mischief was killed close to me, with many others, while I had a marvellous escape. Germanicus found me at this time, and took me in hand, and then, last, but not least, Jacobus Wimphelegius, the great preacher, came to Prague. I wonder if I shall ever see him again to thank him.'

'A wonderful orator, is he not?'

'Yes, both in pathos and ethos; one knows he *means* his words. And then—well, Germanicus helped me out of a scrape I had got

into, in the Burgher war in 1488; if it hadn't been for him, the Peace party might have had me now at their mercy.'

'I never yet understood that Burgher war.'

'It is quite simple. After the Hussite war was over, there were two parties on the Hussite side, one of which became reconciled to the Church, on condition of being permitted to have lay communion in both kinds, as you know. The Archbishop Rockyczana, loved and respected by every one, was their leader, and George Podiebrad, who raised himself by talent to the crown, was a Hussite. Paul II. excommunicated both, thanks to that detestable Capistrano, the Grand Inquisitor, and the Emperor offered the Crown to Matthias Corvinus of Hungary.'

'And George died just when success seemed certain, I remember, and our present King was chosen, when only fifteen.'

'Yes, and then began the Eighteen Years' War, which only ended about the year before I reformed, in a compromise.

'I know all that, but I do not understand our religious position. Of course we are Calixtines, unpopular though the party be; but I suppose there were some good men among the Taborites?'

'Many—do you not remember Gregory of Razenberg, Michael Bradasius, Kunewald, Pryclonius, and Krenovius? Purer and more devoted men it would be hard to find. And yet Podiebrad persecuted them harshly. Some suffered death, others took refuge in the Tertiaries, and when Corvinus got possession of Moravia, Lusatia, and Suabia, where their best Colonies were, he turned them out. Meanwhile they had employed their respite in translating the Scriptures into Czech.'

'I saw a copy, dating from Venice, the first time for some centuries that so much of the Scripture has been printed in any vulgar tongue. I see now; but in practice it is difficult to know who to support. I shall have to choose, I suppose, some day."

'Yes, for there are so many things to be considered. The king is opposed to us Calixtines, and to the Taborites. I would not lift a finger against him, and yet I wish to maintain the independence of the Bohemian Church. But, meanwhile,—I have been talking to you when I have to go at once to my lecture.'

'I ought to be honoured,' said Otto, gravely. 'I do not treat with sufficient respect the learned——'

'If you do not take care, I will report you, Freiherr Ottocarius,' Kudos smilingly rejoined, 'it is a great thing to have the powers I have during my "*necessary regency.*"'

Otto bowed gravely, and fell behind, with other bachelors and determiners, while Gustavus Kudos, A.M., went to the head of the room, waiting for the bell to strike.

Each master of arts had to teach for a time after he graduated, but so many were ready to make teaching a profession, that the period of 'necessary regency' (from regere, to govern, or to teach in a public

place) was often merely nominal. It was used as a time to display their opinions by the more ambitious and courageous. To have opinions in those days meant, in religious matters, if you were strong enough, you persecuted (to death perhaps,) any who differed from you; if the others were stronger they ruined you; and in literature, to write a book meant that every one who was not of your mind, not only 'cut it up,' but reviewed your life and the lives of all the members of your family he could hear of, in the most objectionable terms!

CHAPTER VI.

THE YOUNG PROFESSOR.

'You are an elegant scholar.
'Having the graces of speech and skill in the turning of phrases.'
—LONGFELLOW.

KUDOS stood there, nervous and flushed, for he knew his audience, and they knew him. Any public but the private circle, any listeners but those who are known to the preacher, any critical strangers rather than those who are 'acquaintances with whom one wishes no acquaintance,' any reader except the one who reads with all the 'malice of a friend'—are acceptable, sometimes, to the young ambition. Before him, in the crowded lecture hall, were men of even the same nominal standard as himself; he was not afraid of the criticisms of the 'judicious,' and he welcomed them. But he hated such auditors as Baiern, whose coarse expression marked him as one whose career, at all events, had failed to teach him to be a true student. Baiern and others, the clever and mocking, and the dull, but too determinedly hostile, had grouped themselves together. They hated Kudos, and therefore Otto; but they had not yet succeeded in getting at the young tutor through his '*umbra*;' for Otto's temptations were to intellectual sins, not to those vulgar vices which they had attempted to make him a comrade in. But, though Otto had not the strength of purpose of his friend, so far he had resisted them, and indeed 'the devil tempts least the busy man,' in that way, at all events.

If the knot of personal enemies intended to make a disturbance they were foiled, not only by the unusually large number of students, (with whom Kudos was a great favourite,—to be admired from a distance as a superior being in most cases,) but by the presence of Germanicus, and several of the Fellows, who had come to hear the lecture of the promising young scholar. The future of any age is in the hands of the clever youth of the day to a great extent; much more then, when, as now, great events were looming in the distance.

At this time contests in the scholastic world were conducted with great zest. Especially in Prague the old debate between the Nomi-

nalists and Realists was very keen. Huss was a Realist, and had quarrelled with the University in 1408, on that very subject among others. The Nominalists had been condemned in France, and till 1485, none, or few of their books were allowed to be read. Some of the Realists were Atheists, saying that the Universe is all, and it consists of infinite matter and infinite thought, and that men only possessed a common soul, etc. On being prosecuted by the Inquisition, they stated, 'As a system of philosophy this is true, as a matter of religion we cannot say if it be false or not.' This subtle distinction saved them.

Germanicus had boasted of his pupil, who had not fettered himself by any name, except that he did not object to that of Platonist. He was of the school of moderate men, like Picus, Bessarion, Barbarus, etc., who, however, rather followed the Neo-Platonists.

A bell now rang, and the young scholar gave one glance at his audience, the intellectual fellows, and the eager and the idle students, all with ink-horn and tablets slung at their sides. There were about three hundred present, critical and eager to hear. So far Kudos had only lectured to small audiences, on the 'poetics.' We can scarcely imagine the interest excited in learned circles at that time, when a new teacher appeared, and all knew that Kudos was a *teacher*,—one who meant to make the world better, and not merely one who was obliged to lecture by the laws of the University. Germanicus had no reason to be ashamed of his pupil, who was now bidding fair to outstrip his master.

Kudos was not especially good-looking; close study had drawn lines on his countenance, but his manner was very graceful. His nervousness had only the effect of making him more capable of speaking than before. He thought only of his subject. Enthusiasm warmed his words. He believed in what he said. He had an especial gift of eloquence, which was marked even in days when rhetoric was taught as one of the seven liberal arts; and he had a power of persuasion in an uncommon degree, though how to 'conquer by words the complex nature of man,' was a great part of education. We should only spoil the lecture if we gave an outline of it; besides, who would care for it now? Its grandly sonorous phrases would seem pedantic to our ears, and we think of something differing in name from the rival merits of Plato and Aristotle. It must be left in oblivion, like so many of the words which awakened that generation to life and thought, spoken by men who were heroes and leaders of their day, whose names even have for the most part perished. Scholars will know the drift of the lecture, if we say that to the surprise of all, Kudos adopted the ground afterwards occupied by Melancthon, that Plato was the more excellent philosopher, but that the system of Aristotle was more excellent in disciplining the mind.

'Why should we,' argued the lecturer, (and he spoke nothing that

seemed commonplace then, though it does to us now,) 'Why should we fight so bitterly about their comparative merits, any more than about the two great luminaries? Who declares himself *only* a lover of the sun; or quarrels with his neighbour the poet, who says he only would have the moon? Let us learn to love beauty through Plato; its use through Aristotle; and find use and beauty in both for ourselves. Let us eschew the Platonic error of regarding life as a shadow; let us avoid being led to scepticism by Aristotle, for, after all, much may be proved by logic, which only rests on an "*if*" . . . The study of philosophy has to defend itself against the mistakes of friends, as well as scoffs of foes; it is not the less the grandest object which can occupy the mind of man . . . Well has Seneca declared that the mind is nourished at a cheap rate; neither cold, nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exertion: therefore, devote yourself to attaining for a possession that which gets better even in old age . . . Would you seek a yet loftier ideal than that of the great Aristokles? Study the pages of S. John the Divine, who has been well termed the Christian Plato.' Such were some of the sentences with which the young man concluded his glowing oration in praise of philosophy.

We do not attempt to describe the criticisms, friendly and the reverse, which followed. Of the ability of the young man there was no doubt. He had won his way into the rank of scholars, and was now to take his place among the foremost men of the day. How narrow the circle of learning then! There were, apparent to view, no heights upon heights, stretching before the scholar, to be scaled. We may not have advanced so very much further in proportion to the space to be travelled, but there is not that thick mist of ignorance, so complete that it counted all to be known, which veiled the future so abruptly in the early Renaissance days.

In writing this narrative of university life, we wished to give one specimen of the new teaching; but we do not ask our readers to do more than take for granted the other instruction, in 'metaphysics, physics, mathematics, dialectics, rhetorics, poetics, ethics, politics, and economies,—divinity, jurisprudence, Roman law, the works of the four Greek and the three Latin doctors,' etc., etc.; we do not relate how it was discussed whether Duns Scotus or Thomas Aquinas got the better of it, in that little dispute of theirs, which employed so many hundred learned pens, and the concentrated attention of several generations, till Erasmus first, and then Luther, gave rise to new quarrels. An earnest student could scarcely separate the chaff from the grain, and if he put it all aside as rubbish, besides his own loss of 'culture,' he had to take his choice whether he would be burnt or drowned as a heretic, or persecuted to death as a philosopher, for the Grand Inquisitor found work to do before the 'Reformation' period. Kudos completed his course of twenty lectures with increasing fame, and was made a professor, with a salary not altogether

dependent on the 'pastus' or 'collectum' made by the students. In those days were grand openings for young men of talents, if they escaped that little dilemma as above stated, and it may be stated that the cost of a University career then averaged, we are told, about £5 English money.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXII.

1641-1642.

THE IRISH REBELLION.

IRELAND had never been so quiet or so prosperous as under Strafford's administration, during which the Roman Catholics were free from molestation, and the English were withheld from violence and oppression.

Changes however set in when he was recalled. The men to whom the Government was entrusted as Lords Justices were Sir William Parsons, already known for his rapacity, and Sir John Borlase, Master of the Ordnance, a mere soldier, both in sympathy with the English Parliament. The Puritan denunciations against Popery, and the persecution renewed in England against the Romanists, created a great alarm in Ireland; and at the same time the Scottish successes encouraged the belief that a rising in arms might be the means of gaining all that was desired. If Presbyterianism had won its way by a League and Covenant, why should not Romanism do the same?

A large number of priests had come to Ireland, and many young men who had been sent abroad for education. Both alike dreaded the revival of the penal laws, and fear and hope alike led to a resolution to break out into open resistance after the Scottish example. Tyrone's son, with many others of their countrymen, were in the Spanish service, ready to assist any enterprise against the English, and Cardinal de Richelieu was always ready to foment any disturbance that could weaken the English power.

The chief mover in the scheme was Rory, or, as the English called him, Roger, O'More of Ballynagh, in county Kildare. He was descended from a family who had been dispossessed with much cruelty from Leix; but he was allied to English families, and was a well educated gentleman, one of those brilliant and attractive persons always to be found at the outset of an Irish rebellion, and extremely beloved, so that the Irish saying was, that hope lay in God, our Lady and Rory O'More.

Sir Phelim O'Neil of Kinard had been educated by his guardians as a Protestant, and had studied at Lincoln's Inn; but he had returned to the Romish Church, and as he was the nearest in blood to the childless Earl of Tyrone in the Spanish service; he was looked

on by the O'Neils as their head. To these was added Richard Plunkett, who held the rank of Colonel in the Spanish army in Flanders.

In February 1641, just after the imprisonment of Strafford, Rory O'More repaired to Connor, Baron Macguire, a man who held an English pension in compensation for the reduction of the family estates in Enniskillen, but who was dissipated and discontented. According to the account he afterwards gave, Rory O'More suggested to him that the disturbed state of England was the fit opportunity for an Irish insurrection; and then, in a meeting with several more Irish gentlemen of Ulster then in Derry, it was agreed that each should communicate with his own friends, and send tidings to the Irish in Spain and Flanders of the day on which the rising should be made, so that they might be there in time with arms and ammunition. The time was to be late in the autumn, both that there might be time to get supplies of money from the Pope and King of Spain, and that the weather might make it difficult to bring troops from England.

The plot went on spreading, greatly encouraged by a Spanish colonel, Neil O'Neil, who had a conference with Cardinal de Richelieu on his way to Ireland, and arrived full of promises of continental support. He was sent back with an invitation to Tyrone to be in Ireland ten days before All Hallows, to join the army which was to restore him, if not make him King of Ulster.

The English Lords of the Pale had sent a deputation to the King to demand the graces that Strafford had promised them. It was graciously received, and Lord Gormanstown, who headed it, treated with special favour. At the same time, Charles, who was most unwilling to lose the services of those 8,000 men whom Strafford had trained, sent private instructions to the Earls of Ormond and Antrim to enlist them again under trustworthy officers, as if for the King of Spain, and endeavour to secure the castle of Dublin, where there were arms for 12,000 men. The officers, Theobald Taaffe, George Porter, Gerald Barry and others, tried to obtain other men, and their plan thus became known to the conspirators in Ulster, who fancied they would make common cause with them, while on the other hand the English of the Pale began to have suspicions.

In fact, there were three parties in Ireland—the royalists, headed by Ormond, as commander-in-chief; the Parliamentarian party, favoured by the Lords Justices Parsons and Borlase; and the native Irish, with Rory O'More as their leader. The royalists, being secretly instructed by the King, did not appear to have so much right on their side as did those who held by the Lords Justices and the English Parliament, and both the latter and the Irish would willingly have identified the royal party with that of the natives.

The Lords Justices and their council often received warning that there were meetings of Roman Catholic gentlemen at the houses of Sir Phelim O'Neil and Lord Macguire; Strafford would immediately

have put these persons under restraint, and probably nipped the conspiracy in the bud, but Parsons only wished the rebellion to break out, so as to enable him to reap a harvest of confiscations of the estates of the leaders. Nothing was done, however, till the evening of the second of October, when a gentleman named Owen O'Conolly asked to see Sir William Parsons at Chichester House. He was a Protestant, and agent to Sir John Clotworthy, but his Irish connections had fancied he would be on their side, and Hugh Og MacMahon, who was then at Dublin, had sent for him and had disclosed a scheme for seizing the castle, as well as all the other forts, that very night, by a general rising. Parsons did not quite believe him, being probably used to such reports, and sent him back to get more from MacMahon. Borlase however was alarmed, the Council was collected, the Castle was guarded, and O'Conolly was watched for anxiously, but night came on without his appearance, and at last one of Parsons' servants met him, very tipsy, in the hands of the watch. He was brought in, though in such a condition that it was long before he could be understood, but it became known that he had found MacMahon preparing for the exploit by a revel, at which, to disarm suspicion, he had been obliged to drink so much, that when at last he managed to escape over the wall of the court, he could scarcely stand or speak. On his information, however, Macguire and MacMahon were arrested, with about thirty more persons of no consequence. Rory O'More, Hugh Byrne and Colonel Plunket all made their escape across the river on the first alarm.

MacMahon and Macguire made full confession before the Council, and just then arrived Sir Francis Willoughby, an old soldier, and Governor of Galway. He told the Justices that he thought them in great danger in a place like Chichester House, since the population of Dublin numbered fifteen Romanists to one Protestant, and great numbers of armed strangers had been coming in all the day before. Nor were there any walls or fortifications, although there were gates, the keys of which the Council had secured!

He advised them at once to withdraw into the Castle. And there he found the whole garrison consisted of eight feeble old warders, and forty halberdiers who used to escort the Lords Justices to church. For a whole fortnight, Sir Francis never suffered the drawbridge to be let down except with all the guard present. Nor did he ever go to bed, but slept on the Council table with his head on a cushion. This prevented the first surprise, and two hundred soldiers of Strafford's army were secured for the defence, while English settlers, flying into Dublin for refuge, enabled Colonel Crawford to form a regiment for its defence.

There were constant alarms. People declared that they had actually seen 10,000 men on the hill of Tara, only sixteen miles away, ready to march upon Dublin; and when an ordinary Irish row was going on in the street, a gentleman rushed into the castle

with the news that the rebels had mastered a whole quarter of the city. Many persons packed up their goods and embarked for England; but the season was so tempestuous that they were kept tossing in the Bay of Dublin, as were also 400 soldiers from Strafford's army who had been enlisted for Spain.

The rising began on the 22nd of October, with a horrible act of treachery on the part of Sir Phelim O'Neill towards Sir Toby Caulfield, a very old man, governor of the fort of Charlemont, on the Blackwater. Sir Phelim invited himself 'to come a gossipping with him,' and, with the hospitality of the country, the castle doors were unsuspiciously thrown open to all followers who might desire to carouse with the garrison. As soon as a sufficient number had thus come in, the signal was given; they turned on their hosts, and the old man, with all his family, servants and soldiers, were slaughtered at once, very few escaping, while Sir Phelim marched on and seized Dungannon.

Throughout the open country in Ulster, the little forts and houses of English or Scotch settlers were mastered by the insurgents, and all the inhabitants who could not escape were massacred, although in most cases the Irish leaders endeavoured to restrain their barbarous followers. Only Derry, Coleraine, Lisnagarvy, and Carrickfergus held out, and received the fugitives who could make their way thither. These, whenever they could, retaliated on the Irish as if had they been so many wild beasts, and it is reckoned that about 5,000 human beings were slain on each side.

The rebels, under a gentleman named Philip O'Reilly, mastered County Cavan comparatively without bloodshed, and that only in fair fight, all non-combatants, even when Protestants, being taken care of. Dr. Bedell, the aged Bishop of Kilmore, was made prisoner and shut up in Laughouter Castle, a ruinous tower in the middle of a lake, where he remained for twenty days. He was afterwards allowed to return to his own house, where he died from the hardships he had endured. He was much respected, and when the Roman Catholic prelate, who had come to take possession of his see, would fain have prevented his burial in consecrated ground, a priest, who had known his excellence, exclaimed, 'Oh, may my soul be with Bedell's!' The gentlemen, on the other hand, permitted the English funeral service to be used, assembled in great numbers to attend, and ended by firing a salute over his grave, shouting, '*Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum.*'

Archbishop Ussher was in England. His country houses were plundered, but his library, plate, and jewels escaped, being in Drogheda. All the other bishops fled to England, except Archbishop Bulkeley of Dublin, bishops Martin of Meath, Leslie of Raphoe, Jones of Killaloe, and Webb of Limerick, the last of whom was made prisoner and died in captivity. Horrible deeds were done on the unhappy country clergy and their families. The head of one

was set up on the market-cross at Kilkenny with a carrot in the mouth and a leaf of the Bible before him; another was stripped and driven with the points of swords through Cashel till he dropped down dead, others were burnt with their wives and children in their houses, others were hanged, the happiest being those who were shot or cut down at once. One, the Vicar of Urras, county Mayo, professed to become a Romanist, and was made a drummer, but was finally murdered by the rebels.

Sir Phelim O'Neill actually declared himself to hold a commission from the King, which he exhibited to all who had doubts. It professed to be under the Great Seal of Scotland, which at that moment, in the vacancy of the office, had been entrusted to the Marquess of Hamilton, and by him to his kinsman, John Hamilton, also to Endymion Porter, a devoted servant of the King, and on these gentlemen, and on the King himself, suspicion was cast by a pamphlet called 'The Mystery of Iniquity;' but as O'Neill ended by confessing the whole to be a forgery, they may be exonerated. The leader further called himself 'The O'Neill' and Earl of Tyrone, and numbered 30,000 men in his camp. He was a weak and passionate man, unable to restrain his followers if he had wished it, and fearful cruelties were committed wherever he was leader.

The Lords Justices, Parsons and Borlase, in all this peril and tumult, had an eye to their own interest, and issued a proclamation that the Irish Papists had formed a conspiracy against the State; but the loyal Catholic Lords of the Pale, perceiving that this was intended to include them, and cause the forfeiture of their estates, insisted on its alteration.

The terrible tidings made it needful to wind up affairs in Scotland as fast as possible. The Incident was allowed as it were to drop, the lands that had been reserved for the Bishops being given up to silence the clamourers. Hamilton, between whom and the King there was real affection, in spite of his shifty, unstable nature, declared in writing that there was nothing in the affair against the honour of the King. Montrose and the rest were released. Argyle was made a Marquess, and Leslie, Earl of Leven, the Council was agreed upon, and the Estates offered ten thousand well-trained men, under the new Earl and Monro to fight against the Irish, no doubt with double zest, since Strafford's nine thousand Irish had been intended to subdue Scotland.

Therewith the Scottish Estates broke up on the 7th of November, 1641, having fixed the time for reassembling for the June of 1644, and the King returned to England. Leven actually landed four thousand men at Carrickfergus, but they would take no orders from any but their own Government, and thus only made a fourth party of belligerents in the unfortunate island.

The Earl of Ormond and other loyal lords offered to bring their retainers to the assistance of Government, but this offer was rejected

by Parsons and Borlase, who only sent out Sir Charles Coote, a ferocious soldier, to devastate the country, which he did without enquiring which districts were loyal or rebellious.

A story was current that when some humane person asked him to interfere with a brutal trooper who was carrying an infant spitted on a pike, he answered that he liked such frolics, and he was viewed with the utmost terror and detestation. A proclamation came from the King and English Parliament, granting free pardon to all who would return to their allegiance, but the Lords Justices suppressed it for a long time, and when they published it, excepted from it all who had shed blood, all who were imprisoned for robbery, and all who possessed freehold property. Also the time of grace was only to be ten days, and a complete surrender of property was required.

They tried to put off the meeting of the Irish Parliament till February, and when they found this could not legally be done, they only allowed it to sit for two days. However, terms were offered to the insurgents. They were called in the first draft, discontented gentlemen, but the Justices insisted on their being termed traitors and rebels. In consequence Rory O'More tore the letter to pieces without looking at it. The Parliament began to arrange for a representation to the King of the grievances that had really worked the mischief, but this the Justices frustrated by a prorogation.

The nobles then deputed two of their number, Lords Taaffe and Dillon to lay the matter before the King and Parliament, but they were delayed by a storm, the Lords Justices forestalled them, and they were thrown into prison as soon as they reached London. In fact, both the Lords Justices and the English Parliament only wished to drive the loyal Roman Catholics into rebellion. Those who had taken refuge in Dublin from the rebels were absolutely driven out on pain of death. On the 6th of December 1641 the English Parliament voted that Popery was not to be tolerated in Ireland, nor in any other part of his Majesty's dominions. Sir John Clotworthy said, 'Ireland was to be converted with the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other'; and Pym, that they would not leave a priest in Ireland; while Sir William Parsons actually declared, at a public entertainment in Dublin: 'That within a twelvemonth not a Catholic should be seen in Ireland.' Thus the Roman Catholic Lords of the English Pale were absolutely driven to rebel. At the same time they judged, from the success of the Covenanters in Scotland, that success and firmness on their part might force ample concessions from the King, and that the Irish Church might be crushed between them and the Covenanting settlers from Scotland, who were petitioning against Episcopacy.

The Earl of Leicester was appointed Lord Lieutenant. He was the nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, and grandson to Sir Henry Sidney, one of the most successful governors of Ireland; but he was delayed by the Parliament's insistance on authorising the warrants for pressing

men to serve, and unwillingness to vote supplies to be placed in the King's hands.

Meantime Sir Henry Tichborne was threatened in Drogheda, and Sir Patrick Wemyss was sent with a body of fifty horse and 600 foot, the latter mostly new men of the despoiled English, to reinforce him. Lord Gormanstown, who was still neutral, sent warning to Sir Patrick that 2000 foot and 100 horse were waiting to surprise him at St. Julian's bridge, three miles from Drogheda. No Irish, however, appeared at the bridge, and the little force had relaxed its vigilance, when the enemy fell on them, and the infantry all dispersed and broke up, throwing away their weapons.

The horse, mostly old troopers, got safe into Drogheda without losing man or beast, nor were there many killed of the runaways, owing to the shelter of a fog; but the rebels acquired more arms than they had ever had before, and an immense amount of confidence. Twenty thousand of them drew together to besiege Drogheda, and indeed such was the consternation at Dublin, that they might almost have surprised the capital itself. The Lords Justices sent for Sir Charles Coote to defend them, and on his way he dispersed 1000 rebels. They were, however, too jealous of the Earl of Ormond, the nominal general-in-chief, to allow him any force, and they further took this moment for sending commands to all the Roman Catholic noblemen to come to Dublin to hold a consultation on the state of the country.

There was every reason for taking alarm at this summons, and suspecting that it was only a pretext for securing their persons, and prosecuting them, probably endangering their property, if not their lives. So no one appeared but Lords Kildare, FitzWilliam and Howth.

Seven more wrote a letter mentioning the reports that they had heard that a massacre of men of their religion was intended, and saying that they feared to trust themselves, and would stand on their guard, though they were loyal and faithful servants of his Majesty. This gave fresh umbrage to the Lords Justices. Moreover Coote's men, in quest of some rebels at Buskin, murdered some innocent peasants, two Protestants among them, under pretence of their having relieved the rebels, which in fact they could hardly help doing, when armed men rushed on them demanding food and shelter. A party of gentlemen being thus endangered on both sides, drew together at Swords, six miles from Dublin, and took up arms for defence. Of course this brought on them the thunders of Parsons and his fellows, and at the same time letters were sent to the seven nobles, denying all intention of a massacre and inviting them to Dublin with safe conducts.

Gormanstown and his friends had however by this time held a conference with Rory O'More at the hill of Crofty, and demanded of him for what purpose he had taken up arms. He answered to maintain the Royal prerogative, and make the Irish as free as the

English. Had he no further design? they asked, and he protesting that he had none, they promised him their hearty support, and on the 22nd of January there was a great meeting at Tara, ending in the greater number of the Lords of the Pale becoming involved in the insurrection, though the Ulster Irish hated them as much as the Lords Justices for their English blood, and were heard triumphing that 'they had put a trick on the old English of the Pale, for all the old tricks they had put on them.' They called the Palemen cowards, stole their horses, and brought them back for reward, only to steal them again, and the very priests would not say Mass in the chapels of their brethren of the pale, nor believe a word they said!

The Lords Justices had no power except in Dublin and Drogheda, which last was closely besieged. The Earl of Clanricarde, Roman Catholic but loyal, kept Galway in order, but Munster was driven into rebellion by the savage ferocity of Sir Warham St. Leger, who rivalled Coote in barbarity. Cashel was taken by a body of men under Philip O'Dwyer, who, with the help of the Roman Catholic clergy, saved the lives of all the English inhabitants but thirteen. Two Franciscan Friars even hid the intended victims under the altar of their chapel. These were Joseph Everard and Redmond, also a Jesuit named James Saul. Afterwards, at the Clonmel assizes in 1652, they were recompensed by receiving protections from Government. Two of these at least were English. But the noblemen and gentry who had been unwillingly forced into the insurrection did their best for humanity, and protected all the Protestants whom they could save. Sir Richard Everard and Lord Muskerry filled their houses with distressed Protestants, and Lord Mountgarret shot a man of some consideration for plundering his prisoners. Mountgarret held Munster, and Lord Roche, Cork; and Drogheda was blockaded by Sir Phelim O'Neale himself, but it managed to hold out, under Sir Henry Tichborne, though the fortifications were wretched. The Earl of Ormond made an expedition for its relief, with some forces that Lord Leicester had contrived to send; but there was never a more divided country—and on the Irish side, the English descended Romanists had only been forced into rebellion by the Lords Justices, and longed to treat with the King, while the native Irish distrusted and hated them only less than the Protestants and longed to be at their throats. On the other hand, the Earl of Ormond, as a loyal man, ready to make peace, and act humanely, was disliked and hampered by the Lords Justices, whose real desire was to exterminate all the Romanists alike, and gave their confidence to Sir Charles Coote, and other barbarous plunderers. It is impossible to say which were the worst massacres, those perpetrated by the Irish insurgents, or by the savage soldiery. The Irish drove one hundred prisoners at the point of the pike into the river, and murdered whole families. And the orders of the English council were to burn every place where rebels had been harboured, and slay every male inhabitant, and it was the boast of Sir William Cole's regiment,

that besides 2,500 men slain in skirmishes, 'there were starved and famished of the vulgar sort, whose goods were seized on by the regiment seven thousand.

What an awful picture of misery, callously regarded.

Sir Charles Coote hung a priest to whom Ormond had granted a protection, and the Lords Justices excused him. They put to the torture Hugh Mac Mahon, Sir John Reid, who had come with a flag of truce, and Patrick Barnwell, an old gentleman who had attended the meeting at Crofty Hill, but they elicited nothing to serve their ends. The two moderate sections, Ormond and the Lords of the Pale, trusted that the King would come to Ireland, and obtain general submission. He earnestly desired to do so, but the Parliament, convinced that he would thus be beyond their control, and probably able to rally a force against them, prevented his going. All they chose to do was to send a small reinforcement, and raise money by reserving two million and a half of acres from the estates of the rebels to repay those who advanced it, thus increasing the desperation of the unhappy Lords of the Pale. Lord Gormanstown died of a broken heart, and the war smouldered on. Ormond gained a victory at Kilrush in County Kildare and also broke up the siege of Drogheda, but was too destitute of supplies to do anything more, and there was a succession of skirmishes, attacks on country houses and towns, and therewith murder, famine, desolation and destitution year after year, throughout the unhappy country. A Scottish force was holding Ulster down, but against the will of the English Parliament, who were afraid the province might be claimed as a Scottish right. In fact no one had leisure to attend to Irish affairs, and the people were free to tear one another to pieces.

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

XV.

STAR-HISTORY.

'Like the astrologers of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
* * *
Sirius was rising in the East,
And, slow ascending, one by one
The kindling constellations shone.'

BETWEEN three and four thousand years have passed since a shepherd of Chaldæan descent herded his cattle and sheep on the Mesopotamian plains for twenty years; 'by day the drought consumed him, and the frost by night.' In those clear frosty skies, where the stars gleam and glitter with colours and glory unknown in England, how many a bright vision must he have fancied, how many a true history may he have read in those shining orbs. 'Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous, God has written in those stars above.'

We know how his son, Joseph, afterwards read his fate in the stars, and when ending his life in Egypt, he may have passed on to them some of the learning of the Chaldæans. We may fancy that the Constellation called from oldest times Boötes, the Herdsman or Shouter, was named from some exploit of Jacob's, or perhaps named by him when a comrade had driven off a bear from the fold. Anyhow, as we gaze on the Great Bear, evermore we see Boötes coming up behind to drive her (it is the female animal) away. We know him by Arcturus, the brightest of our northern stars, in his knee. Taking 10 P.M. still as our hour of observation, he is well seen on the meridian about May 21st, and in England we see him clearly in the west in July. In more modern days Boötes has been given a pair of hunting dogs, marked by Cor Caroli, a small bright star, named by Halley after Charles II. On the right of Boötes is the beautiful little Constellation, *Corona Borealis*, in which a star, now invisible, blazed suddenly out in 1866. To the left of Boötes is *Coma Berenices*, a real associated star cluster, supposed to have been first discovered when the hair which Berenice, Queen of Ptolemy Euergetes I. had cut off and dedicated in the temple of Venus for her husband's safe return, was missing. Conon of Samos came to the rescue, boldly deprived the lion of his tail, and declared it to be the votive hair, whilst Callimachus wrote a poem on it.

There is an interesting group of Birds. Lyra, or the Soaring

Vulture; Aquila, the Eagle; and Cygnus, the Swan; which in England occupy the eastern skies about the summer solstice, Lyra passing overhead about that time, and Cygnus a month later. In September they beam in the west. They are best seen early in the year at the Cape, and never high up in the heavens. They remind us of the universal legend of Orpheus charming all nature by his music. In the Kalevala, too, Wainamoinen made so wondrous a harp that, when he played on it, the gods came to hear, and all creation danced and rejoiced: 'The bear danced on the heath, the eagle flew down from the sky, the swan rose from the river, the fishes with their six fins came and listened.' All these are among the Constellations, and most of them close to the Harp, which the Welsh call 'Telyn Arthur,' or Arthur's Harp. It is marked by Vega, which is some day to be our Pole-star, when the whole Heavens will truly move in solemn dance around the Lyre.

'The Samian's great Æolian Lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixèd stars.'

Vega's light is steel-blue white, and contrasts with the purer Altair, the brightest star in the Eagle. These two, with Alpha Cygni or Arided, form an Isosceles triangle, with Altair in the apex.

Hercules, a constellation with no fine stars, lies between this group and Boötes, and contains the point towards which at present the Solar system is advancing through space.

Now for the Equatorial serpents. The Brahmins say that the earth once leant too much towards its orbit; but the Patriarch Agastya, a dwarf, restored the balance; after which, to prevent its slipping back again, Veeshnoo coiled the Great Serpent round the Equator. Certainly we have serpents and monsters enough around the Celestial Equator. Just beyond Hercules stand *Ophiuchus*, the Serpent-bearer, with his foot on the scorpion, holding a serpent, whose coils extend from the Northern Crown to the Eagle. Ophiuchus has been supposed, to be all the Serpent-slayers in turn, ending with St. Paul. His stars are insignificant.

Hydra, the Water-snake, is a much finer figure. This very old Constellation, extending across 100° of the sphere, from its head south of Cancer, to its tail south of Libra—once lay more nearly in the Celestial Equator. Alphard, the 'Solitary One,' called also the 'Serpent's Heart,' occupies almost a blank space in heaven, being a second magnitude star, near the meridian about the Vernal Equinox; but parts of this huge Constellation can be seen towards the meridian from the end of February to the end of May, about which time Zubed el Gubi, its last star, passes. Perched on its back are a Cup and a Crow, best seen about April 20th. They are a funny pair, unless interpreted of the Flood.

The other Equatorial monster is Cetus, supposed to be thinking of devouring Andromeda. If so, he has changed his mind, for he is

vaguely swimming away, as if the Bull would prove a sweeter morsel, keeping the Ram well between himself and the Gorgon's head. We shall see that he, too, has set up a winking-star, wherewith to return the attractive looks of Alghol—*Mira Ceti*, in his shoulder, being a celebrated variable, sometimes of the second magnitude. The Sea-monster is best seen towards the Equator at the end of November, Mira passing the meridian at about our hour of observation.

We have left to the last the most magnificent group of Constellations—Orion and his Hunting Dogs, *Canis* and *Canis Minor*. Orion, grandest of all celestial figures, taken sometimes for Nimrod, the 'mighty hunter before the Lord,' is highest above the horizon of London, and therefore at the worst for the Cape, from Christmas to the middle of February, both Dogs being well seen to the south the latter part of that time. Two splendid stars mark Orion's shoulders—Betelgeux (Arabic, meaning 'The Giant's Shoulder'), a ruddy star in the right shoulder, used to be the brightest star in the group. Rigel, in the left foot, is now held to surpass it. It may be that the recent American discovery that stars in the immediate neighbourhood of the Milky Way have been underrated by half a magnitude, may reinstate Betelgeux in its pre-eminence, placing it next to Arcturus for glory; but it is certainly variable. Bellatrix, the "Amazon," on the other shoulder, is a second magnitude star, as is the bright star of the right leg, and the three brilliants of the Belt. The Sword crosses sabre-wise in front, marked by one or two bright stars and the Great Nebula.

'Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great Giant Algebar
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side.
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of his hair.'

His club threatens the Bull's forehead. Had the original Orion emulated the episode of Hercules and the Cretan Bull? He aspired, say the Greeks, to the hand of Artemis, who, deceived by Phœbus Apollo, shot him dead, and found consolation in raising him to the stars. Possibly the passage of the Moon over some of his stars, gave rise to this legend. Sad to say, Orion is upside down in the Southern Hemisphere, with his heels in the air. In England he rises and sets lying down.

'Sideways set Orion,
Louting on one knee,
Holding up his cudgel,
Dipping in the sea.'

Each of his Hunting-dogs has a first magnitude star: Procyon, in the Lesser Dog, of about the same brightness as Betelgeux, which,

with Bellatrix, serves to point to Procyon, just across the Milky Way. Then on a line from this star to Betelgeux draw an equal-sided triangle, southwards, and we have Sirius at the apex.

We now approach the most brilliant light in the firmament of stars. When Sirius is about to enter the field of a great reflector, there comes a dawn as of daylight; but when the blazing orb itself is displayed, the eye shrinks from its light. And yet it is not the nearest star to us, being at least four times as far as Alpha Centauri. Sirius never rises to any great altitude in our English skies. He is (to us) the noblest of the first order of suns, the white hydrogen stars; with a dim companion, only lately discovered, which causes an alternate movement of recession and advance with regard to us, in an orbit of fifty years. A few more companions are believed to have been seen, but surely they are Planets, for so kingly an orb might well have planets the size of our sun, and these dim companions have not the radiance of our Greater Light. Sirius shares with Procyon the honour of being the Dog-star. In classical times dogs went mad when the sun rose with Sirius, which was then about the Solstice, and as they attributed the madness to the star and not to the sun, they named it the Dog-star, and the days Dog days. We still call the forty days after July 3rd 'Dog days,' though the sun now rises with Sirius about August 10th. Those to whom Canopus rises, may find it half-way between Sirius and the South Pole.

Let us now view the heavens in the latitude of London for one night, taking St. Agnes' Eve, January 20th, at 10 P.M.

Looking towards the Pole, we find the Little Bear, standing fairly straight, its tail up, ending in the Pole Star. Beneath it lies coiled the Dragon. Carrying up the eye overhead, we find Auriga, with the brilliant Capella westward of the zenith. Cassiopeia and Cepheus lie behind (westward of) the Little Bear, the latter lowest. Below Cepheus a few stars of Cygnus are setting, and below Draco, a bit of Hercules is rising. Ursa Major is above, and to the east of the Lesser Bear, the Wain's hind wheels pointing to the Pole, the fore wheels to the old Pole-Star in the Dragon; its tail is hanging down. By-the-bye, Charles's Wain is derived from the Karl's or Churl's Wain, not any special historical Charles.

Just rising in the east is the splendid Lion, to be followed (if we linger long enough) by the Virgin. The Sickle in Leo is uppermost, and we can see Regulus. Ascending above Leo is Cancer, with the little star-cluster Præsepe. Castor and Pollux, higher again, are well seen, while more towards the south, and lower down, Hydra is poking up its head.

Turning to the south, the Milky Way in all its splendour (or in all that our climate allows us) crosses the heavens, from low down on the east to high up on the west. And there, full in view, is the glorious 'Sign-post of the Heavens,' Orion—just past the Meridian, its shoulders pointing to Procyon on our left, and the Belt roughly

pointing to Sirius lower down on the left, and to Aldebaran,* high on the right, while from beneath his feet flows the Eridanus. Orion stands on the Hare, and lower again, just on our horizon, is the little group Columba. Alas! we can only see a few stars of Argo below Canis. Above Orion, the feet of Gemini are on one side of the meridian, the head of Taurus on the other.

But we see Taurus (with Aldebaran) better, looking westward, with Aries retreating beneath him, and Pisces just setting. Cetus is setting beside, and rather lower than Aries; so we may look across and above that woolly protector, to Perseus in the Milky Way, hastening to destroy Cetus. Algol in this group is now just under Capella, and Andromeda lies lower again and more towards the north.

But if heathen lore has chiefly named the Constellations, are those to be blamed who would hear a 'celestial melody' in the music of the spheres, and looking into those 'poetic fields' through the 'paynim shadows dark,' can discern therein history or parable of Christian significance? Let us first see how remote antiquity believed the history of the Flood to be told in the stars.

The figure of the Centaur, they said, once pictured as a man, represented Noah. This brilliant group, now one of the chief glories of the Southern Polar regions, was then elevated about twenty degrees higher above our horizon than at present. He was about to offer sacrifice on *Ara*, the Altar, then drawn standing up, not hanging down as now; the animal he bore on his spear was unnamed, but was certainly *not* that unclean beast, a wolf, which later times have settled. Behind him lay Argo, suggesting the ark, and modern times have fitly placed Columba, the Dove, beyond it. I do not know whether in the great coils of Hydra, men ever saw 'that Old Serpent,' but it would fit in well with the strange idea that from the Temptation to the Flood, the Tempter was linked to that fleshy form he had taken, this body perishing only in the Flood.

> 'It was his doom,
> The tempter, that he should never depart,
> From the bright creature that in Paradise,
> He for his evil purpose erst possessed,
> Until he died.'

But certainly, the Crow has been taken for Noah's Raven, and Crater for his Wine-cup; and in some old pictures the Virgin holds grapes, while Vindemiatrix, or Epsilon Virginis (in her arm), means the grape gatherer, which looks rather like an effort to fix the stigma of making the first recorded intoxicant on a woman!

The Flood itself is found in the water streams of Aquarius, and the River Eridanus, while the Rainbow is hinted at in the Bow of Sagittarius. So old is a great part of this interpretation, that those who do not believe in the Flood, substitute cause for effect, and say

* Aldebaran, an Arabic word, means the "Follower," because he follows the Pleiades.

men first invented a story out of their inner consciousness, put it in the heavens, and afterwards supposed it had really happened. To an unprejudiced mind, the fact of finding an old story among the stars would form a strong presumption that it *had* occurred. I have little doubt that with some modifications the stories of Andromeda, Perseus, and Cassiopeia were real, that secondly, they became Constellations, and thirdly, Myths.

But Christian fancy may roam as freely as heathen imagination, and put a new interpretation on the old figures. There in the heavens we find the four Living Creatures of the Visions of Ezekiel and St. John. The Lion, the Man, the Ox, and the flying Eagle. And looking up with cleansed eyes we may behold the Immaculate Lamb, and may remember it was this Constellation *Aries* which (unseen in the supernatural darkness) must have stood on the meridian when at the sixth hour the true Paschal Lamb was offered; and nearly overhead must have been Almack in the foot of Andromeda; the story of the Deliverer shining down on the world's redemption, behind the thick darkness. If the Resurrection were at midnight, the zenith at Jerusalem must have been occupied by the Herdsman, with Arcturus probably alone showing in the full moonlight, while stars of the Balance would be in the south in conjunction with the Moon; while close to the horizon the Cross must still have been just visible—though it was soon to vanish *as* a Cross from the Holy Land. Dante assigns an earlier date:

> 'To the right hand I turned, and fixed my mind,
> On the other pole attentive, where I saw
> Four stars, ne'er seen before, save by the ken
> Of our first parents. Heaven of their rays
> Seem'd joyous. O, thou northern site, bereft
> Indeed, and widowed, since of these deprived.'

But other mysteries throng upon us. There is the man bearing a pitcher of water for the cleansing of the whole earth; the Serpent-bearer—who while He holds the serpent captive, sets His foot upon the deadly Scorpion. There, too, stands the Virgin, with whom returns the reign of Justice; and meetly may *she* carry the Wheat Ear and the Grapes, who wore the Corn of the Mighty, and the Wine that blossoms into Virgins; and thus may we sanctify the Cup that overcomes the Serpent. In the Chained Lady and her Deliverer, behold the Church in fetters, and the Dragon-slayer of every legend—the St. George of the Heavens. The Herdsman recalls the faithful shepherds of all time, the Psalmist shepherd of Bethlehem, type of the Good Shepherd, and of all who, in every age have 'been to the flock of Christ a Shepherd, not a wolf.' The significance of the Hercules myth has been fully worked out by others. And if at the South Pole:

> 'High and more high through Southern skies,
> We see th' unmoving Cross arise.'

and if North and South both have their crowns, have not we in the

North the most faithful witness of all—the Load-star, guiding-star, (German leit-stern, from leiten to lead), the Light that never sets, that leads us all the years of our pilgrimage, to which we turn our eyes and direct our desire:

'Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.'

It is said, probably with much truth, that were we to search a forest, we should never find two leaves alike. A similar law seems to hold good in the heavens. We must not think all stars are as our sun, with just such a family of planets. Though all we see leads to the belief that God rules the Universe by the same laws, yet the application of these laws is most striking. Let us, then, plunge boldly into the depths of space and see other systems.

There is, in the constellation of Virgo, almost a right angle of five third magnitude stars, called by the Arabs 'the retreat of the howling dog.' Gamma Virginis, the star at the corner is a double star, as seen in a telescope. This pair of suns perform one revolution round their common centre of gravity in 150 years, a period comparable with that of Neptune round the sun.

Let us see if our nearest neighbour, Alpha Centauri, a star probably twice as near us as any in the heavens, is at all like our sun. Turn the telescope on it, and behold *two* glorious golden yellow suns, revolving in a period of 78, some say 81 years. Their orbit being very elliptical, they would sometimes be nearer than Uranus is to the Sun. Imagine then a Planet circling round the smaller of these suns, much brighter though much smaller than our own. (The pair are little more than a third of the Sun's size, and yet emit three times as much light.) Sometimes in the Planet's night, instead of moonrise, a sun larger than their own, rises into sight—*looking* smaller, except perhaps at its very nearest, but just as bright. Such a Planet would have an ordinary day lighted by its own sun, then a lesser day lighted by the companion, and finally double daylight with both shining at once, everything would have two shadows, only such faint ones, that often at noonday, nature might seem shadowless.

But to realize what life in some binary systems would be like, we must consider the *colours* of stars. Even the unaided eye perceives the ruddy, yellow and white light of different stars, but with the telescope, the most glorious colours, delicate as well as rich tints are found, fawn colour, ash-colour, lilac, blue, purple, orange, ruby, topaz and emerald. And these are real colours, not the false ones given by our atmosphere to all stars near the horizon. But though real, the light itself is originally white, and the glowing vapours in the star's atmosphere stop some of the rays, break up the white light into colours, and we see the star, only by those rays which escape.

Thus, Antares, in the scorpion, is ruby red, because the vapours

around it have absorbed all the green rays, and let only the ruddy ones reach us. It has a small green companion, with such a different atmosphere that the red rays are stopped, and we see it by the green rays alone. It is rather nice that the companions should thus make up exactly each other's deficiencies; for no doubt the planets circling round such a very red sun, are in much need of the soothing influences of a cool secondary to,

> 'Shed its green rays, as when amid a shower
> The sun shines loveliest on the vernal corn.'

Doubtless the seasons of the Planets in such a system partly depend on the two suns. There may be special harvests and vintages when the planets of the mild green sun come under the warm red rays of the Primary. When both shine together there must be white light on the planets. The greater number of doubles examined have pairs of the same colour, only about a quarter having contrasting hues.

One of the few double stars seen by the naked eye is Mizar with Alcor in the Great Bear, but Epsilon Lyræ, (very near Vega,) is elongated to good eyes, and really consists of a pair of twin stars. What life must be like with four suns liable to rise at various times, or all together, one cannot dimly imagine; but so much solar energy would cause very violent convulsions in the atmosphere of the worlds around. High winds, dense clouds and deluges, might make life endurable to giants. They would pine in their quadruple dog-days for the bracing hurricane season, when they could get out for a blow in their ships and hunt sea-monsters on the refreshing floods.

Some doubles are only apparent, having no real connection, and are due to lying in nearly the same line, such is the false companion to Aldebaran.

In conclusion we will mention the colours of some notable stars.

Sirius, Vega, Altair, Rigel and Spica are *White* stars, Vega being bluish white, most are first order hydrogen stars, superior to our sun. Capella, Procyon, and Polaris are *Yellow* stars. Arcturus and the doubles $\sigma\iota$ Cygni, and α Centauri are *orange yellow*. Among *red* or reddish stars may be named Aldebaran, Pollux, Antares, Betelgeux, and Mira Ceti. Castor is green. Cor Caroli, a double, yellow and purple. Albireo or β Cygni, a double, orange and blue. Bellatrix, white till a century ago, is now yellow, presumably cooler, as it is less bright. Sirius was red in classical days, but has become white hot. By far the greater number of visible stars are white, possibly owing to their superior brightness.

Surely the intense beauty, dazzling glory, and all but infinite variety of these created lights of the firmament should help us to realize the unnutterable bliss of those words, than which the psalmist himself could express nothing higher concerning the beatific vision, 'In Thy light, shall we see light.'

BOG-OAK.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XIX.

THE RUBRICS AFTER THE NICENE CREED.

Susan. Here is a long rubric, and some of it is obsolete. At least I do not understand the words, though, of course, the early part is plain enough, the announcing of holy days, fasting days, and Communions, when these are not weekly, or when they are on special occasions.

Aunt Anne. I believe this announcing of holy days in the coming week is a very old English custom; and it is enjoined on the clergy by one of the Canons of our Church.

S. Banns are read then, though they are not mentioned in the rubric.

A. Perhaps not in yours, but look at this one of mine, of 1760.

S. There they are. Why were they left out in these later ones?

A. From a misunderstanding. An Act of 1753, to prevent private marriages, made the publication of banns for three Sundays necessary to their legality, and as, in those lax times, there were some churches with no morning service, permitted that in such cases they should be published after the second lesson at evensong. This was supposed to apply also to matins, and thus the custom of reading them then became so general, that, without authority, the rubric here was omitted at the University printing-presses. Most clergymen who are aware of this publish them then.

S. Why are they called banns? It can't be the same word as ban, to curse.

A. Yes, it is. It means simply to proclaim, in all the Teutonic languages, though it has curiously different associations. The ban of the Empire proclaimed a man an outlaw, and he was thus banished.

S. I see! And the French *ban* and *arrière ban* were the proclamation, and second proclamation to call up men for the army.

A. And the banner was the signal of their call. So that the banns are merely the proclamation of the intention to be married.

S. Briefs—what are they?

A. Letters, especially royal ones. For instance, James I. sent requests for prayers for his son's safe return from Spain. I suppose, too, that the relaxation of the disabilities of nonconformists, against which the Seven Bishops protested, would have been read as a brief. More generally, however, these briefs were for collections of money.

Charles II. had one prepared for a collection to build Chelsea hospital, but it was not issued, as the clergy thought it would be despised. Still, collections were made for charitable purposes, though the Walpole government discouraged them lest they should be used for the Jacobites. My mother remembered a brief being read for a collection in behalf of a village that had been burnt, and till within the last twenty years there used to be annually a Queen's letter read enjoining a collection alternately for one or other of the Church societies.

S. Citations?

A. Summonses to appear in the Bishop's court, when ecclesiastical offences were tried there.

S. What kind of offences?

A. In James I.'s time, some of the Bishops permitted persons to be cited for breaking fast days by eating meat. The great and good Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man punished a person for insolent and irreverent behaviour in church, and others for bad language and other vices; but in the 18th century, the godly discipline of the Church was viewed with hatred and jealousy, and the Bishop was actually imprisoned by Lord Derby for putting to penance a gentleman of the Body Guard, while the young soldier himself was treated as having committed an offence against martial law by submitting to do penance, and died in imprisonment.

S. And I suppose that Bishop Wilson was the last who ventured to impose penance, or excommunicate, so that citations are never read.

A. One sort of citation remains, namely, what is called the *Si quis*, (if any one). It is read in the parish church of a candidate for Holy Orders, citing a person, who may know of any fact disqualifying him for the sacred ministry, to inform the Bishop.

S. Excommunications. But there are none now?

A. In point of fact there are, only not publicly made.

S. Careless, irreligious people do in fact excommunicate themselves.

A. Not only that, but in some cases people living in known sin or unbelief are actually refused permission to communicate by their parish priest, though always with information to the Bishop.

S. That seems right. It carries out our Lord's words about neglecting to hear the Church. (Matt. xviii. 17.)

A. Or again. St. Paul's injunction that the flagrant offender be 'delivered over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the Spirit may be saved.' (1 Cor. v. 4, 5.) By which the best commentators understand that the unrepentant are formally to be pronounced to have fallen from Christ's kingdom to Satan's, where bodily sufferings may work their return to our Lord; and in the second Epistle, St. Paul authorizes the penitent to be forgiven. (2 Cor. ii. 10.)

S. And again. 'If any man have not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran atha.'

A. Anathema means accursed in Greek, but there should be a stop between that and Maran atha, which is not a heightening of the sentence, as used to be supposed, but a Syro-Chaldaic word, meaning 'The Lord is at hand.' You remember Mar or Lord, begins the title of Syrian Bishops. You know those same words, 'The Lord is at hand,' occur in Phil. iv. 5, and it seems to have been a sort of watch-word, here given by St. Paul in its original language. But to return to our main subject. You must have read descriptions of the early worship of the Christians, where the penitents, and those who had lapsed under persecution, knelt farther off than the faithful till they could be re-admitted.

S. Of course I have; and of St. Ambrose's exclusion of Theodosius after the massacre of Thessalonica.

A. By-and-by this exclusion came to be called a minor excommunication, and a much more terrible form was added for greater offenders, when the Bishop denounced the curses in the Book of Deuteronomy, the clergy standing round with torches, and responding Amen, while a bell clashed out at irregular intervals, and finally, all the torches were dashed on the ground and extinguished. This major excommunication separated the person from all friendly intercourse with others, and deprived a sovereign of his claim to the allegiance of his subjects, according to the doctrines of the middle ages.

S. And as the awful sentence was often used merely out of party-spirit, it really over-reached itself.

A. And the misuse prevented the proper use, so that, even in the Roman Catholic Church, excommunication is practically almost dropped.

> 'O wondrous warfare of the Spouse of God,
> Trampled to earth, yet wielding bolts so keen
> She dares not hurl them in her wrath abroad,
> Only their ireful lustre glows unseen.'

I should say, however, that, though there is no longer public excommunication, persons are bidden by their confessors to abstain for a time, and penances are appointed for them.

S. That is voluntary submission.

A. Yes. Now, no western state, I believe, insists on Holy Communion as a qualification for office, or makes the omission a civil disability, impelling people to unwilling, unworthy Communions.

S. Then the publication of anything irregular, or without the Bishop's consent, is forbidden.

A. A necessary rule, which used to be disregarded. Many Acts of Parliament contained orders for announcements at this time by the clergy, and other matters were proclaimed. I remember our old clerk shouting out summonses to vestry meetings, 'to make a new rate for the relief of the poor;' and I have heard odd stories of clergy, in remote places, reading out most irrelevant notices, such as applications for servants.

S. Then the sermon or homily. What is a homily? Were they not ready-made sermons published by authority?

A. Yes. The sermon, which you know is the Latin *sermo*, a discourse, was always needful in the Church for instruction or for exhortation. Preaching is generally meant when in the New Testament the word prophesying occurs, though sometimes singing or composing sacred hymns may be intended, since both belonged to the office of the original prophets. The rule was, on Sunday, to give a short exposition of the Epistle and Gospel. This used to be called in England the postil, from *post illa verba*, after these words. But in the corrupt days, the regular clergy were apt to neglect preaching, and the orders of mendicant friars eagerly supplied the deficiency; at least, in the lax times, it was only an exceptionally earnest or enlightened secular priest who preached at all; and in the dawnings of the Reformation, great offence was taken at Dean Colet, and other priests who preached, because they raised unreasonable expectations of others of the higher clergy. Such was the disuse, that many of the clergy were incapable of composing a sermon, and the preaching orders being done away with, the people needed instruction. Therefore, a set of sermons were printed by authority, composed chiefly by Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, in 1547, which the clergy were to read if they had no discourse of their own to make.

S. What does the name mean?

A. It is from the Greek *homilia*, originally meaning a discourse between two persons, but applied in ecclesiastical language to a sermon. A second book of homilies was added by Bishop Jewel in 1563.

S. Are they ever used?

A. Their long periods are not suited to a modern congregation, and they do not carry Church authority with them.

S. Have I not heard of a 'Bidding Prayer?' What is it?

A. It is really not a prayer at all, but an invitation to pray. It was used, according to an ancient custom, before a sermon that did not follow a service in church, but stood alone, more especially at University sermons. It begins thus: 'Ye shall pray for Christ's Holy Catholic Church, that is, for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the whole world, and especially for the Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and herein I require you most especially to pray for the King's most excellent Majesty,' then going on through the most notable orders in the kingdom; and university men always ended with their founders. A New College man would say, 'And more especially am I bound to pray for the Bishop William of Wykeham, a Balliol man mentions the original Balliol and Devorgilla his wife, the old custom being continued. But there was no actual prayer enjoined, and it was only an introduction to a sermon, when not preceded by the service.

S. Are there any such sermons?

A. Only at the Universities, but when the rule was made, sermons were still preached at St. Paul's Cross, and there were lectures on week days in many churches.

S. Oh yes. I remember the Puritans thought much of those lectures, and people flocked to them on market days. And they became political, and full of false doctrine and sedition; so that the trying to prevent them was one of the measures that made the Bishops so unpopular, before the Great Rebellion.

A. Yes; it was enacted that they should only be preceded by the bidding prayer, or the regular service, in order to prevent political extemporary prayers.

S. Was there not almost as great a struggle about the preaching in the surplice? The rubric gives no direction.

A. But here we must go back a great way for the better understanding of the matter.

S. Into the vestments question? Oh! do.

A. I am afraid I cannot do so properly, and even the most learned are not agreed as to their origin. Some think they are continuations of the ancient Roman ordinary dress, others that they represent the Jewish priestly robes. One thing is certain, that what was worn at religious rites was kept separate from the garb of daily wear, whether different or not in form, and that up to the ninth century, white was the principal colour, though gradually it was embroidered with others.

S. Then the surplice continues that, and inherits the symbolism of white garments.

A. At first the surplice was an alb, a long linen robe with sleeves, and reaching to the feet, the regular clothing of priests, deacons and all others ministering, and, however it originated, recalling the robe in which St. John beheld the Great High Priest at the opening of the Apocalypse. When long, there was a girdle to it. Besides this, there was the *Stola*, the ordinary Greek word for a garment of any kind, afterwards applied to the long scarf, worn by deacons over one shoulder, and by priests over both, sometimes crossed over the breast.

S. Those are still in regular use.

A. Then, as special Eucharistic vestments, there came to be the Chasuble, which is in shape a long oval, hanging down at length like a cloak behind and before, with a hole to admit the head and neck. Besides these, there was the Cope, a cloak fastened over the chest with a clasp, and worn on great occasions, and in processions. I need not enter into the others now, but apparently every church possessed a set of these, often of several colours, according to the seasons. Cardinal Wolsey had no less than "forty-four copes of one settle" for the use of his retinue of clergy, and the inventories of cathedrals witness to their number and splendour.

S. And the Reformation destroyed them all!

A. With very few exceptions. There are a few copes still left at

Durham, one with a portrait of St. Cuthbert worked in needlework on the border. But it was the iconoclastic fury of the people that destroyed them. There never was any decree against them. On the contrary, the rubric of 1559, at the end of the calendar, commanded the continuance of all the ornaments in use in the second year of Edward VI., when they were certainly still worn. It seems, however, that in so many churches the people had destroyed them, and there was so much difficulty in renewing such costly articles, that 'advertisements' were put forth by Queen Elizabeth, permitting the surplice to be worn alone in all except cathedrals and collegiate churches. And this was received as the rule in almost every case, though in the royal chapel the full vestments were worn, and at Durham the copes continued in use down to the eighteenth century, when a canon left them off because they were hot and heavy. After the Great Rebellion, the clergy could neither afford the expense, nor did they wish to startle their Puritanical flocks by requiring of them the supply of all these robes.

S. But how about the black gown?

A. When the sermon was altogether separate from the service, it was natural to preach it in the garb that showed that the preacher had learning and authority. The friars wore their habit; you must have seen many pictures of them, and this is said by some to have been the origin of the Geneva gown worn by Calvinist ministers. University men, as you know, have gowns as well as hoods, marking the degree they have taken; and the ordinary dress of a clergyman in England, nearly to the end of the last century, was this gown over a cassock, a very dignified dress.

S. I remember in that old book, the *Village School*, Mr. Right, the clergyman, is walking about among the children in his gown; and in the *Deserted Village*, when the good clergyman went out,

> 'E'en children followed with endearing wile,
> And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.'

A. Calvinism, as you know, destroyed every vestment except this gown, which was part of the ordinary clerical dress. The stores of appropriate robes kept in every cathedral and church were scattered to the winds; and the only restoration that Queen Elizabeth durst insist upon, was of the surplice to be worn throughout prayers and the Celebration.

S. And that was bitterly hated, and called a rag of popery.

A. The original custom seems to have been, that when the sermon was the postil or comment on the Gospel, delivered as part of the Communion service from the Altar step by the Celebrant, he wore his vestments. But when the sermon was a separate thing, it was preached in the ordinary academical or clerical dress—and a preacher not about to assist in the Celebration would not have been robed. So it came to be considered the right thing to take off the surplice

for the sermon, and when, in the free and easy customs that came in with the French revolution, clergymen left off the cassock, sash and gown as daily wear, these were still put on on Sunday. I have heard my mother say she remembered her father thus wearing them. Then, when the cassock was given up, the black gown was only put on at sermons, visitations, and all distinctive gatherings of clergy. It is still etiquette for the Sheriff's chaplain to wear one when in attendance.

S. So it was worn simply as the remnant of clerical dress.

A. But people had come to consider the surplice as appropriate to the prayers and the black gown to the sermon. So if there were only one minister officiating, he used to retire into the vestry while a psalm was being sung, and change into the black gown, and if there was a Celebration, he had to change back again. When attention began to be paid to the rubrics, it was perceived that this was a senseless custom, and it was also thought that even when there was to be no Celebration, the prayer for the Church Militant ought not to be omitted altogether, and that its conclusion was the fittest place to end. Some of the clergy adopted the custom of preaching in the surplice, and reading the prayer, and the practice was recommended by Bishop Blomfield of London; but the storm it raised was wonderful. People were suspicious of the least alteration, some marched out of church the moment the surplice appeared in the pulpit, and in perfect ignorance it was declared a popish innovation. The Bishop yielded to the outcry, retracted his recommendation, and was displeased with such of his clergy as still continued to follow it, and thus there was much bitterness and opposition. But this has given way gradually, and the gown is now hardly ever seen.

S. The fancying the surplice Romish was altogether a mistake, then.

A. For it was just what was *not* worn at Roman Catholic sermons.

S. But the other vestments are often worn now.

A. Yes, after a great struggle. I remember when some were shewn at the first Crystal Palace, in 1852, it was spoken of, almost as a joke, that they might be lawfully worn; stoles were thought a great innovation, even black ones, and when Mr. Bryan King first varied the colours with the seasons, there were absolute riots. Since that time the case has been tried in court, and it was ruled that Queen Elizabeth's advertisements lay down the law only for the churches she mentions, but many think that the use of the vestments is right where they can be obtained, though it is better not to offend people who are likely to misinterpret their use, and be alienated from what is far more important, especially as the surplice and the stole are the original and primitive garments. I did not mean to have dwelt so long on these rubrics, but they have taken up all our time, and are connected with much in the history of our Church.

AUTUMN NOTES FROM MERAN.

CHAPTER III.

In spite of the intense and most Italian heat, which in the early days of our Meran stay made all exertion distasteful, the British ardour for exploration burnt still more hotly within us. What right had we to rest till we had thoroughly 'done' Meran? So, before twenty-four hours had passed, we had crossed the *Spital Brucke* and were strolling leisurely up the paths of the Summer Garden overhanging the winding river. And here, looking out on the sun-bathed landscape from the grateful shade of lofty trees, the charm of Meran went straight to our hearts. Below us—across the stream—lay the lovely Winter Garden, sheltered from every wind, bright with southern flowers, and shaded by many curious tropical trees. On all sides were luxuriant rose-grown arbours, suggestive rather of sentimental occupancy than of rest for the weak and weary. One or two coquettish little villas, all gables and balconies, covered with vines and roses, glycine and Virginia creeper, stood close to the river bank.

Behind them, with intervening spaces of grove and garden, rose the solid, comfortable group of hotels and lodging-houses on the Steinachplaz. Further in the background soared the tall tower of St. Nicholas from amid a mass of roofs and gables, and up on the spur of the Kuchlberg stood the disused Pulverthurm, last remaining remnant of an old castle.

And at every step, as we mounted the hill, the town looked prettier and more enticing. Now we could see the quaint Passeir Gate, with a red extinguisher roof overlapping it altogether on one side in the oddest, jauntiest way. Soon a turn of the path at the highest point brings us to the best view of all. We see all the Mut Spize range, with its belts of green chestnut and dark fir forest, enlivened here and there by emerald plots of pasturage, and shading off towards the summits into a lovely olive tint, suggesting that before the snow had melted enough to allow the grass to grow green the fervour of the sun had dried it up.

Lower down lie the steep slopes claimed by tradition as the site of Dwarf King Laurin's Rose Garden, and near this is the red-roofed mass of Schloss Tirol, the fastness of the old rulers of the land, and which has more than once played a great part in local history. But the commonplace exterior of the Schloss is very disappointing to the artistic eye, and although its outpost, the bold ruin of the

Brennenberg, is really fine, that was barely visible at this hour, when its dark grey outlines were fused with the shadows behind.

Still going on, we come in sight of the sharp-pitched stone bridge across the ravine, a clasp as it were to the flowery garland on either bank of the gleaming, dashing Passer; and high up on a steep cliff, overhanging the narrow gorge through which the foaming river angrily forces its way, stands a picturesque ruin, consisting of one or two towers, a mass of crumbling wall, and a tiny church at the very edge of the precipice. This is the Zenoburg, far more fascinating if of less historical interest, than the famous Schloss Tirol. The castle, with the ravine and bridge beneath, make one of the most picturesque bits about Meran; and from where we stood we had also glimpses of other distant ruins, of the mass of Schloss Schœnna, and of Archduke Johann's Gothic mausoleum glistening in the sun.

The Zenoburg ruin is even more striking from the Winter Garden, and few English tourists fail to transfer this view of it to their sketchbooks. Sitting one sunny morning in a favourite seat under a rock, behind a pendant screen of Virginia creeper, lazily watching the haymakers on the grassy slopes across the stream, and listening to the cool babble of the swiftly running water, the writer saw an unmistakeable Englishman coming briskly along the path in front of her retreat. He halted suddenly as he came in sight of that charming *coup d'œil* of rock and river, bridge and ruin, gave a loud grunt of satisfaction, drew out a big drawing-block, turned his eyes this way and that, walked a few steps backwards, a few more forwards, with his head on one side; tried successively sitting on his heels, crouching on the path, kneeling on the bank, and finally electing to lean against the railing above the stream, set to work at his sketch in earnest. He was presently joined by a lady, probably his wife. She, too, stopped suddenly, and gazed at the scene in a defiant sort of way, through spectacles resting on a 'tip tilted' nose. There was an expression of great resolution in the down-turned corners of her mouth as she drew out her sketch-book, and, standing with her feet well apart, began to ply her pencil vigorously a yard or two in her husband's rear. A few minutes more, and a daughter arrived, went through the same pantomime as her father, though less ungracefully, concluded by hopping up the bank, began to draw from that vantage point, and the artistic *tableau vivant* was now complete. Another morning, five ladies were seen at the same spot, seated in a row down the path, and all engaged in sketching the same view.

To reach this bewitching Zenoburg one has to wind up the terraces of the Winter Garden to the Passeir road, issuing from the gate with the red extinguisher tower.

Rising higher and higher above the narrow valley, you command an extending panorama of hill and dale. Country folk enliven the

foreground with their many-hued costumes, as they pass you with that long slow stride, the best staying pace for long pulls uphill. All have a courteous 'Guten Abend' for you, accompanied by the nearest approach to a smile of which the German physiognomy is capable. A pug-dog belonging to one of our party excited considerable astonishment. Little boys scampering pell-mell down the road jumped quickly aside at the sight of this black muzzled stranger.

'Er ist der Teufel!' exclaimed they, taking to their heels as though our family friend's gentle bark of contempt were a sign of demoniac hostility.

Some of the grapes were already ripe in the vineyards on either side, but the fig-trees peeping over the low walls offered nothing but hard green buttons that made capital playthings for our pug. There were but few *cicale* up here; only occasionally did you hear that well-known sawing sound, which in Italy is so overpowering a nuisance during the summer months. The Etschland below was still veiled white in mists of heat, but at this elevation a pleasant breeze tempered the fervour of the August afternoon. Soon we came to a deep-eaved farm-house, niched in the hill-side, and screened by an orchard of heavily-laden apple-trees, perfect fountains of rosy-cheeked fruit; and leafy fig-trees, and the ever-present vines. Here, turning away from the road, we wound up the grassy track leading to the old castle's ruined gateway. There was no one about to refuse or grant admittance, and we could wander in peace among the grass-grown heaps of rubbish. Here in the castle keep, the last of the witches, old Baldelin of Riffian, found a peaceful shelter, but she died nearly thirty years ago; her place is filled by a peasant family who are said to tell strange tales of midnight apparitions and mysterious noises, but these things our ignorance of the dialect compelled us to learn at second-hand. Besides, our chief interest was in the place itself and the view it commanded. At the extreme edge of the precipice stood the tiny church, with rude stone carvings round its portals. We tried in vain to effect an entrance; the door was securely fastened, and, peeping through the small windows, we saw that it was used as a storehouse for wood and rustic implements. Leaning over the broken wall beyond the end of the church, near the remains of what had been once the gate tower, we could look straight down into the narrow cleft through which the Passer fights its way to Meran. We could see the strife of waters among the big boulders, and how they dashed and splashed into the caverns they fill in rainy seasons. We could count the castles and villas of Obermais, the garden suburb built on the plateau left by the old-time landslip that buried the Roman town of Maja, and directly beneath us, across the gorge, we had the broad belt of vineyards, sloping up to the tree-clad flanks of hoary Ifinger and its companion mountains.

These vineyards are not monotonous, for they are broken by avenues and clumps of splendid chestnuts, half-veiling red-roofed

homesteads. The grey towers of Castle Gozen stand out boldly from the hill-side. Schloss Planta, in which Paul Heyse has laid the scene of the saddest of his well-known *Meraner Novellen*, is so overgrown with ivy that, from this distance, it is only distinguishable as a square green mass, with a ruined tower at either corner, while the stuccoed turrets of Schloss Rametz, enthroned amid vineyards of good Riesling wine, wear an imposing air of antiquity quickly dispelled by a nearer inspection.

We had turned our eyes towards our favourite Mendel Spiz, and the distant Trentiner Berge, and were watching them put on their evening robes of wondrous blues and purples, when a sharp bark from our pug and a tramp of heavy footsteps suddenly called us down from the clouds. Stalking towards us through the bushes, we beheld a tall, gaunt, strangely accoutred being, armed with a halberd, whom we should certainly have taken for a madman, had not numerous photographs in Meran shop windows prepared us to recognise, in this Indian chief-like apparition, one of the famous Saltners or Vineyard Watchers, dressed in the traditional costume. He had sighted the presence of strangers within his bounds, and had come to demand the usual Tabak-geld. We could understand the panic strangers may sometimes feel at first sight of these uncouth guardians, but having already made their acquaintance in Paul Heyse's exquisite pages, we were delighted to meet a living specimen, and were able to study him with a critical eye. His costume was complete at all points, save that he wore a plain felt hat with only twenty or thirty cock's feathers, and a few calico roses stuck about it, instead of a high, three-cornered one, with pendent fox brushes and rampant plumes. That, he told us, was too hot and heavy to be worn so early in the season. His dress consisted of a leathern sleeveless coat or rather jacket, leathern armlets drawn over his soiled shirt sleeves, the usual black knee breeches and leathern leggings on his sinewy calves. The breast of his jacket was hung about with innumerable brass chains, with great brass eagles for clasps, supporting strings of wild boar tusks and eagles' claws. He was an old man of powerful frame, with a handsome, wrinkled, uncommonly dirty face. Washing is probably not included among a Saltner's duties, and no doubt water may be scarce in these sun-dried upland vineyards. The skin of this old fellow's throat was coarser in texture than the leathern jacket he wore, and almost as black. He became very friendly and communicative on finding us ready to acknowledge his claim, and even to add an extra kreuzer or so to the usual fee of five kreuzers a head, and told us many particulars of the hard duties and scanty emoluments of his office. He showed us the enormous whistle he carried in order to summon assistance against marauders in case of need, and said that he never slept during the night so long as any grapes remained on the vines. But it was by no means easy to understand all that the old fellow

said. At most times the Tirolese dialect is unintelligible enough, how much more so, then, when uttered by lips also occupied in holding a pipe. Our Saltner talked with much energy and free gesticulation, told us long stories of the old carvings in the locked church, and why his mistress kept it locked, and why she objected to showing it to strangers, but he never touched his pipe; there it hung, almost immoveable, as if part and parcel of his other features.

As the season went on we made acquaintance with many other Saltners, but with none so theatrically wild as this one, whom, on our next visit to the Zenoburg, we found in the full glory of his war-paint, i.e. of his cocked hat, and with an increased enmity to soap and water.

In the Rhine districts it is likewise the practice to appoint 'honourable watchmen' to guard the precious fruit, but when the vineyards are enclosed by walls it is not very tremendous work to keep out marauders. Here in Meran, on the contrary, the only barrier to free passage through the grape laden bowers is a moral one. A faggot of red-berried berberis hung at the entrance of each vineyard signifies that free passage is forbidden for the season, and that all wanderers within the Saltner-guarded precincts must (however innocent of picking and stealing) pay tribute, and that, if feloniously disposed, they will meet with pretty rough treatment.

Certainly if the worthy Saltners keep as sharp a lookout for thieves as for tourists, Meran grapes are sufficiently well guarded.

In no other country that the writer has seen are vineyards so delightful as in Meran. No one can deny the enchantment of the outskirts of Italian vineyards, where the luxuriant trails are festooned from tree to tree, twisting and twining hither and thither in picturesque disorder; but no one would stroll for mere pleasure through the vineyards themselves, and usually in fact there is barely room to step between the plants. But here in Meran the grapes are trained over arched trellises, some eight feet high and conveniently wide. The broad leaves form a thick roof of greenery, that shields you pleasantly from the fierce sunshine. The grapes hang down above your head, within temptingly easy reach of an upraised arm, in heavy purple clusters of from one to two pounds weight. It is charming to look down a hillside pergola, as in the grounds of Schloss Rubein, or along the wider, loftier avenues of the vineyards below the Kuchlberg-Unterm Berge. Truly these are the very perfection of grape gardens, recalling those frescoed by old Benozzo Gozzoli on the walls of Pisa's Campo Santo. Here and there, too, where crossways meet, are carven crucifixes high in air, gracefully enframed in living wreaths of foliage, fruit and tendrils.

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XIX.—TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

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EVERYONE has heard the story of King Midas and his magic touch, which turned all on which it rested to gold, and we know what an uncomfortable gift it proved in the end. But there is another and better Golden Touch, that gift through which the true poet is able to transmute the most unlikely materials into poetry's gold. This cannot be better illustrated than by considering the original matter out of which Shakspere got subjects for his plays. Sometimes, indeed, the work was made easier for him by the vividness of Plutarch or the rugged picturesqueness of Holinshed, but he had not these helps in comedy. There he would take some Italian story, always longwinded, generally trivial, and sometimes coarse, and find in it some seed-corn of an idea, which, being received into his brain, shot up with the splendour of Pharaoh's seven-eared wheat. Take, for instance, *Twelfth Night*. Here the original, *Apollonius and Silla*, is a commonplace and coarse story, without much to recommend it, the prototypes of Viola and Olivia, Sebastian and Orsino, being about equally uninteresting. But Shakspere saw in it the central idea of *Twelfth Night*, the faithful love of a true woman, capable of absolutely forgetting herself, and on that he built his play. He kept the disguise of the heroine, her position between the man she loves and the woman who loves her, the mistakes in identity, and the final happy settlement of all the contending claims, but he brought in so many new characters, and so remodelled the others that the whole becomes his own. This is not to claim for *Twelfth Night* a place on a level with the *Merchant* or *As You Like It*, it is slighter than either, and has neither their heights nor depths; but, on the other hand, it has an originality of fun in it, an inexhaustible vivacity, combined with the delicate beauty of some of the scenes, which secure to it a rank of its own, not to be disputed. It has also an advantage in construction, for after the first three scenes the story goes on steadily and connectedly, not taxing our ingenuity to make things fit, for though the secondary intrigue of the plot against Malvolio is really distinct from the love story, the two lie so close together that both are easily followed. The name perhaps indicates that the play was originally intended to be acted on a Twelfth Night festival, or was suitable for such an entertainment, which may account for the predominance in it of rollicking fun, and

the absence of the quiet musings of *As You Like It.* The Twelfth Night merrymakers would want a hearty laugh as well as pretty scenes, and plenty of life and movement to stir their blood in the winter's cold. The time of the play is not winter, however. On the contrary, people seem to lead an easy, sunny, out-of-doors kind of life in Illyria; why Illyria more than any other conveniently vague sounding place, might have puzzled Shakspere to explain. It is the Duke of this accommodating region who first claims our attention, and here we are conscious of a little stumbling-block. It seems to be impossible to present a man in a lovesick condition without making him a little bit ridiculous. Not even Romeo, nor our present hero, Orsino, can escape, and the impression is deepened when, without preparation, we have to begin our acquaintance with him when he is in this condition. His beautiful sentiments, poured out before we well know who he is, startle us, and create a slight prejudice against him, which we have some difficulty in overcoming afterwards. We ought at least to hear the soft, sweet notes of the Duke's musicians, to put us into tune for his most musically-uttered fancies and love conceits. It is a curious question how much reality there is in Orsino's passion for Olivia. He certainly believes himself very much in love, his mind is full of her image, and he is truly anxious to marry her, but withal there is a strong dash of sentimentality about it all, and he consoles himself with wonderful celerity in the end, when it proves a hopeless business. There is a certain want of backbone in this young Duke (for we imagine him as still young, though older than Viola and Sebastian), but apart from that, he has an open-hearted and gracious nature, keenly alive to every beautiful influence, loving a fair face, music, and flowers; just the sort of young man to be continually in love with somebody, till having worked off his superfluous sentiment, his affections settle to their true centre. He reminds us a good deal of Romeo, though his outpourings are more coherent as his fate is brighter than those of that ill-starred hero. Perhaps this gentle and romantic Duke was thus introduced to us at the very outset, to prevent any anxiety as to the hands into which our heroine is to fall, when we become acquainted with her in the next scene. Here she stands, a fair, girlish creature, pathetically lonely among the rough group of sailors, eliciting the chivalry of their honest captain by her friendless position. This loneliness of Viola's gives the sad side of the story, otherwise so lively, and though it is not dwelt upon, it gives depth to the brilliancy of the surface. She is very lonely, with only the faintest hope of ever seeing her brother—her only relation—again, but she is far from helpless. We should say that, being early left an orphan, she is used to thinking for herself, for after taking the facts of the situation into consideration, she composedly decides on the one possible course to take, not without a longing for the unattainable refuge of Olivia's house. In resolving on her strange plan for safety, she evidently reckons with confidence on her own powers to carry it

out, and all along her character blends strength and softness. Such determined perseverance as she displays in carrying out a most painful task, forcing her own wishes aside with a will as of iron, combined with such sensitive tenderness of feeling, such a warm and constant heart, invest her with a peculiar charm even in Shakspere's 'rosebud garden of girls.' We wonder at the courage and audacity with which the pretended page plays her part, and in an instant we see her quivering with feeling or natural timidity, the girl's heart throbbing fast beneath the boy's doublet. Viola seems fitted by nature for Orsino, both by the likeness between their poetic and cultured characters and the difference between her unhesitating devotion and his dreamy sentiment. We could not fancy Viola loving twice; she is too thoroughgoing to change her mind, when her affections have once been fixed, and she realizes this fact in her situation without disguise. Indeed, most of Shakspere's girls, however romantic they may be, know their own minds, and have an honesty and straightforwardness in their wishes which is thoroughly delightful when compared with the imbecile shilly-shallying of many modern heroines. His maidens are sometimes deceived into taking a woman for a man, but their knowledge of their own sentiments is unhesitating.

Shakspere rarely begins a play with three such disconnected scenes as the first three of *Twelfth Night*, but this is atoned for by the unusually close connection of the rest of the story; and, in any case, to pass directly from Viola to Sir Toby and Sir Andrew must involve a jump. To criticise these worthies in cold blood is utterly futile; we must laugh as their comical figures appear on the stage, and the torrent of absurdity carries us away from any sober standard. How, as so often elsewhere, Shakspere takes the most ordinary figures of conventional fiction, and pours the light of his own originality upon them till they stand forth transformed. How common, in drama and novel, is the character of the knavish adventurer, plotting in low cunning how to secure the hand of a rich heiress for himself or a confederate, and trading on the scheme, but who else ever made a Sir Toby Belch out of him? Equally common in fiction is the presence of the knave's dupe, led on by false hopes and fleeced all the time, but where else do we ever encounter a Sir Andrew Aguecheek? The pair are artistically necessary to each other; neither would be intelligible without the other to show off the peculiarities of his character. By nature Sir Toby is no fool, when his brains are not muddled by drinking; he is sharp enough, and can make a plan and carry it through, *when* he can keep sober. When he has control of his intellect, it is exclusively directed towards advancing his own interests, and chiefly as regards his purse, for it is pretty clear that he has got through all which belonged to him, and lives partly by his wits, partly by such hospitality as Olivia feels compelled to show him. He is well adapted to be a pertinacious hanger-on, for he possesses all the necessary effrontery for making the most of his advantages without giving any equivalent.

It never enters Sir Toby's wildest dreams that he could be expected to be of any use to his orphan niece, left unprotected by her brother's death, his only idea is to make as great convenience as he can of her house, till the indignant girl orders him out of it. But with all his sins, there is no being angry with Sir Toby for long; his ingenious fetches and excuses have a Falstaff-like readiness, and he is nearly as hard to disconcert as the immortal Sir John himself. Turning to Sir Andrew, it is impossible for any one who ever read Charles Lamb's essay, 'On some of the Old Actors' not at once to recall his description of the actor who *was* this part. He paints 'the broad moony face" with 'an idea slowly stealing over it, and going out for want of fuel,' and we feel that this must have been exactly what Shakspere meant Sir Andrew to resemble. He is a fool positive, not with the brilliant erratic foolery of the professional tribe of fools, but with real dulness of brain. If now and then a faint notion works its way into what he is pleased to call his wits, it is easily dispossessed by Sir Toby, in whose relentless hands the poor knight is pitiably helpless. He is one of the men who need to be vigorously guarded from the cradle to the grave, if they are not to be continually robbed, and even then they will probably find some way to ruin themselves from sheer folly, especially if they, like Sir Andrew, take to being drunk nightly. And this miserable creature, without even animal courage to recommend him, is actually proposed as a suitor to Olivia, as a rival to the refined and polished young Duke! The very idea is intolerable. And this reminds us that the necessity for considering the pair of knights together has caused us to overlook a person of some importance, the quick-witted and free tongued Mistress Maria. She is different in most respects from Shakspere's other waiting-maids, who throw themselves so loyally into their mistress's concerns. Maria has a kind of regard for her lady and understands her moods, but her principal desire in life seems to be to amuse herself, pay off those who offend her, and rise in the world. Olivia's seclusion makes her waiting-woman of more importance in the household, and gives her more liberty than is usual in such cases, and evidently the clever and unscrupulous young woman understands making the most of the position. Being of a thoroughly pleasure-loving nature, she finds Olivia's house very dull, and catches at anything which promises diversion, not much regarding of what sort it may be, and adapting herself easily to her company. For instance, when she is playing demure propriety in Olivia's presence, who would imagine that she had any connection with the saucy piece of impudence who bandied jests with Sir Toby and filled up his tankard only a few hours previously? Altogether, we could not call Maria a very desirable inmate for a respectable household, and the thought will sometimes intrude that the Lady Olivia would have been better employed in looking to what passed in her house than in indulging in such unlimited grief even for her brother. It is clear that everybody in that establishment does what

pleases them best; the clown wanders hither and thither, and Maria's standing flirtation with Sir Toby is open to the notice of all but her mistress.

Turning now to the palace (Act i. sc. 4), we find our other heroine fallen into unexpected trouble. When an affectionate and lonely girl is in constant intercourse with an attractive and loveable young man, she is likely enough to fall in love with him, but the circumstances of this case prevent any conscious return on his part. Conscious we say, because we are convinced that the Duke is strongly drawn to the disguised Viola even while thinking himself in the height of passion for Olivia. He considers his new page as a winning pet, and enjoys the boy's evident affection, but he naturally does not recognize the strength of the bond between them till a sudden shock alters all their relations to each other. At present poor Viola is in the hard position of having given her heart away once and for all, not only without the smallest prospect of having her love returned, but with the added pain of seeing what she passionately desires lavished on someone else, who does not value it. What an amount of love-ravings she must have heard while ministering to her disconsolate master, every word being an added pang to her own heart! Yet we may be certain that the last thing which she would wish, would be to leave Orsino. Some women can only love with that fierce jealousy which longs to destroy anything preferred to themselves, and this is the commonest type in fiction. In others, again, the mother-like instinct is strongest which urges them to do anything, bear anything, to make the beloved one happy; and Voila belongs to this second and higher order, for she would give Orsino his will if it broke her heart to do it. Her slender form holds a resolute spirit, and she forces herself into the most distasteful task of courting Olivia for the Duke with a determination to do her best for him, though to fail would be far more agreeable to herself. No play has stronger contrast between the spirit of the scenes than *Twelfth Night*, as in real life, comedy and tragedy, laughing and grief follow quick on each other. Here Viola, in her high-strung devotion, is promptly contrasted with brisk and common-place Maria, smartly taking the clown to task for his absence (Act i. sc. 5). These two congenial souls seem to be friends and allies in general, but there are limits to Maria's good-nature in making excuses for him when he will not satisfy her curiosity. Feste, on his part, is not much disturbed by the prospect of Olivia's anger; he knows that it never lasts long, for this jester is no more fool than he chooses to be in the way of business, otherwise his wits and his tongue are both sharp enough. He wanders restlessly about from Olivia's house to the court, noticing all that goes on, picking up any profit which offers itself, making fun of the whole world in general, and singing his sweet scraps of song, for his love of music is one of his special characteristics. We can hardly fancy this easy-going personage following his mistress into exile like Touchstone; he is well content

to hang about her house, satirizing, after his fashion, those who frequent it, and amusing her spare moments. Not that her reception of him on the present occasion is precisely encouraging. We hear so much of Olivia that we seem to know her before she sweeps on to the stage, the stately heiress used to much attendance and consideration, the high-born lady with a dignified graciousness of demeanour. She has too much real dignity to be afraid to condescend; the jester's most audacious jokes do not disturb her in the least, but only pass a few moments when she has nothing else on hand. Olivia's perfect self-possession contributes greatly to heighten the effect produced when sudden passion convulses her whole nature, for she has always been strong and self-sufficing, and has no idea what to do with these overflowing feelings. The pride of birth and position has so far hedged her in from ordinary disturbance, and she appears so wrapt in quiet dignity, that no one expects her to be easily affected, but under her calm exterior lie quick and vehement feelings. Her peculiar position must be remembered. Her brother's death has left her without any one, it would seem, to care for, the shock of the loss has had time to pass off, and the craving for love to re-awaken, she has not a single congenial associate, and Orsino's offered affection does not attract her. So she is just in the state when a new impression is apt to be a deep one. Close behind his lady stalks in grave propriety the figure which has almost usurped the place of the hero of *Twelfth Night*. It sometimes seems as if the secondary characters which Shakspere invented for himself, owing nothing to anyone else, were more interesting to him than his heroes and heroines proper, for he goes out of his way to set before us such undying creations as Dogberry and Jacques and Malvolio. But here again, who can venture to talk about this last worthy after Charles Lamb's inimitable dissertation on him, with all his mixture of dignity, honour, conceit, and absurdity? The special point of the character seems to lie in the effect of self-conceit ruining all that is good in the man. Malvolio will not condescend, for instance, to be amused with what amuses other people; he looks down with scorn on all his surroundings, till all his words and thoughts are soured and cankered. So he loses all power of judging aright. Evidently he has plenty of shrewdness by nature, we should imagine him as a thoroughly exact man of business, and quite deserving of the full confidence which Olivia reposes in him, but when conceit has blinded him, he can be taken in by anything which wicked Maria thinks proper to tell him. Of course, we must remember that the steward to a great lady like Olivia might well be a man of some breeding and education, who could be on terms of confidence if not of familiarity with his mistress, so that Malvolio's dreams were just within the bounds of possibility, while, on the other hand, the strong feeling against the mixing of ranks removed them very far from probability. Such a man, precise and formal in manner as in habit, considering any frivolity as an offence to his dignity would naturally feel the

presence of the irreverent jester as a constant penance. The audacious freedom which only amuses Olivia, are so many needle-stabs to Malvolio. He cannot understand how his lady can tolerate such nonsense, nor can he profit by her kindly advice to be less rigid. In spite of his crabbedness, Olivia may well put up with Malvolio for the sake of having somebody to rely on in her difficult dealings with Sir Toby, most undesirable of kinsmen, not even sober in the mornings! Olivia turns from him in disgusted contempt; even her fool is more of a man than Sir Toby, and it is just at this juncture, when all her usual surroundings look unsatisfactory, that Orsino's envoy appears before her. The violent effort which Viola has made to suppress her feelings gives her a kind of reckless audacity in the part which she plays. She does not care one straw what Olivia thinks of her personally, so long as she accomplishes her mission, so she successfully assumes the saucy ways of a spoilt page, perhaps even over-doing the character a trifle, and secretly enjoying the comic side of the situation. No doubt she looks a charming boy in her page's dress, even in disguise exercising her natural fascination as freely as we find her brother Sebastian could do later on. No wonder that Olivia, at first startled, is then drawn to her unusual visitor; anyone so bright and fair and unconventional is a novelty in her secluded life, so she cannot resist the pleasure of drawing out the strange boy and making him talk. Viola's sudden demand to see her rival's face unveiled is characteristic. She will know for herself what are the charms which have bewitched Orsino, but after one wicked doubt as to the cause of Olivia's lovely complexion, she honestly admits the beauty which gives her so much pain. Yet Olivia need not be too proud of it. Viola reverts to Orsino's passion in a defiant, almost fierce, style, probably new to the heiress's experiences of wooing, which deepens her impression that there is something extraordinary about this messenger. She has no comprehension of the repressed feeling which prompts Viola's passionate descriptions of the power of love, but feeling is strangely infectious, and something new and perplexing begins to stir Olivia's calm. She struggles faintly with it, cuts the interview short, tries to put a check on herself, but the spell is working on, and, hardly knowing her own mind, she takes means to renew her intercourse with the puzzling boy. The second scene of the next act shows Viola's recognition of this peculiar state of things; her quick wit divines the inner meaning of the message so churlishly delivered by Malvolio, and she is greatly disturbed about it. There is nothing here of the impetuous scorn which Rosalind poured out on Phœbe in similar circumstances. Viola is too unhappy herself not to sympathize with misplaced love in another. Rather she takes the blame on herself and her disguise, but it does not occur to her to enlighten Olivia instead of leaving matters to right themselves.

The short scene with which this act opens, and which seems to break the continuity of the story, is really necessary for the final

explanation of everything, as it introduces us to Viola's masculine double, Sebastian. It always seems a pity that we see so little of this young gentleman, as he appears in every respect worthy to be Viola's brother—brave, winning, and affectionate. The point about him which is most insisted on is that nameless charm possessed by some happy natures, which works like witchcraft unconsciously exerted. Without any effort or design Sebastian completely masters the valiant sea captain Antonio, so that he cannot bear to part with him. Antonio feels towards this youth whom he rescued from the sea, such tender affection as is usually supposed to be only felt between man and woman, but there is abundant proof that Shakspere at least, believed in such friendship, and knew the heights and depths of which it is capable. Here it is natural enough that Antonio should love Sebastian because he has saved him, and then the bright, loveable creature becomes infinitely dear to the sea rover who has knocked about the world so long, fighting hard, working hard, with more enemies than friends. He is a good representative of the Elizabethan adventurer, whom his foes called a pirate, but who regarded himself as a defender of his country and faithful servant of his Queen.

After these passages of gentle emotion, we suddenly take a plunge into something of totally opposite character (Act ii., sc. 3), we see a snug corner in Olivia's house, and hear Sir Toby's rollicking laugh, as he propounds his theory of life over his goblet. No doubt Feste has an instinct which warns him when such jollifyings are on hand, and he strolls casually in to make his additions to the fun, mocking his companions even while he sings his gay love-song, and bears his part in their uproarious catches. But this uproar is too much for Olivia's patience, and down slips Maria to warn her allies that they are going to be disturbed. Once in such a congenial scene, Maria stays, guessing pretty well that the riotous knight will be more than a match for Malvolio. The spirit of mischief has indeed possessed Sir Toby, and not all Malvolio's dignified and sensible remonstrances have the least effect on him. Falstaff himself could not have turned with finer effect on the steward than he does with the famous, 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?'

Not feeling justified in ejecting the revellers by main force, Malvolio has to retreat baffled, leaving them to plot his further discomfiture. It is on this passage that the idea is founded, that Shakspere meant Malvolio's character to be a satire on the Puritan party, because Maria says he is 'sometimes a kind of Puritan,' but as she promptly adds that he is not that or anything else constantly, we can hardly suppose him intended to represent them. If Shakspere had chosen to make game of the Puritans, as did others of his fellow dramatists, he could have done it most effectually, but that sort of caricature was not in his way, and it is to be noted that he puts the expression of blind prejudice against the Puritans into the mouth of Sir Andrew, the greatest fool of all. Shakspere probably fully recognised that the

character he was working out, that of a man devoured by conceit, was to be found in all parties, and taking many forms of expression. Now we see how it is to bring down its own penalty through the hands of the wicked conspirators. Meanwhile our lovesick Duke is nursing his passion (Act ii., sc. 4), and, we feel convinced, rather enjoying himself in spite of his talk about pangs. He little imagines how many real pangs his loving page is enduring all the time. Girl-like, Viola cannot resist playing with the truth, and making a veiled confession in answer to the Duke's half amused questions as to the state of her affections. His very natural remark that Cesario's love must be too old for him, is often taken to be a confession that Shakspere's own marriage with a woman years older than himself had been an unhappy one, but with a poet who so successfully hides himself behind his characters, it is never safe to be positive that he is expressing his own experiences, especially in a matter of such common observation as this. It must be strange pleasure to poor Viola to hear Orsino's praise of woman's fidelity, to which her own heart can bear such ample witness, and how curiously the sweet tones of the jester's song blend with the whole conversation. These scraps of songs of his have the true love song suggestiveness, hinting rather than telling all a history of love, or faith, or disappointment. With a characteristic jest the quaint singer vanishes, leaving Viola to get her further instructions for wooing Olivia, and to utter her well-known description of concealed love. She comes very near to betraying herself, as she adds touch after touch to her picture of womanly patience and silent sorrow, and her tender eloquence rouses the Duke's interest in her story till he begins to ask inconvenient questions. This playing with the situation has a dangerous fascination for Viola, she likes to come close to the edge of discovery, confident in her power of turning the conversation when it gets awkward, as in the present instance, she instantly diverts the Duke's attention.

Now, the conspiracy against Malvolio begins to work (Act ii., sc. 5) in one of those scenes which act themselves before the mind's eye as we read them. Who would not see the blooming garden, with its thick box clumps, solid enough to conceal the eavesdroppers, Sir Andrew somewhat bewildered, Sir Toby and Fabian alert and excited, Maria tripping in to lay ready her 'dish of poison,' and then the formal and self-complacent figure stalking down the walk, the sobriety of his appearance contrasting with the extravagances of his dreams? What a splendid vision is floating before his eyes! He dwells fondly on it, gloating over the glancing colours of the airy bubble, little dreaming who listen to his soliloquy. Maria knew what she was about when she prepared her snare. In Malvolio's self-blinded state, nothing looks suspicious which favours his delusion, and the very grossness of the imposture only raises his hopes to a point of exultant security, affording huge delight to the listeners. Sir Toby seems a trifle startled by discovering to what length Malvolio's aspirations had gone

without instigation, and wrath at the presumption adds to his enjoyment when the steward marches confidently into the trap. The garden has next to witness a very different scene (Act. iii., sc. 1), when faithful Viola comes again to make an effort in Orsino's behalf. The slim young page contrasts strangely with the grotesque figure of the jester with his tabor, as they cross the garden together, and presently the lady of the house appears, having, it would seem, quite forgotten her vow of seclusion in her new passion. The swift changes of her feelings reflect themselves in her words when she is alone with Cesario. She wants to encourage him to court her, knowing that in their respective positions it was necessary for her to come more than half way. It was nothing for a medieval heiress to make the first advances, or have them made for her; but having got so far, Olivia shrinks back from the possible effect which she may be producing on Cesario's mind, and would stop. Then a word fires her pride, she would appear to have been jesting all the time, a course which in turn excites Cesario, who is getting worried with the whole affair. This brings Olivia to a climax, her passion bursts all its barriers, and rushes forth in a torrent, forcing Viola to a plain refusal, in which she very nearly betrays her secret, but in Olivia's excitement it passes unnoticed. Somehow Sir Andrew witnesses part of this scene, and Fabian's adroit use of the knight's indignation at Olivia's condescension to the page, leads up to the final entanglement of the challenge to Viola. Why Fabian thus plays Sir Toby's game is not clear, possibly from sheer idleness and love of mischief, but he is a valuable ally to that scheming gentleman. Everything now indicates that the culmination of the story is approaching, the apparently insignificant incident of the arrival of Sebastian and Antonio, and the explanation of Antonio's peculiar danger in this town, show that some good reason for their coming will be given before long, and the different parts of the story, which have gone forward independently, are now to be brought together.

Olivia makes the first move unconsciously by recalling Cesario to her presence, in the half desperate hope of changing his resolution. (Act iii. sc. 4.) In her pre-occupation she has seen nothing of the game which is being played out in her household, and is utterly astonished when Malvolio appears transformed, 'smiling and cross-gartered.' We could almost be sorry for him in his delusion, but he is at the height of felicity, the mixture of pomp and sentiment which he is forcing his features to express, making him one of the most irresistibly comic figures that ever trod the stage. Olivia's half-frightened attempts to understand him heighten the effect, as she naturally thinks that her faithful servant has gone mad, and his ingenuity twists her well-meant instructions for his safety into confirmation of his fancy. He floats in a golden haze of anticipation, when the conspirators break in upon him, and, delighted with their success, begin their elaborate pretence of believing him possessed. The orthodox means for curing possession, affords them excellent

means of tormenting their victim without attracting attention. On the top of all this comes the 'excellent ignorance' of Sir Andrew's challenge, expressing precisely the writer's blundering jealousy and stolid self-confidence. One glance at this production would enlighten Viola as to the capacity of her antagonist, wherefore Sir Toby promptly suppresses it, and waits till her return from her interview with poor Olivia, who, by this time, is in a pitiable state between the violence of her feelings and her sense that she ought to control them. Viola clings to her mission of pleading Orsino's cause with a fidelity which is almost cruel to Olivia under the circumstances, but nothing better can be done for the deceived lady. These unlooked for consequences of her disguise press very hard on Viola, the only one of Shakspere's wandering heriones whom he permits himself to make fun of. Just released from Olivia's tender distress, the pretended page is confronted with a more alarming difficulty, by Sir Toby's swaggering announcement of the enemy who awaits her. We could not be so inhuman as to laugh at Viola's terror if she had another foe, but knowing Sir Andrew, we must yield to the comicality of the situation. Her alarm exactly falls in with Sir Toby's intentions as he urges on the two unwilling combatants, Sir Andrew, in even worse plight than Viola, both too perturbed to see the state of the other, and both ready to run precipitately from the field, if their chuckling seconds would give them a chance to escape. We can fancy Viola's sword trembling in her little hand, when Antonio's arrival changes the whole state of affairs, disconcerting Sir Toby as much as it relieves the principals in this queer duel. Their haste to become reconciled is in droll contrast with the ideas they each entertain of the other's valour, but they have not time for observation. Neither has Viola time to find out the reason of the stranger's chivalry in fighting her battle, before his arrest and strange appeal to her throws all into confusion. *We*, of course, understand the mistake under which Antonio labours, but we must pity him under it, for we can hardly fancy a sharper pang of disappointment than he suffers when, as it seems, his idolized friend, his pet, for whom he has risked life and all, deserts him in his distress! The valiant sailor, who was principally vexed at being arrested, because it would prevent his guarding Sebastian, is quite overpowered by this seeming unkindness. His passionate reproaches fairly bewilder their innocent object, till she catches her brother's name, and then the solution of the problem rises as a delightful possibility before her mind. But the indefatigable Sir Toby sees a chance for further mischief in instigating Sir Andrew to another attack on the page, of whom he is no longer afraid, and Andrew is inclined enough for it, but the fates are against him.

It is difficult to be sure whether a break in time is intended between the 3rd and 4th acts, as the indications are somewhat contradictory. Except that Olivia would hardly send for Cesario again so close to the

time when he left her, we should consider the 1st scene of the 4th act as a direct continuation of the previous one, as when Sebastian casually passes Olivia's house in the course of his sight seeing, it gives rise to all the after complications. For all the jester's quickness he is puzzled now, and most comically indignant with the apparently incomprehensible conduct of the young man in denying his name. Naturally Sebastian is no less perplexed by Feste, and still more astonished when he is suddenly assaulted by an unknown man without the slightest provocation. But poor Sir Andrew is utterly confounded by the vigorous fists of the boy whom he thought to settle so easily, and even Sir Toby discovers that he has somehow or other got an awkward customer on his hands, for evidently Sebastian has a very good notion of taking care of himself. On this occasion he has no need to show his fencing powers, for the appearance of Olivia, justly incensed with her outrageous kinsman, cuts short the broil. She is none the less attractive for her excitement, as we may judge by the impression which she instantly makes on Sebastian. The good youth is quite overpowered, and certainly, to have a beautiful, stately creature like Olivia, flinging herself, figuratively speaking, into his arms, is enough to turn anyone's head. So Sebastian gives himself up to a state of passive astonishment, not quite sure whether he is awake or asleep.

All this time, the other victim of Sir Toby's malice, and of his own folly, is in a very bad way indeed. The stony-hearted plotters really seem as if they want to drive Malvolio out of his senses, but their tricks give our friend Feste a grand chance of showing his talents in personating Sir Topas, the curate, with his dignity and sham philosophy. Poor Malvolio's pathetic entreaties and protestations of his perfect sanity only amuse his tormentors, triumphant at having thus got the better of him. The jester enjoys taking his revenge for all Malvolio's solemn contempt of him, and likes playing a burlesqued philosopher to this impassioned opponent, but he is not so cruel as finally to deny him the writing materials which he begs for so piteously. Thus Sir Toby's joke threatens to turn against him in the end, and it is lucky for him that Olivia is too much occupied at present to suspect anything. It is almost a pity that we cannot see the scene between her and Sebastian, for her delight at his willingness to love her, and his bewildered rapture over the whole business would have made charming comedy. Anyway, Sebastian emerges from her house in a state of the happiest confusion. Even a walk about the town to seek Antonio does not calm him sufficiently for him to discover whether *he* or Olivia is mad. But such glorious madness is better than sanity, and so he easily yields to Olivia's proposal of a private marriage, to save her from the fear that his suddenly awakened passion might change as quickly again. It is a strange measure on Olivia's part, as she seems to feel, but she has long got beyond the point of sticking at trifles. We should like to know what report Viola gave of

her last embassy to Olivia, for something seems to rouse the Duke's suspicions that his young envoy is proving dangerously attractive, and becoming something like a rival, so he makes up his mind to try another personal appeal to the obdurate Olivia, who has refused to see him for so long. (Act v., sc. 1.) It strikes one forcibly that Feste makes a good thing out of his office, hardly one of the characters escape without paying toll to him sooner or later. The Duke is a perfect mine of wealth for the coaxing fool, whose insinuating begging rises to the height of a fine art. He scorns being covetous, but if Orsino's bounty is flowing, it might as well flow into *his* pocket, and it does.

While the Duke awaits the return of the comical messenger, a turn is given to his thoughts by the sight of his old foe, Antonio, as a prisoner, still less grieved by his position among his enemies than by the seeming ingratitude of Sebastian. The charge of piracy he can boldly repel, but the sight, as he believes, of his false friend, urges him beyond his patience, to the considerable astonishment both of Viola and her master. Further inquiry into his perplexing statements is suspended by the entrance of Olivia. The heiress has no hesitation in facing Orsino now that she has the consciousness of her contract to support her, but it must be owned that she is a bad hand at keeping a secret, for her eagerness to speak to Cesario is enough to enlighten the Duke as to her feelings towards his page. Hereupon arises splendid confusion. Orsino is quick to perceive that his chance with Olivia is finally gone, and his ordinary gentleness is replaced by a fierce petulance, startling but not unnatural, for the occasional storms of a gentle nature are apt to be formidable. Moreover, Orsino is not in the habit of being crossed and disappointed, and does not know how to brook it. Olivia's carelessness about it adds fuel to the flame, and inspires him with an uncontrolable desire to move her in some way from her provoking indifference. He is not exactly heroic as this point, but he is galled beyond bearing by seeing his follower and plaything thus preferred before him, and his anger seeks a vent. We do not believe for one moment that he would actually hurt a hair of Cesario's head, though he has worked himself up into such a passion with him, but his threats startle both of the girls from the restraints which have bound them. In the face of Orsino's anger Viola's love breaks out, nothing that he can threaten has alarms for her, who would so gladly fling away her life to serve him, who loves him beyond everything and glories in her love. We can imagine what a stunning shock this outburst must give Olivia; she stands aghast at what she believes herself to have done in so precipitately linking her fate with one who does not love her after all, and even, as she presently thinks, is too cowardly to acknowledge her claims. It is too hard that it should be poor Viola, the soul of fidelity, who is thus accused of treachery and baseness on all sides, without seeing any way of clearing herself from these bewildering charges, though

knowing herself to be innocent. She stands thunderstruck while Antonio, Olivia, the Priest, and Orsino, one after another, turn upon her with their accusation, till just as the confusion is reaching its height, in stumbles Sir Andrew to make it worse confounded. But with him comes a comic element into the scene, and the other actors in it begin to divine that some strange mistake is going on. It appears that Sir Toby has once again instigated his comrade to an attack on Cesario, and their ill-luck throws Sebastian in their way instead, who, active and skilful, has no difficulty in freeing himself from such a pair of assailants, especially as Toby is by no means in fighting order. Still Sebastian feels that to begin his married life by breaking the head of his bride's kinsman is not exactly promising, and comes to apologize to Olivia, on which he is so intent that he hardly notices the group around her who stare at him in astonishment.

It makes a brilliant picture, however, the Duke still flushed with excitement, in the background the venerable Priest, Antonio, and the officers, beautiful Olivia, gazing in bewilderment at the handsome youth pleading for her forgiveness, and Viola all in a quiver of hope and delight as she sees her beloved double once more, and anticipates all that is to follow. Suddenly Sebastian becomes aware of Antonio, and puzzled at his greeting, stands astonished in his turn, at seeing a reflection of himself before his eyes. It does not take long for the brother and sister to explain themselves and clear up the confusion. After all Olivia has gone through in this scene, it appears to be quite a relief to her to find that she is really married to a fearless and gallant youth like Sebastian, who is worthy of her in every respect, and she is not disturbed that the Duke consoles himself so easily for her loss. Orsino certainly is quick in transferring his love to Viola, but it must be considered that he knows her worth, and her patient devotion to himself, and then the sudden discovery of her sex throws a romantic light on her, such as is certain to impress his susceptible nature. It is funny to see how his old habit of treating her as a boy mingles with the new tone which he is taking towards her, but we may be certain that it would not be long before she would be queen not merely of his fancy but of his whole heart.

In all these beautiful arrangements for the happiness of our friends, it must not be forgotten where the unlucky Malvolio was left. The precarious help of the Jester is all he has to trust to, but by means of it he is at last able to recall himself to Olivia's memory and send her his indignant letter, which reflects his natural self, when unbeguiled by the delusions of vanity. By this time the poor man is aware that he has been made a fool of, and boldly charges the fraud on Olivia herself, who quickly guesses at part of the plot, and Fabian's confession clears up the rest. We should like to know how Maria got on in her new dignity, and whether she succeeded in keeping Sir Toby tolerably in order. If anybody could manage him, she is the woman to do it.

It must have been a bitter pang to Malvolio to discover that the instruments of his confusion had been all 'the lighter people' whom he used to despise so much, but we cannot grudge Feste his scrap of humorous triumph, when 'the whirligig of time brings in its revenges.'

Thus the bright procession vanishes within Olivia's doors, all mistakes cleared up, all doubts and misgivings lost in the sunshine of happiness which seems to bathe the retreating forms, showing that love still is triumphant, although

> 'A great while ago the world began,
> With a heigho, the wind and the rain.'

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

THE BRABAZON HOME OF COMFORT, REIGATE, FOR MEMBERS OF THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

On the afternoon of Saturday, July the 4th, the Brabazon Home of Comfort, Reigate, was formally opened by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, in the presence of numerous workers and well-wishers of the Girl's Friendly Society, for whose invalid members it is intended. Perhaps a brief account of it may prove of interest to the readers of the Monthly Packet.

The idea of the Home originated with Miss Annie Cazenove, who was struck with the desirableness of providing a place for the reception of so-called incurable invalids of the G.F.S.; and upon mentioning this by letter to Lady Brabazon, she was invited to read a paper on the subject at a meeting in London. Henceforward her energy never flagged. The project happily found favour with the members and associates of the Society, and the income of some £200 a year which is guaranteed to the Home is almost entirely their gift. When a suitable building—formerly occupied by the Holmsdale Institute—came into the market, Lady Brabazon generously supplied the means of purchasing it; and the Committee of the Institute most kindly presented to her, for use in the Home, nearly the whole of the furniture which now renders the rooms so pretty, and comfortable, and pleasant.

The proceedings, on the day of opening, began with a special service in the beautiful old parish church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, which stands on the eastward extremity of the town. According to Manning and Bray's well-known history of Surrey, the church 'hath its North and South ailes, extended through the Chancel nearly to the East end of the Nave; and at the West end, an embattled Tower of hewn stone, slender, but of a reasonably good height, double buttressed, and containing eight bells.' One of these, the tenor bell, is said to have been tolled at the funeral of our distinguished Admiral, Charles, the 2nd Baron Howard of Effingham, and 1st Earl of Nottingham, to whom belongs the honour of dispersing and destroying the Spanish Armada in 1588. His remains lie in the vault beneath the chancel, pertaining to the Manor of Reigate Priory, and made by his father, William, the 1st Lord Howard of Effingham. On the left side of the hero's leaden coffin, engraved in capitals, is the inscription. 'Heare lyeth the body of Charles Howarde, Earle of Nottinghame, Lorde High Admyrall of Englande, Generall of Queene Elizabethe's Navy Royall att Sea agaynst the Spanyards' invinsable Navy in the yeare of our Lorde 1588; whoe departed this life at Haling Hows the 14 daye of December in ye yeare of our Lorde, 1624, Ætatis sve, 87.'

Surely some fine monument ought to mark the resting-place of one to whom his country owes so much.

The Rev. R. B. Ransford was the preacher at the service, and taking the words of Isaiah (chap. lxvi. verse 13) for his text, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee,' he spoke hopefully of the progress of Christian charity in the world, and bade his hearers remember, that as followers of the God of Love, it is altogether impossible to be too full of love. Love may be exercised unwisely, and against the misuse of it we have all to watch and pray. The Girl's Friendly Society has more than once been charged with spoiling its members by overcare and overlove. God knows, many have been spoiled for lack of care and lack of love; and there are thousands who perish for the want of a mother's care.

After service, a move was made to the Home itself, the way lying through sunny hay-fields, where the workers were busily tossing the fragrant grass. The premises, originally designed for shops, possess two large windows, flooding the dining-room and front sitting-room with light, and in the latter, a long high window-seat offers to the weary inmates a most inviting lounge. This Home of Comfort, though founded by Lady Brabazon for the reception of those G.F.S. members whose maladies are of a nature which renders them ineligible for any Hospital, and who otherwise must necessarily linger out their days in some Workhouse Infirmary, cannot bear as its motto, (even in an earthly sense,) 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.' On the contrary, it is trusted that long rest and good nursing will completely restore the health of many who, without these mercies, would be added to the sad list of incurable invalids. The consideration of consumptive cases is reserved, and persons afflicted with infectious disorders, chronic insanity, and epilepsy, can never be admitted, but it is proposed that when the funds of the Home permit, small pensions shall be granted to members of the Society whose cases are pronounced incurable, yet who, from various causes, cannot be taken into the Home. No incurable member can be admitted, who has not been in the Society for a year. A certain number of girls, G.F.S. members, will be received for Industrial Training. The Home is under the management of a Local Committee, to be elected annually, assisted by G.F.S. representatives from various dioceses, and the Heads of the Central Departments for Sick Members, Industrial Training, and G.F.S. Candidates from Workhouses and Orphanages—the Committee reserving to themselves the right of altering the following scale of charges of admission, as occasion arises.

For G. F. S. Members.

Invalids	7/0 per week.
Industrials	5/0 „ „
Girls sent through C. W. O. Dept. ..	3/6 „ „
Invalids, not G. F. S. members	10/0 „ „

Associates and others requiring rest and change of air can be received at the rate of

Associates	16/0	per week :—	2/3 per night.
Non-Associates	£1	„ „	3/3 „ „

The cost of a bed is calculated at £25 a year. Any individual or Diocese giving an annual subscription to that amount can send a member without further charge, and would be entitled to priority of claim to a vacancy in the Home. The working staff of the Home is at present composed of Miss Mercer, the Trained Lady Superintendent; the Rev. G. F. Slade, Chairman and Hon Treasurer; Dr. Stone, Hon. Physician, and Miss Annie Cazenove, Hon. Secretary.

The ceremony of opening took place in the large parlour, and began with the reading of a Psalm and prayer. Lord Brabazon then expressed, in simple words, the general pleasure which was given by Miss Yonge's presence on the occasion, and alluding gracefully to the good influence of her writings, in days when such an influence is especially valuable, he asked her kindly to pronounce the Home of Comfort open. Tracing briefly the progress of the Home, from the first recognition of the need to the present happy issue, he spoke with pleasure of the liberality already shown towards it, particularly by the Diocese of Winchester, which has taken a bed. So good an example will, it is hoped, be followed by other Dioceses.

Miss Yonge accordingly declared the Brabazon Home of Comfort to be open; and the rest of the speeches were of a less formal character. Those who were present will not readily forget Lady Brabazon's pretty disclaimer of the compliments, which she discovered to be not intended, as she fancied, for Miss Cazenove, but for herself, nor Miss Cazenove's eager statement that the money for the work was everything, and without it nothing could have been done. To other listeners at least one fact was apparent—that each had given what she could.

When the ceremony was over, the visitors, before availing themselves of Lady Henry Somerset's kind permission to adjourn for tea to Reigate Priory, went over the Home of Comfort, and could not fail to be gratified with the arrangements. Eight patients were already in occupation, from Birmingham, London, Ealing, Lewes, Yorkshire, &c. One, who had suffered amputation of a leg, was progressing satisfactorily; another, who for six years had been cooped up in a close London street, was rejoicing in the change to country air, and in the brightness of her surroundings. The comfortable bedrooms, careful tendance and good nursing, and the peace and quiet of the Home, must indeed be of inestimable value to those for whom no ultimate recovery is possible, yet who, waiting for the summons to their heavenly Home, can say, each one, in the spirit of Tanneguy de Bois:

> 'Give ye good hap then, all. For me, I lie
> Broken in Christ's sweet hand, with whom shall rest,
> To keep me living, now that I must die.'

And, no doubt, in future, others while working happily and bravely for their daily bread, will look back with lasting gratitude to the time of strengthening and refreshing spent in those cheerful rooms, bright with pictures and flowers, and with a variety of couches where the invalids can rest. Four of the Wards are already entitled the 'Annie Cazenove,' the 'Mercier,' the 'Morshead,' and the 'Slade,' Wards; and to this list it is proposed to add the 'Somerset,' the 'Mary,' and the 'Charlotte,' Wards—the two last being named respectively after Mrs. Townsend and Miss Yonge. Accommodation is provided for more than twenty inmates at a time. Donations and subscriptions—which are earnestly requested—should be sent to the Hon. Sec., Miss Annie Cazenove, Ravenleigh, Betchworth, Surrey, who will also be glad to receive, for the use of the patients, holland aprons, and white nightgowns—*not* unbleached—and books and games and pictures. Small annual subscriptions of five shillings or half-a-crown are especially desired. If 'well begun is half done,' as the proverb says, a prosperous, happy future may be looked for, for this Reigate Home.

CAROLINE BIRLEY.

SOME MORE OF MY FRIENDS.

THE next dog I had for 'my own own' as children say, was given me after I was grown up, a beautiful Scotch deer-hound puppy. What can I tell you of *Brenda* that will not seem exaggerated in speaking of a dog! Her beauty, her gentleness, her loving, faithful heart. When I think of her devotion, her *unselfishness* (do not laugh, reader! it is true), and how during her short life she exhibited all the best qualities of *human* nature, I can only say that it would be well for many of us if we were to take example by this poor dumb animal, and—I say it with all reverence—the recollection of Brenda has often made me feel that there are possibilities in God's providence of which we do not dream, and that a creature so loving and so good may not—as we are taught to believe—be doomed by the Creator to utter extinction, after one short year of blameless life. Her intelligent, speaking, brown eyes seemed to follow my every movement, while I used to be quite startled at her ready comprehension of each word I said to her. Of all the 'friends' in whom, I hope, I have led you to feel a little interest, Brenda is the one whose memory I cherish, although her life was so brief. When actually dying (of an unusally aggravated form of distemper) unable to swallow, unable to move, I came into the room and spoke to her, and at the sound of my voice she opened her fast glazing eyes and feebly wagged her tail.

Esau and Tim were a queer pair, and I am sorry to say unkind people used to laugh at me and my beautiful (?) dogs! but I did not care a bit for that! Esau, I believe, called himself a Norfolk lurcher, but I have certainly never seen his like; he was the size and build of a large retriever, with a shaggy coat of the colour and texture of a Scotch deer hound, and a head like an over-grown sky terrier. He can best be described as a good tempered, clever fool. I think, had he been a man, he would have been in a lunatic asylum, but he was a perfectly harmless lunatic! Intelligent, but utterly foolish: blundering, getting into scrapes and doing the most idiotic things, and a fearful coward into the bargain; to punish him for disobedience it was quite enough to throw a stick, or straw hat in his direction without touching him, and he would fly howling, and not get over the fright for some time. He suffered dreadfully from the heat, so in Summer I used to have him shaved, when lo and behold! he used to assume the appearance of a rather handsome mastiff! I took him to London once, but the poor dog became quite ill from the heat and confinement, and when I took him out walking I found myself and 'friend' objects of so much curiosity and interest to the

public at large, that I soon 'concluded,' as the Yankees say, to send him back into the country. He was a retriever by profession, and had worked in that capacity before he was given to me; I believe he did fairly well for partridges, but would not venture into thick cover after pheasants, and with ground game he was hopeless! Nothing would keep him from hunting hares and rabbits, though I do not believe he ever succeeded in catching one. For about one minute and a half he could run faster than any dog I ever saw, but then, quite suddenly, would give in from complete exhaustion. I believe the poor beast had a heart complaint. Tim and he were great friends, and used to amuse themselves by the hour together competing for the possession of a stick; a regular 'tug of war' it used to be, and they used also to have swimming matches until Tim playfully tried to keep Esau's head under water, after which the latter entirely declined going into the water with this practical joker. I am afraid Tim can only be described as a cur, his parents being a black retriever and a Bedlington terrier; and he was very ugly, but his broad, vulgar countenance was redeemed by the most intelligent of eyes and the whitest of teeth. My well-known fondness for his species saved him from drowning when a blind puppy; he was sent to me as the alternative, and no dog was ever a more universal favourite. He was so strong, so active, and such a model of good temper! and a wonderful water dog, he had a mania for stealing any things he found lying loose about, and hiding them in a certain corner, and whenever such articles as boots, croquet balls, dusters, stable brushes, etc., were missing, the servants would, as a matter of course, search for them in what they called 'Tim's store' where the lost property was generally discovered. He had a clever trick, which he taught himself; if one threw six or seven sticks in different directions he would fetch them all, and bring back the whole fagot in his capacious mouth. Poor Tim! who, if he could persuade no one to come and throw sticks into the sea or river for him, would go alone, and swim about by the hour together, contracted an illness from being so constantly in the water, which was incurable, and caused him great suffering, so, very reluctantly, we were forced to have him destroyed while still in the prime of life, 'to the regret of all who knew him!'

Nor must I forget my favourite *Banting*, a very handsome cob pony, who got his name from his figure. He was not young when we bought him, and now, at the age of thirty-four, is still able to eat his corn, and trots up to me in his paddock to beg for bread or apples. If we lived in a flat country, I think he could still do a little work, but our hills are too much for him. He is a very greedy fellow, and never 'did Banting' notwithstanding his name. On the contrary, when any of his stable companions had been a long journey, and coming home tired, were given their well-earned warm bran-mash, Banting, who had spent the day at his ease, with his head in the

manger, was never satisfied unless he shared the dainty, and would jump about in his stall, and make such a noise, that for peace and quietness' sake the coachman always had to give him a portion.

I could tell you of several more good 'friends,' both dogs and horses, but as you must be already quite tired of my reminiscences, I will finish up with *Yarrow*, my present 'friend' and companion, and a very devoted one. He is a magnificent black and tan collie, whose long glossy coat and beautiful tan frill are the admiration of all beholders. He is full of accomplishments, very clever, very lively—not to say boisterous—out of doors, but perfectly good and quiet in the house. I am sorry to say, however, that though he loves me with all his heart, and cares for no one else, there is one temptation which makes him throw all sense of duty and affection to the winds, and that is the chance of going out with a carriage! If he hears the sound of the wheels in the stable yard he will rush out, and not follow the carriage, but run just in front of the horses, almost under their noses, barking all the time and turning round and round; when he comes in he looks quite giddy and stupid from these absurd gyrations, and I am sure he is punished with a bad headache. Our horses are all so accustomed to him that they do not mind his barking at all, but it is a dangerous trick, and I have tried every means I can think of to cure him of it, without success. When I tell my maid I want my riding habit he is generally at the drawer where it is kept before she can get to it, and when she opens it he puts his head in, pulls out the habit and half carries half drags it to me; then he begs to have the room door opened, rushes off to the stables to see if the horse is coming, and as soon as it does bounces up to my room again to announce it! I never saw a dog so 'highly strung'; he is all nerves from the tip of his bushy tail to the tip of his pointed nose, and, I am sorry to say, a bit of a coward; the one thing he dreads most in the world is a gun, and at the first sound of firing—it matters not whether it be a man-of-war saluting or the keeper shooting a rabbit—down goes Yarrow's tail, and however far we may be from home, away he goes, and I am pretty sure to find him concealed under my bed when I return to the house.

He is a dear affectionate fellow, though, and he and I understand each other thoroughly, and when '*en tête à tête*' have long conversations together, at which, I very much fear, eavesdroppers would laugh. When he thinks I am lazy in the morning and ought to get up, he wakes me by softly putting his beautiful tan fore-paws on the edge of my bed, and very gently touching me with his nose—giving me a kiss in short! I write this away from home, on a very pleasant visit, and among kind friends, but between me and my enjoyment comes the thought of my absent four-footed 'friend,' my poor Yarrow, tied up in the stables at home, and very miserable without his 'missis.' He soon finds out when I am going away, and will not leave me, or else my boxes, for a moment; he thinks then he cannot be left behind! His joy when I come home is really touching; he

fairly *screams* with delight! He is still a young dog, and I hope, if I live myself, to keep this 'friend' with me for many years.

And now I must stop, and indeed fear that I have prolonged my little biographies to an extent that may weary my readers, but I think those among them who share my fondness for the animals which seem to have been created by the God of all expressly to be man's friends and companions, may find a little amusement in them, and if those who do not are led by anything I have recorded to take a little more interest in the dumb associates of their daily life, to watch for and distinguish their different characteristics (which vary quite as much as among ourselves) and, above all, to be *kind* to them, I shall feel that this—my first literary effort—has not been wholly frivolous and useless.

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

Weaver and Clover have both ascended Chimborazo with careful steps. On the whole the preference must be given to Weaver.

Early one dark and misty morning, we began the ascent of this grand mountain, whose lofty summit reaches the height of 21,400 feet. The celebrated Alexander von Humboldt had ascended to the enormous attitude of 19,798 feet, in the year 1802, and has left us many wonderful accounts of his expeditions on this, and also on other lofty peaks of the Andes.

The natives of Ecuador had advised us to set out on a misty day, as we should be more likely to have clear weather after we had passed through the cloud region. We were provided with strong Alpenstocks for climbing, sure-footed mules to take us a certain distance, and several Indians carried provisions and other necessaries for some days' journey. We must first remark that, speaking generally, the changes in vegetation that occur in ascending from the base to the summit of mountains are similar to what are found in passing from the Equator towards the poles. According to Humboldt, the earth, viewed as to vegetation, may be divided into 8 zones. Each zone, besides its own peculiar advantages, has its own distinctive character. First, we found that the equatorial zone was one dense forest; our eyes were delighted with the wonderful trees that surrounded us. Every variety of palms, plantains, nutmeg-trees, cinnamon and almond trees, and other trees more familiar to us, rose on all sides, and now and then a chinchona, whose red leaves contrasted beautifully with the dark palms by its side. Occasionally we had to cross a swamp covered with reeds of bamboo, a peculiar and gigantic kind of grass that cut our boots dreadfully. Large pepper-trees next came into view, and the pretty little viola clustered on the ground. When we attained the height of about 4000 feet a perfect paradise of glowing colour slowly rose up. We knew then we were reaching the tropical zone, for every species of arborescent fern and rare plant abounded. These tree-ferns were mostly higher than our English lime-trees and alders, their forms and leaves most various. Next we saw the most magnificent orchids we had ever beheld, their flowers of many colours and curious shapes constantly attracting our attention; sometimes they resembled exquisite winged insects, and then many hued birds. Everything most rare in our hot-houses here grew in its native grandeur. It was indeed a sight also to see the tree-ferns spreading their delicate fronds over the forest trees, and the plantains shadowed by arborescent grasses. It is under the burning rays of a tropical sun that vegetation displays its most majestic forms. The fresh verdure of the Pathos leaves contrasts with the many coloured orchids. Climbing Bauhinias, Passifloras, and yellow flowering Banisterias twine round the trunks

of the trees. In the midst of this profusion of flowers and fruits, and in the luxuriant intertwinings of the climbing plants, it was almost impossible to discover to what stem the different leaves and flowers belonged. In the tropical zone vegetation is of much fresher verdure, more luxuriant and succulent than in any other zone. There, trees almost as lofty as our oaks, are adorned with flowers as large and beautiful as our lilies. Individual plants languishing in our hot-houses can give but a very faint idea of the majestic vegetation of this tropical zone.

Reluctantly we hastened through this glorious region, and reached the sub-tropical zone, at a height of about 6000 feet. Here the different species of mimosas abounded. The deep blue of the tropic sky seen here and there through their finely divided foliage had an extremely picturesque effect. The cactus also greeted us, and the Indians told us that in some waterless plains of South America, animals suffering from thirst seek the melon-cactus; (which we here saw for the first time) the interior of whose prickly form contains a most refreshing juice. Gradually we now approached the warm temperate zone, as we saw by the gradual diminution of tree-ferns and tropical plants. Our way led through a dense forest. The wax-palm we found in this temperate zone, also olives, escallonia and weinneria; the wonderful chinchona (which produces the fever-bark which is such an efficacious medicine) was to be seen here and there. We may notice also that up to this point from the equator, red and white rhododendrons grow in great beauty. The temperature of this important forest region is from 60° to 68° Fahr. Higher and higher we ascend; soon now we shall come to the cold temperate zone, where the palms diminish in height and beauty, and then disappear altogether. Deciduous plants are plentiful, and the lovely gentian carpeted the ground in bright patches of vivid colour here and there. We found the Chuquiruga and next some Gramineæ. Alas! the vegetation is becoming scarcer and scarcer! It is bitterly cold, and we find the ascent perilous and very difficult. The snow is frozen, and we constantly slip. Now we have come to the sub-arctic zone. The little saxifrage is the only phænogamous plant here, and a few lichens and umbilicariæ cling to the rocks.

Next we attain the snow line, the height of which is 15,800 feet above the sea level. We saw a few lichens above the limit of perpetual snow, at a height of about 16,720 feet. The last green moss we noticed was growing about 200 feet lower. Amidst this desolate waste we saw a strange sight! Two little butterflies chasing each other through the bitter, rarified air! Von Humboldt tells us that a few flies and butterflies are borne to this great altitude by the currents of air from the heated plains below. We found it impossible to attempt to ascend farther, we were already half-dead with the intense cold, and all the fatigues we had undergone in our expedition. The Indians told us that in this region of perpetual snow Alpine plants existed, but almost all visible traces of vegetation we had left behind us. The summit, ever-clothed with the eternal snow, towered above us; its grand and solemn beauty stirred us deeply. It seemed as if no earthly spirit had ever disturbed the intense stillness of that mountain height, and the beauty and purity of the snow seemed to speak to us of heavenly things, and we came away awe-struck with all we had seen.

WEAVER.

Notices to Correspondents.

The Rev. J. Kay Booker.—The riddle you send was discussed long ago in the 'Monthly Packet.' We believe it has no real answer.—EDITOR.

Probationer.—You will find all the information you require in *The Englishwoman's Year Book* (Hatchards).

S. A. C. would be glad if any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' could supply information respecting Hermann, Archbishop of Cologne, who drew up the 'Consultatio,' (in German, 1543, and in Latin, 1545,) from which so many of the Exhortations in our Prayer-book are adapted; also as to the circumstances under which the 'Consultatio' was drawn up.

L. S. would be glad if any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' could tell her if the Sea Shell Mission referred to in the November Number of the Monthly Packet, 1880, is still in existence, and would kindly give her the present address of the Hon. Secretary. She wrote to 24, Richmond Terrace.

Enquirer will be very much obliged if any one will tell her how she can obtain any authentic particulars as to the personal appearance of Rachel, Lady Russell, and of her husband, Lord Russell, beheaded in 1683; also, who is the painter of 'The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell,' and where the picture or a copy of it, can be seen.

We have received this derivation of the word 'Œcumenical.' 'It does come from "oikos," a *house*, no doubt, but not directly, and the idea suggested is *not* that of the Christian household or family. From "oikos" comes the verb "oikeo," *I dwell*, and the passive participle present is "oikoumenos, e, on," meaning *inhabited*. The Greeks called Hellenic lands by the name *oikoumené gé*, the *inhabited earth*, in contradistinction to barbaric countries, exactly as we use the participle "settled" to denote land occupied by white folks, even when the country teems with indigenous tribes all round, as at the Cape. The Romans borrowed this Greek phrase, using it to signify the "Roman world" or empire, as in St. Luke ii. 1, and an adjective *oikoumenikos* was framed from that, to denote "belonging to, or coming from, all parts of the Empire," and that is the true sense of *Œcumenical*, a civil and geographical, not a religious Christian idea.

We fear there are some misprints in Weaver's answer, as we could not verify all her botanical names.

The Monthly Packet.

OCTOBER, 1885.

MADAME'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ROSE GARDEN,' 'CONTRADICTIONS,' &c.

VII.

THE MADONNA'S GROVE.

M. SOLIGNAC did not suffer his new project to grow mouldy from want of energy in carrying it out, within two days Madame Merillon had received a letter from Dr. Vallette, fastening gladly upon the proposal, and asking her to mention whatever terms might in some degree compensate her for the trouble she was so good as to undertake. Marcelle brought the letter to her grandmother, and watched while she read it.

'Well?' she asked abruptly.

'Well?' repeated Madame Merillon, after a pause.

'So they will come.'

'How do you know?'

'I saw your face.'

'How clever we are!' said her grandmother, with a laugh. 'However, for once you are right, and I imagine I shall have to prepare for them. Since they are to be your companions, I hope you will take something of the labour on your back.'

'My companions!' Marcelle said scornfully.

'Is not that what I was told?'

The girl's breath came quickly.

'You know it was for the money you consented and not for me.'

Madame Merillon looked at her coldly.

'Do you expect, then, to have dresses at fifty *sous* the *mètre*, and do nothing for them?'

'I hate the dress!' cried Marcelle passionately. 'Grandmother, take it away, sell it, send it back to M. Cours, I will wear my old one without a word, only do not have these people here!'

Madame Merillon was still looking at her.

'So!' she said, under her breath. She took up the letter and read it again. 'You have seen them, then?' she asked.

'They were here one day with Lambert.'

'And offended you?'

'Offended me, no!' said the girl colouring. 'I did not speak to them.'

'There is one daughter, and she is ill.'

'One? There are two.'

'Two!' repeated her grandmother slowly, 'two. Ah! that I did not understand. Two daughters. Well?' for Marcelle was looking at her eagerly.

'I thought perhaps you would put them off.'

'Foolish child! And effectually anger your cousin. You forget that he is our landlord, and might very well insist upon what we had better do with a good grace.'

'Oh, no, I do not forget,' said Marcelle bitterly. She turned, as she spoke, and went out of the room.

Madame Merillon, left alone, sat gazing for some time at the floor. By and by she began to mutter to herself,

'He does not know his own mind, and I dare say he is thinking of marrying one of these girls. Marcelle has some notion of the sort in her head, and jealousy sharpens the dullest wits. He has taken me in, too, I own, for whereas now it would offend him were I to draw back, then I might have made a hundred excuses. Yes, he has outwitted me; a bad sign, I am certainly growing old.' The thought evidently discomposed her, for she sat frowning and staring at a speck on the floor, which by courtesy only could have been called polished. Presently, however, she looked up with a more satisfied expression. 'It is best as it is,' she said, 'after all, since at Cannes he is out of my sight, and here it will be hard if I cannot get the strings into my own hands and pull them as I please. Yes, yes, M. Lambert, you may not think it, but you have taken another step towards becoming my grandson, and I have no fear of your retreating. I shall have more trouble with Marcelle, however, and this plan will complicate matters in a quarter where I expected that everything would move simply. Well, well, well, anything which has not a difficulty lying somewhere about it is sure to turn out worthless.'

She walked to a table and wrote a letter to Dr. Vallette. It cost her a severe struggle to state her terms moderately after that gentleman's offer; only the fear of Lambert taking offence restrained her; moreover, she wanted him to feel that she was putting him under an obligation. But she wrung her hands over these restrictions. 'Ten francs a day each, and he would have paid twelve! Miserable that I am to have to fling away eight francs a day! Oh, it is abominable, it is monstrous! Eight francs a day! I shall think of it every minute of the day and night. Many would not have paid it, but this man,

I can see what a fool he is from his letter, and it is hard not to be the better for it. Six francs a day, or even four! Four would be something, though not what it should be—unless I close this letter quickly, it is certain I shall be obliged to say eleven.'

She put a great force upon herself, folded and closed the letter, then sat considering it. Suddenly she started up.

'No!' she exclaimed, 'it is too great a sacrifice, and one that no one can be expected to make. Half a franc he will never notice, and half a franc will be two francs, and two francs will pay for the girl whom I must hire, wages and food and all. What was I thinking about! And now it will be hard work to open the envelope without ruining it, and putting me to the expense of another. *Allons*, some hot water and a little ingenuity. Shall I make it eleven while I am about it? If it were not for that miserable Marcelle it should be twelve. But eleven? Dr. Vallette is a fool, yes—but I am not so sure that Lambert Solignac is another—well, well, ten and a half is something, and I might have said no more than ten, imbecile that I was.'

Marcelle noted the preparations sullenly. She asked no questions, but she was more ready than usual to help Apollinaïse, and Apollinaïse used her breath in railing at the new-comers. Once Lambert came over to see to the arrangements, and to order in a few comforts for the bare rooms, showing an interest in the ordering which Madame Merillon was quick to notice. In the midst of his energetic overlooking he asked suddenly,

'Where is Marcelle?'

Her grandmother shrugged her shoulders.

'The silly child has escaped. To tell you the honest truth, my dear friend, she is not over-pleased at the prospect of our visitors, and she keeps herself a good deal out of the way.'

M. Solignac looked at her.

'Not pleased?' he said slowly. 'What does she dislike?'

'There is no knowing what girls will like or dislike,' answered Madame Merillon, opening a cupboard where some old yellow house-linen was packed away, 'and though Marcelle has always shown her feelings only too frankly she will not discuss them. It is possible—it has occurred to me—it is possible that her strong distrust of herself is at work.'

'How?'

'The poor child has exaggerated views of her own deficiencies; she fancies herself both ugly and stupid, and is ready to credit other girls with a hundred graces. You have been good to her; she is grateful, if wilful; I imagine she fancies that, seen by the side of others, you will be more aware of her shortcomings and will despise her. I may be mistaken of course, but I see that she is unhappy and moody, and I give you my theory.'

It was one to flatter any man. M. Solignac felt an immediate

interest in such a mood, and a desire to prove to Marcelle that she read him wrongly. Madame Merillon, watching him closely under her half-shut eyelids, saw a smile steal over his face.

'She does me injustice,' he said briefly. 'And them, too.'

'They are not likely to show any unkindness to the poor child? For you must remember that girls are very severe critics.'

'It would simply be an impossibility. Mademoiselle Adélaïde is very clever and amusing; perhaps—' he hesitated, 'a little satirical, but good-hearted, and Mademoiselle Sybille——'

'Mademoiselle Sybille?'

'Is an angel.'

'That is a relief,' thought Madame Merillon turning away, 'men do not marry angels. Well,' she said, aloud and cheerfully, 'Marcelle will soon discover she is not to lose anything she values, and then will be herself again.'

'I have never sufficiently thanked you for acceding to my request.'

'One must not think of inconveniences when one can oblige a friend,' said the other magnanimously. 'I am an insignificant deaf old woman, and my opportunities are few, but I am not so bad as your aunt imagines.'

'Oh, my aunt!' He repeated the words with a gesture of impatience, which was not lost upon his companion. 'She has lived so long in one small corner of the world that the most extraordinary ideas get into her brain, how or why I cannot think! Well, I will send over what you want for the rooms. And tell my cousin Marcelle not to indulge in naughty fancies.'

'You must tell her yourself,' Madame Merillon answered carelessly, 'for the young imagine the old cannot understand them. I suppose they think we jumped at once to where we are, instead of living through a few of their ideas ourselves. Children are less incredulous. By the way, how shall we appease old Apollinaïse? She is not to be mollified by anything I can say."

'Oh, mollify her with this,' said M. Solignac, tossing a Napoleon on the table. 'Adieu, you will soon hear of your tenants.'

Her thin fingers closed covetously on the piece of gold, yet she frowned and shook her head. 'Fools, fools, all of them,' she said angrily, 'and to think that the money one has toiled for may pass into such idle hands as his! Oh, it is terrible to remember how one is cramped and confined and surrounded by boundaries. Of what use does the man suppose would this be to Apollinaïse, who, having all that she wants, would only be made more dissatisfied than she is? Fortunately for the world we are not all fools. I will give her three —three? No, two will be enough—two francs to begin with, and put away the rest, she will want it more some day. But, my friend Lambert, when you have married Marcelle we shall see if I do not stop these spendthrift habits; big as you are, I shall know how to

manage you. And, as I intended, my dear friend Mademoiselle Jeanne has already put it into his head; an immense step gained. As for these new-comers, bah! I do not fear them. They, too, shall work for me.'

Madame Merillon was triumphant, but Marcelle was miserable. She did not know what oppressed her, or if she questioned herself, had a tremulous idea that it was the degradation in the spectacle of her grandmother thus clutching at the money results of her bargain. But she was quite as angry with M. Solignac who had suggested it.

On the day when the Vallettes were to arrive, Marcelle's fit of perverseness led her to absent herself for the whole afternoon. Her nearer hiding places had lost their sense of security since the day on which Lambert first discovered her, and she was determined this day that if he came, and come she was sure he would, he should not find her. She went far and stayed late; the sunny brightness of the day had given place to a grey chill when she came up through the terraces, and made her way into the wood beyond the garden. Even then, instead of going directly to the house, she turned to the Madonna's Grove.

In that wan light the melancholy of the place took a peculiarly dreary character. The tall black cypresses rose in heavy patches of darkness against the sky, the paths, sheeted in moss, winding here and there seemed only to give a more uncared-for aspect to the ground, the pale statue looked cold, ghostly and forbidding, in its position under the dark trees. Marcelle shivered and stood still as she came before it. And yet—she forced herself to look up, to clasp her hands. Her religious feelings were dormant; when the priest came over from Grasse, she went with her grandmother and the small and scattered flock which drew together in the little white-washed chapel to hear mass; but no stir had ever seemed to reach her soul, she was, to all intents, as much a heathen or a pagan as if she had never lived in a country which recognised its God. But at this moment something was working within, and when she came into the presence of a visible symbol, she was also conscious of a strange disturbance and impulse to which she was utterly unaccustomed, and could give no name. No prayer passed her lips, but she had a vague impression that if she could propitiate the Madonna she might gain a friend, it was this which made her look eagerly round the grove to see what she could do. There were a number of great empty flower-pots crowded together in one corner, there were also a few overturned pedestals, but all so neglected, so thickly coated with the moss which seemed to be gradually suffocating all that called itself life in this gloomy spot, that they made one instinctively turn to remove one's own existence out of the way. It appeared as though nothing should interfere with the green stagnation. Life, healthy life, beat strong in the girl's veins, yet she, more than once as she looked round, shivered as if a cold chill were creeping through her veins. Though

the sculptor, whoever he were, had doubtless tried to give his Madonna a kind and benignant expression of countenance, accident, or time, or both, had baffled him, and some rain-droppings, which even in this climate left their mark, had formed a track down the forehead of the statue, staining a dark line in such a fashion as to suggest an unmistakable frown. But in her present frame of mind, Marcelle, who was somehow conscious of a wish to gain some one to her side, made up her mind that the repellant expression showed the Madonna to be displeased at the neglect in which everything around her was left. She determined to set to work the next morning to mend matters, and even tried to replace one or two of the fallen pedestals, though, as may be supposed, without success. She therefore unwillingly left the work for another day, and for Marius's help, and went into the house, making her way to the kitchen where old Apollinaïse was grumbling.

'Have they come—those people?' was her first inquiry.

'Come? yes, and dined; and I with everything on my back.'

'Where is Louison?'

'Sent home again. Madame said she was an idle creature, who ate more than she was worth. She should not have tried that on with madame! But there! I never came here to wait on lodgers; this, that and the other wanted, if you please, for my ladies; and M. Solignac leaving a piece of twenty *sous* for me! Twenty *sous!*'

'Certainly, he might have expended a little more for the sake of Mademoiselle Adélaïde,' thought Marcelle with a thrill of joy. She said aloud, 'You need not scold me, Apollinaïse; decidedly I did not invite them.'

'You!' said the old woman, stopping in her dish-washing, and laughing scornfully. 'You! Is it likely indeed that madame would allow you to ask any one where she is mistress?'

'Be quiet!' said Marcelle angrily. 'All the neighbours know what a tongue you have.'

'I, a tongue! And what, then, do they say of your own?'

But the girl was gone, and the old woman was left to mutter and grumble. She was a strange specimen of a kind of crooked fidelity; her life was spent in complainings at her hard lot, and in railings against her mistress, yet it is more than doubtful whether she could have borne to part with one or the other, since once or twice an opportunity had presented itself without her releasing herself. In her heart she had an enormous opinion of Madame Merillon's shrewdness and astuteness, and she firmly believed the same opinion to be shared by the world. Perhaps it gratified her to be connected with this woman; certainly she encouraged the curious talk of those who were disposed to credit her with an extraordinary success, and there are, no doubt, people whose ambition is none the less keen because they are content to gratify it second-hand, and who derive as much delight from being connected with those who climb as in

climbing themselves. Apollinaïse had an infinite respect for such as get on in the world, an equal contempt for the unlucky; and if news had got about that Madame Merillon had suffered losses or made an unfortunate speculation, in all probability the tie between them would have been quickly snapped; but this was far from the case, and Apollinaïse clung to her—apparently influenced by a sort of fascination—and grumbled. She despised Marcelle because she was dependent and powerless, and snubbed her as much as she dared; but the girl had a protector in Marius, who could be very useful to the old woman, and was quick to resent insolence to Mademoiselle. Apollinaïse's character, it must be allowed, was unamiable enough; for her virtues, she was honest and got through as much work as two servants.

The next morning Marcelle was quite resolved to carry on her perverse resolution of keeping out of the way. Contrary to her expectations, her grandmother made neither remonstrance nor remark; the girl was dying to hear about their visitors, but far too proud to ask. She had moreover expected to hear particulars, and such absolute silence was tantalising. However, she would make no sign, but go to her work in the Madonna's Grove. As she passed out of the door she came full on Dr. Vallette. He stood aside and lifted his hat.

'Pardon, mademoiselle,—for I think it must be Mademoiselle Marcelle with whom I have the pleasure of speaking—I feel sure you will do me a kindness. I have a great desire to find myself again on the top of your tower, and the door is locked. Can you direct me where to find the key?'

'I can unlock it,' replied she, beginning to walk quickly, and thinking that she would let him see that she did not care to talk. But she found it impossible to produce the effect she desired. Dr. Vallette took her goodwill so entirely as a matter of course, he was so simple, so straightforward, so much interested in all that he saw, that it was impossible to freeze him. The key was hanging in a little crevice of concealment, Marcelle opened the door, flung it back, and motioned to her companion, but his smile, his 'After you, mademoiselle,' irresistibly obliged her to act as his conductor. He observed and talked charmingly, that she was forced to admit. While he seemed to be making inquiries, she really learned a marvellous amount from him, and as he suggested a certain date for the building, and sketched, in a few quick, incisive words, the character of the times to which it belonged, Marcelle unwillingly began to listen entranced. The stones appeared to gather a human interest; to live, to tell their tales; the very little plants which sprung between them, had their place, their part in the history. The tower was the place she loved, and loved intensely; to have this new flood of interest let in upon it thrilled her with an indescribable delight. She lost her sullenness and grew eager as they stood together on the

top, and she pointed out the landmarks, and he flung comment after comment upon them. But suddenly she became silent. A girl had come out of the house, and, waving her handkerchief, was making her way towards them. Dr. Vallette leaned over the edge and called to her.

'Come up, Sybille, come up! Here is an enchanting view, and Mademoiselle Marcelle to describe it.' He added, as Sybille passed out of view, 'I must enlist your kind offices for my little girl. She has had a short life but a good deal of suffering. When I see health and vigour like yours I grow envious for her. I can't help building a good deal—more, perhaps, than I ought—upon this fresh and exquisite air; you will help us, I am certain, and between us we shall achieve wonders. I will just go down and help her up the steepest part of the stairs.'

He went briskly away, leaving Marcelle a prisoner behind him, and in spite of his appeal, decidedly an unwilling prisoner. What consolation she could get out of the fact that it was Sybille and not Adélaïde, she immediately extracted, but this only went a little way. She had resolved to avoid all intimacy, and though she had plenty of curiosity, a stronger feeling within her held curiosity at check. However, except by making herself ridiculous, there was no help for it, and she waited angrily and impatiently for Sybille's appearance. Voices came first, full of merriment, evidently father and daughter were on the best of terms; he was joking, she retorting gaily, and the joke was not over when they reached the top. What Marcelle saw was a little creature with a pale face, large grey eyes, a gay smile, and a quantity of light brown hair which stood out from her head, and gave her the air of an angel in an old Florentine picture. She came quickly to Marcelle and put out her hand.

'I am so glad that we have found you at last! Where did you hide yourself yesterday? It was not kind when we were longing so much to make acquaintance.'

'She is a spoilt child,' said her father. 'I give you warning, Mademoiselle Marcelle, that you have undertaken a good deal in admitting her into this peaceful home of yours. She has a way of bringing trouble, and never feeling ashamed of herself. I have to do all the apologies.'

'To which no one listens,' said his daughter saucily. 'But how beautiful it is here, more beautiful than the other day! Please show me everything. Do you come here very often?'

'I come here to feed the poultry. That is my work,' said Marcelle proudly.

'I will help you, it will be like home. Where are the Estérels?'

'There.'

'And that hill is—?'

'Mougins.'

'Mougins! Oh, look, papa! That is where M. Solignac took

us. Let us go again some day, and Mademoiselle Marcelle with us. Will you come?'

'Oh, I go nowhere.'

'That is at an end,' said Sybille, without noticing the cold manner. 'M. Solignac promised that you would be good to us, and go about with us. I am longing to see the Saut du Loup, but they say that is too far for me, do you think it is? I feel as if I should soon get as strong as Adélaïde here.'

She talked lightly, happily, clinging all the time to her father's hand, while he looked down upon her with an expression of fond affection which made Marcelle's heart swell. Were people cared for like this? Was this the common lot of humanity, and could its faint reflection ever touch her? Something there was about it so wholesome, so healing, that her bitter and angry feelings seemed to creep out of its way, and hide themselves in dark corners, ashamed and confounded at their own existence. Sybille's eyes, by no force of beauty, or what men call beauty, but simply from some power of conveying with perfect truth what her heart felt, spoke to her with an extraordinary force. Sybille was ready to like her, was anxious to be liked, had no thought of any obstacle in the way. She had her father's straightforward simplicity, and his truthful soul.

Marcelle was abrupt, at times ungracious, but she thawed in this clear sunshine as she had thawed with Dr. Vallette, and she consoled herself with the reflection that it was not Adélaïde. She even promised, after the half-past eleven breakfast, to take the girl to a spot under the terrace where she would be sheltered, and where she could sit and read. Meanwhile her father insisted that she should go in and rest.

'Will you come?' she said persuasively to Marcelle. 'Ah, no, I see you shake your head; you are the bee and I the butterfly, and I remember the poor butterfly got terribly snubbed for his little endeavours to get a playfellow. Well, I will depart before I meet with the same fate. *Au revoir*, bee!'

Marcelle waited for them both to go down, waited till the last echo of laughing voices had died away, then opened the door on the stairs and fed the poultry, and finally made her way to the Madonna's Grove. She found that Marius had already done what she had asked; the larger pots were set again on their pedestals, and stiffly arranged round the mossy walks. Marcelle rushed into the house for water and a brush, and proceeded to scrub the pots till they looked like new, and her arms ached with the unusual labour. Then she hurried off to a clump of violets, dug them up, divided the roots, and planted them in the pots—the only offerings that were in her power to make.

VIII.

MADEMOISELLE ADÉLAÏDE was not in the least like her sister, and this was an immense satisfaction to Marcelle, who otherwise would have felt too completely baffled in her ferocious presentiments of dislike. She was prompt, satirical, and imperious, and disposed to divide the world into two well-marked extremes—of those she loved and those she hated. There was no difficulty in disliking her, if any one felt the inclination, for she was at once ready to meet you halfway, and Marcelle had gone far on that road since the day when she heard her voice on the stairs of the old tower. When they met she felt an immediate and dreadful consciousness of all the defects of her dress, which she had forgotten in Sybille's presence; she caught the elder girl's criticising glance travelling up and down and marking details, or the want of them. Every thought which she flung in Adélaïde's direction was charged with the idea that M. Solignac loved her; and she was obliged to own to a certain force of beauty, though she thought it of a detestable kind. Adélaïde, on her side, adored Cannes and loathed Castelbianco, so she grumbled with all her might, though she would not exactly oppose what was pronounced good for Sybille.

Madame Merillon, troubled in spite of herself, by Marcelle's impression, watched keenly, and Adélaïde's dark eyes and brilliant complexion stirred her with uneasiness. One of her axioms was never to underrate a foe, and she owned that here was a girl handsome enough to take a man's fancy, and clever enough to keep it. Sybille, pale, insignificant, was a nobody,—but Adélaïde! Marcelle had a dangerous rival in Adélaïde. Nevertheless, she was not the woman to retire before difficulties, and she began by praising—a little over-praising—her to Lambert. Her beauty she thought remarkable, so much fire and spirit in her eye, so much character.

'Plenty of character,' said M. Solignac with a smile.

'And frankness. She does not even take the trouble to conceal her faults, while that imperious little air is rather an adornment than a blemish.'

'Yes, she is imperious and at the same time kind-hearted.'

'Besides, one can pardon it with her beauty. Women who are too meek are good for nothing but to adore their husbands.'

'Don't you suppose the husbands find something agreeable in that frame of mind?'

'Oh, it is very dull. Now one can hardly picture Mademoiselle Adélaïde adoring any one, she seems so much better fitted to be adored. Her mother must have resembled her in face,' added Madame Merillon thoughtfully, 'but of course not otherwise, for I think Madame Vallette must be a trying person to live with.'

'Very.'

'Not? Ah, then I was mistaken. My dear Lambert, have you made inquiries as to that loan?'

'Barnabé thinks it safe enough,' said M. Solignac carelessly.

'He is a fool, M. Barnabé, by your leave; honest and well-intentioned—oh, all that as much as you please,—but a fool. Do you actually content yourself with his advice? See here,'—she pulled a scrap of paper from a pocket-book, and hastily wrote on it two or three names—'write to these men, who know something of their business, find out their opinion, and if it agrees with M. Barnabé's—*à la bonne heure!*'

He took the paper with a smile. 'By the way, where is Marcelle?'

'I do not know. Have you not seen her?'

'She avoids us all,' he said in a vexed tone.

'Ask her the reason. Have you forgotten our conversation?'

It was not very easy to find Marcelle, but one day he caught her in a long whitewashed passage.

'Marcelle,' he said gravely, 'why would you not come with us to Mougins yesterday? Has anything or anybody displeased you?'

She coloured hotly. 'You were enough without me.'

'But we wanted you, and you disappointed us all. I hope you will not be so unsociable again.'

His tone was kind, and she felt as if she must yield, but just then Adélaïde passed.

'Mademoiselle Boissy,' she said in her high, ringing voice, 'will you tell Madame Merillon that we cannot use the lock of our door?'

She would not have stopped but that Lambert put himself before her.

'Pardon, mademoiselle,' he said coldly, 'and permit me to explain that as a matter of fact I am the landlord of this house. If there is anything requiring alteration, I shall be delighted to do what is necessary.'

'I imagined either way that mademoiselle might be the medium,' said Adélaïde with a laugh.

Marcelle crimsoned. She was too inexperienced in such a warfare to be able to meet an attack with presence of mind, only feeling hot anger against the other girl. It was an unfortunate sequel to Lambert's attempt, and the result was that she kept herself more proudly apart than ever. But do what she would, it was impossible to resist Sybille. Her sweet and sunny nature seemed to disperse clouds by the mere fact of its presence; and when she was well enough to be among them, storms subsided. Marcelle herself, try as she might to resist, was irresistibly attracted; she had never seen anyone like Sybille, and the bitterness which had tinged her first thoughts of Adélaïde did not exist here, so that she gave way to the spell. She knew all the shady yet sheltered nooks where the girl might safely sit and gain strength from the sweet thymy mountain air. She and Marius planned many pleasant little surprises, and a donkey was found capable of carrying Sybille to some more distant points.

Luckily Adélaïde despised these small excursions, but Dr. Vallette always accompanied them and sometimes Lambert came. They were happy hours, Marcelle had really never known such happiness. No one scolded, they laughed, jested, and played like children. The days were too hot and glowing for such expeditions, but nothing could exceed the cool fragrance, the sweet refreshment of the early mornings and evenings. More than once they started very early, and instead of Sybille's cup of chocolate, asked for milk at a wayside cottage, and got it frothy and new from the cow. The children would run out with bare feet in the long dewy grass which grew where trees protected it from the scorching sun, and caper about to search for flowers to offer; the air, full of that mysterious joy which belongs to the young day, was all alive and astir with sparkling lights, with clear delicate colours, with silvery gleamings among the olives, with fresh winds stealing round the hillside on the top of which lies Castelbianco, and rustling the corn and the burning poppies.

'How beautiful it is, how beautiful!' Sybille would cry, clapping her hands softly with delight.

'Better than Cannes?' said her father, laying his hand upon the reins and smiling.

'Oh, a thousand times better! At Cannes there are always streets and hotels, and people. I was very tired of them.'

'Here is my cousin who will not believe you,' said Lambert. He had taken to calling her 'my cousin' lately, and Marcelle never heard the words spoken without a little thrill of pleasure. In one sense it was a claim. 'To her Cannes is a longing, a dream, the streets and people you toss aside so contemptuously, are objects of her keenest interest.'

'I have seen so few,' said Marcelle, with one of her swift vivid blushes.

'And she is right,' insisted Dr. Vallette, 'or would be if the world were as its Maker meant it to be. Why should we all be ashamed of owning an interest in one another? What interest ought to be so great?'

'How much of one another do we see?' retorted M. Solignac, with a little contraction of his brows.

'How much do we look for?' said Dr. Vallette calmly.

'Some day, then, my cousin, you shall have your search with the rest of the world,' said Lambert to Marcelle. 'Shall I tell you who you will mostly find in the crowd?'

'Yes, tell me,' said the girl eagerly.

'Yourself.'

'And that is half the interest,' murmured the physician. But Marcelle flung back her head.

'You are laughing at me. I am tired of myself, I want something different.'

'Tired already!' repeated Dr. Vallette, looking at her with a smile.

She flushed again, but softly, a doubtful look stole into her eyes, it suddenly seemed to her that what she had said belonged to the past days; that already she was not so tired of herself, even that she knew herself less well than she had imagined. Lambert, who was looking at her and smiling like the others, was struck with a new something in her face. This was not the wild, half-sullen girl who had pushed through the tangle of fig and olive on the first morning he saw her, but a woman, strong, self-contained, almost beautiful. A new interest had always a strong attraction for M. Solignac. He thought more of Marcelle, and with less of the pity which hitherto had accompanied his thoughts, he walked by her, and heard more of her thoughts than had reached him before. She was uneducated, on some points strangely ignorant; but her intelligence was quick, and she had all a woman's keen and swift intuition. What pleased her best, he found, was to tell her of his own life, of his African travels; she listened breathlessly, and it gratified him to talk to such a listener.

'How much there is in the world, and how little I know!' she said at last with a sigh.

There were mornings when Sybille was not well enough for these bright little excursions; when Marcelle would take her to some quiet, shady nook to rest by day, and when after dinner, the great heat of the day having burned itself out, they would set forth in the evening, the same happy, cheerful little cavalcade. Then, with more richness and languor in the air, which would reach them sweet with roses, or with the thick and creamy scent of some magnolia, the beauty all about seemed scarcely less, only of a different kind; and they would watch the mountains change from violet to dusky purple, and over the Estérels the clear amber of the sky melt into luminous greens and blues, like the skies of the great Cima. At these times the sea was often a milky opal, and so it came to pass that the shadow lay in the mountains, the colour in the sky, and the light in the sea. If—as sometimes was the case—they lingered long enough, they watched the first star tremble out of the coming night, and, often silent, listened to those voices which are the most heavenly earth has to give; or on a moonlight night strolled under the olive trees, and felt the strange influence of their ethereal beauty as it never can be felt by day. Marcelle sometimes wondered what blindness had kept her from seeing these things before, they had been in her life and round it, yet they came like revelations.

It was a wholesome, kindly existence on which she had entered now, or so it seemed. Dr. Vallette had a large and sweet nature, large enough to take in things which other people would have scorned as trivial, he saw something of Marcelle's transformation and was interested by it; the change had a charm; he ascribed it to society, to kindness, to getting rid of morbid fancies, to all the things which wise doctors prescribe but which their patients cannot always find in

their way made to order. Perhaps there was another spell of which she was as unconscious as he, but it is very likely that everything had a share. When we are happy, it is astonishing how many things deepen our happiness.

She loved Sybille dearly. The young girl's playful sweetness and warm cordiality were very much to her. Never before had she had a friend of her own age; to tell the truth, she did not quite know how to talk to her, and as for pouring out thoughts, emotions, fancies, with the unreserve often existing between girl friends—it would have been an absolute impossibility to Marcelle. Yet it was no less delightful than strange to her to find a delicate sympathy, an intuitive comprehension of her feelings, which did not seem to require words, and to recognise in Sybille occasionally a flickering resemblance to her own nature. In certain ways her friendship became little less than a revelation. Religion had been worse than an empty word, she had found in it something unjust and almost hateful. Madame Merillon on those few occasions when a priest came to Castelbianco, attended mass, but it was with a sneer; old Apollinaïse had a superstitious dread of neglecting the external form, while she carefully avoided bringing the inward spirit to bear upon her life; to Marcelle religion seemed generally typified by the gloomy and forbidding Madonna, whom she still tried to propitiate. With Sybille there was something altogether different, a glad, light-hearted trustfulness, a simple turning to the highest. Marcelle said to her once,

'One would suppose you had but one rule.'

'And what is that?'

'To choose at once what is right.'

Sybille only smiled. Perhaps to her it seemed a truism, what else should she do? There are among us those innocent, single-minded souls, the very salt of the earth, angels whom we entertain unawares. Another time Marcelle asked her,

'You are so good, I wonder you have not gone into a convent?'

'Why?' said Sybille.

'I do not know. I thought it was what good women generally did.'

'I do not think I have a vocation for the religious life, and my father considers it a mistake to believe it higher or more pleasing to God than the life one leads in the family. He goes further even than Father Barron, for he thinks it absolutely wrong for girls to become cloistered nuns. I had a little cousin, Léontine Michel, and she took the veil last year. My father opposed it with all his might, but her mother was resolved. Poor little Léontine! we all went to her profession and it was so touching that even Adélaïde cried.'

'Then you mean to marry?' said Marcelle interested.

'I suppose so—some time or other,' said Sybille simply. 'Happily that is not in one's own hands.'

'You say that because you can trust your father,' said Marcelle,

leaning forward and speaking earnestly, 'I can understand perhaps your feeling it, but I would rather choose for myself.'

'Oh, Marcelle!'

'I would. I cannot conceive willingly leaving all one's future in the hands of some one who was indifferent to one's happiness, and would make it a mere matter of convenience.'

'But, Marcelle, it is impossible. We girls cannot choose for ourselves.'

'No; and therefore I shall not marry.'

'But—if your grandmother arranges everything?'

'Let her!' said the girl scornfully. 'At any rate I can resist.'

'It might be happier than your living here,' Sybille suggested doubtfully.

Marcelle did not answer, she was apparently occupied in watching the movements of a lizard which was darting about the bank, but in reality she was listening to the sound of voices. Dr. Vallette and Lambert were coming along the terrace, the two girls were seated on the turf below them, facing the Grasse hills, she wondered whether they would be seen, yet it was a little thing almost to stop her heart from beating.

'Ah, they are there!' said a voice. Sybille turned gladly round, Marcelle made no movement.

'It is my father and M. Solignac,' cried Sybille. 'Marcelle, do you hear?'

'Hush!' said Marcelle, 'you will frighten the lizard.'

'Come and sit here,' said Sybille, making room. 'We have found a delightful place to-day, and have been talking on all manner of grave subjects. Papa, Marcelle is surprised that I have not a vocation.'

'Heaven forbid!' said Dr. Vallette, slipping his arm into hers. 'Mademoiselle Boissy, why have you such inhuman thoughts?'

'I do not know,' said Marcelle colouring, but speaking gravely. 'I suppose it is my ignorance. I fancied that when people were—were like Sybille, they generally chose such a life.'

'In order to send what is good out of ours?' said M. Solignac earnestly. 'No, no, my cousin, your plan will not do much for the world.'

'I see,' said Marcelle, still gravely. 'I was wrong.'

'And though my opinions are thought heterodox, I maintain,' said the physician, 'that the Church would do wisely in ceasing to apply that word vocation as she does to one particular development, since the whole truth and the highest truth would show that we all have our calling.'

M. Solignac, who happened to glance at Marcelle, saw an incredulous smile just touch her lips.

'You would have us up on the heights indeed,' he said, speaking for her.

'No higher than you should be,' returned Dr. Vallette.

'Higher at any rate than many would be disposed to follow. But do not misunderstand me, one may grovel, yet admire. What were you thinking, my cousin?'

'I was wondering whether Dr. Vallette meant it when he said—all.'

Instead of replying directly he turned to Sybille with a smile.

'What do you say, my little one?'

'We know it—it is told us,' she replied, looking away to the violet hills, and speaking so low that the others hardly heard her.

'We know it—it is told us,' he repeated slowly. 'I can give you no better answer, Mademoiselle Marcelle, and it is not enough for you at this moment, but some day you will find in it all you want.'

No one regarding the two girls could fail to be struck with the difference between Sybille's bright and happy face, and the dark and troubled expression of Marcelle's as she looked at the physician. It was heavy with doubt. Lambert felt an indefinable pity for and sympathy with the girl whose life had made her incredulous of what to the other girl came as naturally as sunshine to the flower. He felt all this, but, alas for poor storm-beaten souls, it is the happier natures which attract.

(To be continued.)

ASTRAY.

FELICIA'S JOURNAL.

Jan. 8.

I BEGAN writing down events because I wanted to recall all I could not speak about, and I find that instead of dwelling much on Burton King I have spent my time in going about with Frida. It is strange how she has altered my life; I tried at first to keep her to myself. I should like that best, I fear, even now, but Frida has nothing of the recluse about her, and in spite of my remarks about keeping to our set, she never seems to understand anything approaching to exclusiveness. And yet Frida is always herself a perfect lady wherever she is and whoever she is talking to. She has a half-laughing, half-coaxing way of saying, 'Do come, Felicia, I know you will be expected, and it makes it so much pleasanter if you are there to enjoy things with me.' As to being wanted, I know it is Frida herself who is wanted; it is, 'Oh, here is Miss Wood,' when we come in, or 'Now, Miss Wood, we know you can give an unbiassed opinion,' or else Marian Forester (whom I still dislike cordially in spite of Frida), exclaims, 'I know Frida will agree with me, she always takes the most sensible view of a subject.' My father enjoys meetings of every kind, and has a very decided opinion about every subject discussed; and Frida declares she likes meetings because it is so amusing to be able to discuss them afterwards. She and my father have grand discussions about Political Economy and such things, and strange to say, he does not get angry with Frida, though he is as hot as ever on his side of the question, and never in the least convinced.

Certainly we have had meetings of all kinds since Frida has been here. She submitted to Marian's making her Registrar of the Girl's Friendly Society, though I did all I could to dissuade her. Marian likes to show her authority as Secretary by treating us all, even Mrs. Lyndhurst, as if we were her Sunday-school class. I tried snubbing, but Marian's armour of self-conceit is invulnerable. She lectured us all round on not being business-like enough, and told us that we must remember that the G. F. S. was not only a society for giving girls good advice about their souls, but also for helping them on in the world.

Mrs. Lyndhurst said rather warmly, 'I think very likely we are not business-like enough, but it seems to me that it is only too easy to lose the higher element from sight, and that unless we keep it steadily in view, our Society will not be likely to raise the girls to any real extent.'

'Ah, well!' said Marian, 'I know that is what many people think, but I don't. The girls come out of our schools, and I am glad to say they are properly taught there, so I don't see the use of always going on fussing about their souls, like the Salvation Army.'

Mrs. Lyndhurst was silent, and I think Marian felt that she had said something which the meeting in general disapproved of, for she went on in a hurried way to discourse about the question of members' payments.

As we were walking home I said triumphantly to Frida, 'At least you can't stand up *now* for that flippant young person, answering Mrs. Lyndhurst as she did!'

And Frida said, 'She showed her ignorance certainly; but I feel more than ever as if she were a baby, and had everything to learn. I wonder how she will be taught?'

A G. F. S. meeting is happily confined to ladies, and there is no fear of meeting Burton King; I have become accustomed to the sight of his sisters; Lylie is quite unconscious of any history and often comes in to us to see Frida, and, indeed, I am beginning to like her. Only Rachel and I are never at ease with each other. I know she suffers, one cannot help seeing it in her face, and I am sure it is no wonder, living as she does with a man she must despise and be ashamed of. The Kings are very much taken up by the Lyndhurst folk, but I see there is great jealousy of them in Rufus Blackstone, and the parents take his side. However, I never discuss Burton with any one, I will not break my promise, but we are obliged to meet and behave outwardly like other people. Of course, when my father took him up so strongly, I could do nothing else without telling him all I knew, and that I will never do. There is one fear that has taken possession of me lately, and which would make me wretched if I did not put it away from me as impossible. Frida is so open, so perfectly natural, that there can be no concealment in her, but she is constantly quoting what Mr. King says, and lately he has been so much taken up with the idea about the Cottage Hospital, that there have been meetings in various houses to discuss the plan, so that Frida is getting quite excited about it too. Then Mrs. Lyndhurst had Shakspere readings, and Frida went once or twice without me and came home full of the subject, and how wonderfully Mr. King read; I was very much annoyed, and determined in future not to let Frida go about alone. I shall be a very good guardian from Mr. King, I fancy. Whatever happens my Frida shall not fall in love with *that* man; no, a thousand times no. The very thought of it is sickening.

Jan. 16.

To-day we had a missionary meeting, and Marian was to the fore again. As we went out, we found her the centre of a knot of people —Kings, Mr. Marsh, Denys Lyndhurst—talking nineteen to the dozen as usual.

'Yes,' she was saying, 'we have quite settled to have another curate, if only we can get exactly the man we want, who will fall into all our ways, and not think he knows better than we do.'

'Are you alluding to poor Fleet, Marian?' said Denys with a twinkle in his eye; and there was a general explosion, for if there is a man who strikes you as having an absolutely colourless and perfectly receptive mind, that man is Mr. Fleet.

'I feel sure at least you will not fail to instruct him in his duties, Miss Forester,' said Mr. Marsh, who has taken to be unaccountably assiduous in his attendance at all kinds of such performances, in spite of his delicate lungs. Somehow he always manages to sit with the Kings. I wonder if he is making up to Rachel King.

They were all talking and laughing lightly, when Frida turned to Mr. King and said, 'I hope it is true, for your sake, for I know the Vicar wants him especially for Gridiron Lane.'

He just looked at her for a moment as if he would thank her, but before he said anything, I am glad to say Rachel came and dispersed the little knot of talkers, by taking off Lylie, and of course Mr. King had to follow, whilst Mr. Marsh just said good-night to us and hooked his arm into Burton King's. My father would not have allowed us all this dawdling time only the Vicar was asking him what day would suit him to discuss the Cottage Hospital plan set on foot by Mr. King. How can he put himself forward? it is enough to make the most plausible plan suspicious when one thinks of his past. Curiously enough, my father has taken heartily to the idea, though the good old times certainly never heard of cottage hospitals; but he has taken up Frida's prejudice and thinks that Mr. King can do no wrong. Just as we were going away, Marian came up to us, and handed Frida *The Halfpenny Telegraph*, a vulgar-looking paper I thought.

'Here, Frida, is my story I told you of. Do read it and give me your opinion, I think it will do a great deal of good, in fact, I wrote it for that object. I am very glad it was out in time to be given to my boys for Christmas presents.'

Frida carried it home and read 'The Chorister's Temptation' out loud to me by her bedroom fire. I am glad to say I cut it up remorselessly in spite of Frida.

Jan. 20.

Another meeting, but a very informal one, in the Vicar's dining-room, to consider the need of a Cottage Hospital. Mr. Forester is courteous, but hardly severe enough as chairman. The ladies were asked to come, as the Vicar wished all the Church workers to be interested in the matter and to give their opinion. I saw all our friends were there, but my eyes first fell on Rufus Blackstone, looking anything but pleasant. Mr. King and his sister Rachel were present, also Mrs. Lyndhurst and Mr. Marsh. I was glad Mr. King's

brother had absented himself. This Robert King looks thoroughly idle and objectionable, but I am sorry to see that Marian has taken him up; she makes herself ridiculous with young men. I suppose she would say it was not flirtation, but all from high motives of doing them good. I often think poor little Mrs. Forester must suffer a good deal from her stepdaughter; happily the babes absorb her pretty well. Mr. Forester opened the meeting by a somewhat prosy speech about the necessity of some place where, in case of special need from sickness or accident, the poor could be removed from their small, overcrowded rooms, and tended in fresh air and under good conditions. He said that a site might possibly be obtained from Lord Brockenhurst, and that if so the cottage might be built on the side towards Doddery Down. Then my father got up and seconded the Vicar. I don't think I ever saw him seconding anybody before, his element is opposition; but Frida had got round him somehow. He really made a speech for once much like what anybody else would have made. Then up jumps Rufus Blackstone, voluble as usual, with his big voice filling the room, to pour forth a whole string of objections. He believed that there were many benevolent ladies in Emery ready to be caught by any new-fangled philanthropic scheme; but he ventured to think a cottage hospital would only help to pauperise the poor, to take from them the natural obligation of tending their own sick, and as for himself, his instincts were all against these modern inventions, as he should have thought Major Heath's would have been too. But then he was not ashamed to avow himself a true blue Conservative.

'Do you mean to imply I am not, sir?' said my father, rising up angrily. I don't know exactly what would have followed, if Mr. Marsh had not got up, and said—'I think Mr. Blackstone is mistaken in calling a cottage hospital a modern invention. There was a cottage hospital at Rome near the Temple of Æsculapius, where sick slaves were nursed; and nearer our own day, that great and good sovereign, Catherine II., established what might be called cottage hospitals all over Russia, supplying the physicians from a central college. I believe, Mr. Blackstone, it was found to work very well, was it not?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Rufus sulkily, while my father looked much relieved that the imputation on his Conservatism was removed. 'I don't profess to know all Mr. Marsh does. I am a plain man, and we are not talking about Russians, but about common English people; and if I am not a good judge of what is or is not wanted at Emery, I should like to know who is?'

'I suppose we all think we are,' said Mrs. Lyndhurst, smiling, as Mr. Forester appealed to her with a piteous lifting of the eyebrows; and then a general buzz of conversation began, each lady discoursing to her next neighbour on the pet invalids in her own district. I can't help thinking Rufus wanted to rouse Mr. King, he looked

so truculently at him; but Mr. King did not speak at all, till Mr. Forester asked him to describe what he thought the special advantages of the proposed site from his point of view; and then he mentioned them as shortly as possible, and sat down. I wonder whether it is my presence that cows him? I should not be surprised if it were. He can hardly remember Owen and his early death without some compunction, I should think.

All that was settled at this meeting was, that Mr. Forester should ask Lord Brockenhurst about the site; and then a good many people took themselves away, and the meeting broke up, as most Emery meetings do, into conversational knots. Frida and Mr. Marsh were talking, and then Mr. King joined them, and of course I went up at once to guard Frida from him, as I always do. She was talking with eager animation.

'Nothing good *ever* begins without opposition,' she was saying.

'And are you bold enough to say that no opposition ever crushes a good scheme, Miss Wood?' said Mr. Marsh.

'I don't know; but I think I could,' she said thoughtfully. 'Sometimes of course the scheme may be premature. As Hinton says: "The evil has to grow to a head before people are stirred enough to wish to do away with it, and then the good scheme may fail for the time." But I don't think the opposition crushes it, only the time is not ripe. The *good* in it can't be conquered, can it? for it must be divine.'

'And would you apply the same theory to evil in the individual?' said Mr. King, in his low voice. How I hate to hear a man like that talking about good and evil!

'I do indeed!' said Frida earnestly. 'I should think every one's own experience must tell them the same. One lets a fault go on, perhaps one hardly notices it, till at last some great failure comes and makes one see oneself in one's true light, and then one makes up one's mind to conquer it for good and all, and sets one's will to it.'

I am sure Frida's faults must be about as serious as the little French girl's, who accused herself to her confessor of murder and sacrilege; but I did not like her getting upon such confidential terms with Mr. King, and was quite glad to see Marian bearing down upon us, which made Mr. King and Mr. Marsh turn away.

'I think there was a great deal in what Rufus said,' Marian began, in rather a hurt voice. 'Mr. Marsh made him quite ridiculous, and, after all, it is just as well to have his opinion as a medical man, rather than follow the suggestions of people who know nothing about it.'

'Do you mean Mr. King?' said Frida, looking Marian full in the face. 'Because he does know all about it. He has pulled several of the children through really bad illnesses, and the mothers are so grateful.'

'But, after all, he is *not* a real doctor, Frida, and it is not very wise to take up medical work as an amateur, Rufus says.'

'I should never discuss Mr. King with Mr. Blackstone,' said Frida, in that peculiar way of hers, which, though so gentle and courteous, stops further discussion, except with Marian.

'Well, but even his own brother, Mr. Bob King, says—'

Frida's eyes really flashed this time. It was the first time I had seen her look like that, if only it had been in some other cause—for Marian was snubbed, though she did not appear to be so, and went on to me about the new curate, Mr. Rutherston, whom we are to take in for a few days while he looks round.

'It is always a great chance about curates,' she said. 'Some are so very frivolous; but I hope this one will understand our ways and will not be above being taught our methods.'

'What! Your new curate, Miss Forester?' asked my father, coming up. 'We are going to take him in, Felicia, and I dare say Miss Frida here will tell him all about your methods. A dreadful Radical Frida is; but I am quickly showing her the error of her ways.'

'Dear Major Heath, you were good about the hospital,' laughed Frida. 'Your kind of Conservatism is better a great deal than the other kind we heard about this afternoon.'

Jan. 31.

I am beginning to wonder where Frida will lead me next. To-day she actually persuaded me to go on the ice, though I cannot skate, and should never dream, at my age, of making an exhibition of myself by trying to learn. I go, because—well, because if I did not, Frida would go with Lylie, and there would be no one to protect her from Mr. King. That man is a hypocrite. Can it be that he is clever enough to see what would be the only way to win Frida, and is posing as a philanthropist for the purpose? He must know that I could spoil his game at any moment. I don't *think* a man like that could touch her heart. She talks about him so openly and frankly; she wants to persuade me to think with her that he is working nobly for the good of humanity; and I am afraid of checking her, for fear she should not talk to me at all about him, if I disparage him, except in the most distant way. I told her yesterday that I knew things about his past life which made me distrust him; but I did not feel that I could say more without breaking my word to Owen. She answered,—

'Are you sure the things were true?'

'Quite sure,' I answered.

'People make mistakes sometimes, you know,' she said, and she has not mentioned him to me so freely since. But what can I do? Between my promise of the past and my love of the present, I cannot tell which way to turn for the best.

They have got up a Mission room in Gridiron Lane, and Mrs. Lyndhurst and her mother are working for it. If *he* had not been the chief mover in getting it up, I should have called it a good work. Frida asked me to make the bookmarkers, saying that nobody in the place could do church work as I could, but I refused—the first time I think that I ever refused anything she asked me. Is he to poison my life still more, by separating my darling and me? I can't believe it! She is still 'thinking over,' what is to be her share of the work. I hope whatever it is it won't bring her into nearer contact with him. If he were to break her heart as he broke Owen's! I think if ever she asks me more fully for an explanation of what I said yesterday, I must tell her all.

On the ice everyone was very kind to me; it is being Frida's friend that makes people so much more cordial than formerly. I sat on a chair and was pushed along by various skaters, it was warmer work than trying to walk along by Frida who skates very well. She and Lylie made a pretty contrast, Frida sailing like a stately swan, Lylie skimming along like a swallow. If I had been the sole admirer I should have been quite contented, but Mr. Marsh who joined me afterwards, would talk of Lylie in a way which made me sure of what I had guessed before, and as I looked up to assent to some of his remarks about Lylie, some one came up and asked him where Mr. King was, I said, 'It is getting quite an event not to meet Mr. King everywhere now!' Mr. Marsh guessed my thoughts, I believe, for he said *a propos* of nothing,

'King is a splendid fellow, Miss Heath; the more I see of him the more I like him.'

'Indeed,' I answered, and this word can convey all sorts of meanings.

'I see you do not agree with me; I wish I could tell you half the things he does, but he would not like it, and what he has done for me, I, for one, can never forget.'

'I never said anything against him,' I said rather indignantly, and then stopped, remembering my words to Frida.

'No, but some people's manner is expressive,' he replied.

'Do you mean that he has remarked that I am not cordial to him?'

'No,' said Mr. Marsh quietly, 'I never heard him mention your name.'

He meant this as a snub, I know, and I was very angry. Frida came up to me, and I told her I was too cold to wait any longer, and must go home. She said she had promised to go to tea with Lylie, so if I did not mind she would stay a little longer. I went home in no happy frame of mind, and I was not made happier when Frida came in. 'I have settled with Mr. King what my share of work in the Mission room is to be, Felicia. I am going to paint some large outlines on the walls. I asked him if he thought it would do, and he

approved so strongly that we asked Mr. Forester there and then. Mr. Forester is to choose the subjects.'

'That means Marian,' I said.

'I don't think so,' said Frida, 'there are limits to Marian's power over her father, and very decided ones. I don't think he will consult her. But if he does, I don't know that it matters much . . . . Have you "John Inglesant" there, Felicia?'

'Yes; why?'

'I wanted to look out a quotation some one made from it,' and she took the book.

'What is the quotation, and who made it?' I said.

Frida flushed a little, and did not answer at once; but I repeated my question. 'Why do you make such a mystery, Frida?'

'There is no mystery. This is the quotation: "Serve him where you are; if you fall still lower, or imagine you fall lower, still serve him in the lowest room of all." Mr. King quoted it to me.'

'Then why wouldn't you say so?' I said.

Frida turned away and said after a pause, 'Because I don't think you are fair to him. Either you ought to tell me what you know against him or say nothing.'

'But suppose I am not at liberty to tell?' I said.

'Then I must go by my own judgment,' she answered, and was turning away, but she came back and gave me a kiss. 'We won't talk of what we are likely to disagree on,' she said.

Feb. 10.

Frida has been entirely engrossed with her painting in the Mission room for the last ten days. I did not know before how really clever she was with her brush, for she never mentions her own attainments. I went with her the first time to help her with the steps and her paint box, but I found Mr. Rutherston was awaiting her to give her all necessary assistance. Mr. Forester had chosen the subject for one series, the Prodigal Son. I was almost startled, and wondered if he had felt as I did about Frida when I first saw her. When we were engaged in discussing the safety of the high steps I noticed Frida put her hands over her eyes for a moment. I have found out since that she always does this before beginning her work. The work has gone on steadily and it is beginning to look really beautiful; the drawing is very correct, and the lines broad and bold in red-brown—burnt sienna, I think Frida calls it—here and there a slight shading, and the figures nearly life size, I fancy, but they do not look too big and the expression of the faces is very wonderful. A bit of her soul goes out into her work. The worst is, Mr. King comes in to look after the workmen, and Marian will bring in people, and criticises for fear it should be imagined that she knows nothing of art. I do not know if it is consciousness of superior knowledge or wonderful patience that makes Frida bear it so well.

To day I went to fetch Frida home, and I found Marian and Mr. Rutherston there as well as Mr. King. Marian is almost rude to this latter, and I think and hope it is only for this reason Frida makes it a point of being most gracious. I do hope it only means a reproof to Marian, but I have misgivings sometimes. Mr. Rutherston is very cordial to me, I suppose because we know some of his connections, but I own to feeling a little glad that he does not shun me as most young men do now. He would talk about Gridiron Lane, and it was not till Marian insisted on joining us that I could listen to Frida and Mr. King. I wanted to hear for myself what they found to interest them so much. To day, however, it was chiefly art, discussing Leonardo's 'Last Supper' at Milan, and the legend of Christ's head being left imperfect by the painter because of his inability to paint it as it should be done.

'I wish I could see it,' said Frida, 'have you?'

'Yes, once,' he said.

'You have? don't you wish intensely to go to Italy again?' There was a pause before Mr. King answered.

'I shall never go to Italy again. If I leave Emery, which is not very unlikely, I shall go to America.'

'But what will your work do without you?' said Frida anxiously.

'Please do not call it my work,' he answered, 'I don't call anything here my work. The work belongs to better men, I only fill up the crevices under direction.'

'I won't say so again if you don't wish it, but I can't help connecting the new impulse here with you.'

'Nor I with you,' I think he said under his breath; but at that moment he turned away, and I did not see him speak to her again that afternoon.

MRS. LYNDHURST.

Jan. 20.

Oh! the dear silly goose of a boy, he has actually committed himself, and now has gone into the depths of despair, which Granny assures me will only last till he is in sight of the towers and spires of Oxford; but I am sorry for my boy, and don't like to see him unhappy. Still, I believe Granny, that woes of that kind, which come straight to the mother, have still something of the 'kiss and make it well' element in them.

Rachel King seems to have behaved perfectly. She did not laugh at him, as I should have expected, but she seemed to be struck with a sort of horror and dismay, and implored him to drive away all such ideas, for if age and everything else were not against it, she could never be thought of in that way. He told her he could not help it, that he should keep her image as a part of himself all his days. Of course she told him that was all nonsense, and he would soon recover, and implored, nay, commanded him to forget it all. He has carried

away the impression that it is not because he is a boy that she rejects him, but that there is some great and terrible trouble in her life that she thinks has set her apart from love and marriage (more flattering to his romance certainly). He implored me to find it out and console her. 'Her father can't have done anything,' he said. No, Miss Wynne had mumbled out an account of his being such a good man, only rather stern. 'It can't be a private marriage to some scamp!' That was disposed of as too absurd, and then Denys sagaciously opined that it was something connected with that brother Bob, whom he calls an unmitigated snob, wherein I agree with him, but I don't think Master Bob, at his age, can have been capable of irremediably blasting the family prospects. I did not tell Denys so, but if there be any truth in his surmise, I am afraid it is the elder brother. Remember, I am *sure* he is no adventurer, as you thought. Granny and I both thoroughly like and respect him, yet there is certainly a mysterious blank in his life, and he shows a certain shrinking from any trust, and yet gratitude for confidence. I should believe him a penitent and a sincere one; but don't put any false construction on my words and think us all being hoodwinked.

I told Denys it would be mere impertinence in me to pry into Miss King's history, and that his youth was quite a sufficient cause for silencing him, though I thought the better of him for appreciating such a woman, and that to deserve her esteem should be an incentive to him all his life.

Poor fellow, it did seem hard to use his outpouring to 'point a moral.' But as we don't want him to 'adorn a tale,' I think we shall manage for him to spend the Easter vacation at Deep Dene.

Jan. 31.

Denys writes like himself, and sends Oxford jokes, so that I hope he is getting over it.

About the Cottage Hospital, did I tell you? The Blackstones are dead against the plan, and it is Dr. Blackstone's turn to be people's churchwarden. I believe the old man objects simply from distaste of novelty and hatred of change, mayhap also from dread of Nursing Sisters. Did I tell you that when he was told (for he would not have touched the book with a pair of tongs) of Sister Dora's setting the man's arm, he said such women ought really not to be allowed to go about.

I believe this would be the whole amount of his opposition if it were not for his son, but Rufus has had a strong prejudice against all the Kings ever since they came, except the youngest girl, to whom he pays a good deal of attention whenever they meet. He would flirt with her if there were any flirtation in Lylie, but she takes it all in a pretty ladylike unconscious way.

A hard frost has set in, and Rachel King and I had the Work Society meeting to ourselves this morning, all the young ones being taken with the ice frenzy, even Felicia Heath, to look after her ward, I suppose. Whenever we were not engrossed in 'seam and

gusset and band,' we talked Gridiron Lane and Doddery Down, with an infusion of 'John Inglesant,' whom I have sent out to you. We debated the question whether his nature deteriorated from the time when he deliberately preferred his vengeance to the higher life set before him at the Paris monastery; and whether his accepting Jesuit work, and dropping fidelity to Mary Colet's memory for such an inferior creature as Lauretta were not a part of that lowering of character, though he was saved from utter loss, and began rising from the moment of his sparing the murderer. Rachel spoke with deep interest about the power of righting oneself, after a deliberate turn in the wrong direction. I wonder if one can always tell how far young people talk in the abstract, and how much is personal. For though she disdained Lauretta, I could see what was in her mind when she said John's love for Mary need not have barred all life for him.

There Mrs. Blackstone broke in on us, distressed at having left us so long unaided. She began fishing as to possible relationships to all the Wynnes and Kings she had ever heard of. I saw it worried Rachel, and delicately brought up the old feud about the dissenting children and the school feasts, well knowing that the good lady would launch into the tenets and biography of half the nonconformists in Emery, and employ us thereon till dark. When we broke up there was a kiss between Rachel and me, as good as a confidence. Shall we ever get any farther? As we walked home we met the skaters, Marian chattering away to the younger King, but taking care when she met us, to explain that she was obliged to go to Doddery Pool instead of the Work Society, because the choir-boys were on the ice and needed superintendence. For you know Marian never does anything for her own pleasure.

Rufus Blackstone was paired with Lylie King. Perhaps that was the reason his mother was so inquisitive, for he evidently admires her very much. I was there introduced to the new curate, who I must say looks like work. His name is Rutherston, and he has been used to a large town parish, organised like a regiment, with a sisterhood to work, and he does not believe in young ladies, especially clerical ones. So Felicia told me, with a certain gleam of fun. Some connection of the Major's knows him and his family, so he is what Mrs. Blackstone calls domesticated with the Heaths till he has found a lodging. Marian has begun by strong disapproval of his intoning. There will be battles royal I suspect.

Feb. 8.

Mr. Rutherston has been calling, and seems likely to be an acquisition. He has more vigour and range of ideas than Mr. Fleet, and his first sermon was very good. The Kings have contrived to get a warehouse loft in Hoggs Buildings for the Mission chapel, and we are striving to get it ready for Lent services in the evening. Grandmamma and I are doing some mats in cross-stitch, Rachel and Lylie working at the hangings, and Frida Wood very shyly and

prettily undertook to fresco the walls, with sacred subjects to the eastward, the rest divided into compartments. She takes her subjects from well-known prints, only expanding them. Mr. Rutherston begged for the Prodigal Son, so she took those two heads of Ary Scheffer's, where the son, utterly worn out, is leaning on his father's breast, with a look of perfect, yet wondering rest and peace. I came in this morning before Frida arrived, to get some measurements, and there I found Mr. King, standing gazing before the painting with such absorption he never even heard me enter; and the strange thing was that the expression of yearning, yet of boundless rest, seemed to pass from the Prodigal's face into his own, though indeed I felt it a liberty to look at him. I was retreating as softly as I could, when Marian came in, lionising a young clergyman and his wife, whom she was instructing on 'our methods at Emery.' I wonder if Mr. King and I were mentioned as lay helpers to whom she apportioned work suited to our capacity. Frida, who came in just after, was treated to some criticism of her work, while Mr. King bowed and fled.

'How could she copy such modern sentimental debased art?'

'It was the only thing I could find at all suitable,' said Frida, 'and it seems to bring out the point of the parable.'

'Symbolism should never aim at expression,' said Marian.

The visitors looked meek and astounded, and I ventured to suggest that touching people's hearts was of more consequence than correctness of style.

'I do not approve of temporary working on the feelings,' said Marian. 'I cannot endure the sensational system.'

Nothing can be further from sensationalism than Mr. Rutherston, but when 'The Choir-boy's Temptation' was put in his way, he innocently observed that he preferred giving boys stronger meat than little goody stories about their own kind!

Feb. 15.

Our new curate has given a fresh impulse to the plan for the Cottage Hospital. He seemed to see all the chief needs of the district in a moment, and this was one of the first. Thus he was delighted to hear that such a scheme was already on foot. He has made great friends with the Kings, and has convinced them that there must be a subscription. Only the Vicar, who is already getting nervous in prospect of Easter Monday's Vestry without you to back him up, and mollify the Major, is very anxious that the matter should not be brought forward till that ordeal is over, as it will be used against him by all the faction who cannot bear to see money spent on the Church and the poor, even when it does not come out of their own pockets. The additional curate and the Mission-room are quite enough for Pierce and Purkiss, Fox and Coney, to digest at present.

RACHEL.

Feb. 25.

It is a long time since I have written in this journal; not since the last day of the old year, when poor Burton told me about his love for Frida. Since then various things have happened which I ought to have written down, to carry out the views with which I began this journal; but partly I have been very busy, and partly the things about me became so interesting that I hardly liked to write about them. Now, however, a fresh attack of illness on Aunt Louisa's part has made her fidgety whenever I am out of the room, so I may as well employ my hours here in giving an account of the march of events since I last wrote.

Bob has been here all the time, and the longer he stays the more anxiety I think he gives us. If it were not for Burton I can't think what we should do with him. The most harmless employment he has found has been flirting with Marian Forester, who has been persuaded to think him snubbed and misunderstood, and has told Lylie and me her opinion pretty strongly. When Lylie hinted that notwithstanding Bob's outward sweetness it was difficult always to keep him within bounds at home, she assured us that she could always persuade him to see what was right; it only needed a little tact and judgment on a woman's part to manage any man. I heartily wish she would try. That is nonsense, however; but the long and the short of it is that Bob has been behaving in a way which makes Burton and me long most heartily that he may get into the army at the next examination—which we rather doubt—and at last learn what it is to be under discipline, instead of thinking it his divine right to do whatever is good in his own eyes.

In January a most surprising thing happened. I can hardly think of it without smiling, and yet it touched me very much. That pretty, spoilt, enthusiastic lad, Denys Lyndhurst, came here and found me alone, and before I knew what he was doing, he was making me a most passionate, and at the same time, chivalrous declaration of love. It was so earnest that I could not laugh at him, and tell him that if not in years, yet in mind and experience of life I was old enough to be his mother. It might have been the best thing for him, but it would have hurt him, and I could not hurt any one who cared. So I took it quite seriously, and told him I never could. Mrs. Lyndhurst, who has been very kind to me ever since, tells me he writes from Oxford in very good spirits, so I suppose he has got over it. I think she is very much obliged to me for refusing him; she would be more so yet if she knew all.

As to Burton and Frida, nothing much has happened. He has honestly tried to keep away from places where he might meet her. He refused to go with Lylie to the skating in spite of her coaxing, and sent her with Marian under Mrs. Forester's charge instead; but

that did not prove to be of much use, as Lylie brought Frida home to tea. Then there have been various meetings, parish and philanthropic, where they have met. Frida seems very fond of Lylie, and naturally gravitates towards her or me; and then there has been this Mission-room, where Frida has been painting, and Burton has been practically clerk of the works, and it has been impossible for them not to meet. He has been anxious to find out what had become of Owen Heath, the young brother he knew and liked; but Mr. Forester told him the other day that he understood the poor lad had gone to the bad, and only came home to die, and that neither Major Heath nor Felicia ever mentioned his name. If Miss Heath had given him the least encouragement I think he would have asked her to tell him about her brother, but it is so evident that she wishes to treat him as a perfect stranger that he could not very well begin upon the past.

Miss Heath invariably swoops down on Frida if she sees her talking to any of us, but Frida refuses to be carried under Miss Heath's wing. I do not know for certain though, whether Miss Heath is not almost as anxious to prevent Frida's talking to any one. She seems to think she has an exclusive right of possession of the girl; evidently she is very fond of her, but it is with a love that exacts bondage, and Frida refuses to be in bondage. I think she could not if she tried, it would kill her. She must always be helping and loving, and widening her circle as far as she can. I have had a struggle often not to ask her here, she makes me feel so quiet and so content in her presence, but I can't make things harder for Burton than they are. Our meetings generally speaking are either at church or in Gridiron Lane. I think Burton has met her there sometimes; but he says he is training himself to look upon her like the white lily that rude hands may not touch. He has bought a print of Holbein's 'Madonna'—the only thing I ever knew him buy for himself—and he asked me whether I did not see a likeness in the face to Frida. I think he is right; it is a little like—at least like what Frida might be as a mother. At present she is so much more girlish than the figure in the picture that one cannot say she is quite like it.

Lylie I think would be quite happy here if it were not for her anxiety about Bob. I am sometimes a little anxious about her future. I feel sure that Mr. Marsh likes her, though I should doubt if with his delicate health he would ever marry; and I am sometimes afraid that great, rough Mr. Blackstone is looking her way too. At first I thought that Lylie was rather attracted by him; she admired his inches and thought him like Amyas Leigh—and I suppose when somebody evidently admires you, and you are of a tender disposition like Lylie, it is hard not to see the good in the person rather than the harm. But I observe that since Mr. Marsh has been to the fore, his culture and refinement have made Mr. Blackstone less attractive

to Lylie, and I am very glad. I like him, and I think he would be the right man to make Lylie happy, if ever it could be. And what is anxiety about health after all, compared to anxiety about souls?

Feb. 27.

Poor Lylie has had an adventure this afternoon, and not at all a pleasant one. She went out for a walk with Burton, and while he went into a cottage to see one of his informal patients, she went on to look for primroses in Fox's copse. She found no primroses, but Rufus Blackstone, walking through the copse, found her. He has rather frightened her by the warmth of his attentions for some time, so that she has not been anxious to meet him alone; this time she could not escape him. I had tried to persuade her that it was only his unmannerliness and underbreeding that made him think that that was the proper way to address young ladies, for I could not conceive that a man could really be in love with a girl, and at the same time show such downright rudeness to her family as Mr. Blackstone does to both me and Burton. But circumstances proved me wrong. Before she knew where she was, he was urging his proposal, and when poor Lylie, frightened out of her wits, stammered out 'No, she never could,' he went on more vehemently than ever. Lylie tried to walk away, but he followed her, and when the poor child tried to reach the gate of the copse which led to the cottage where Burton was, he had the incredible ungentlemanliness to get before her into the opening of the turnstile, and prevent her from getting out, while he poured out torrents of words, half threats, half persuasions. 'I was frightened then,' said poor Lylie, 'I thought he could not be in his right senses, and oh! Rachel, I was almost sure in another moment he was going to kiss me! He would not take anything I said to mean No, though I said it as plainly as I could, and I can't tell you how glad I was when I saw Burton coming! But Mr. Blackstone had got his back to him, and he was holding my hand tight, and did not see Burton till he was close to the gate, and then I burst out crying and said, "Make him let me go!" and I know now that was the worst thing I could possibly have done. Burton turned quite white with anger, and Mr. Blackstone dropped my hand as if it was redhot, and turned round upon him, and they looked so fierce! It's awful to see two men angry like that. Burton controlled himself, but Mr. Blackstone didn't. He ramped and he roared, and shook his fist at Burton, and Burton said it was insulting a girl to behave like that before her, and most ungentlemanly, and Mr. Blackstone dared him to fight him, like a great schoolboy. Then Burton said quite quietly, "You had better go home. You will be ashamed of all this to-morrow," and he went off at last, but his face looked simply hideous with passion. To think that once I thought him like Amyas Leigh!'

Lylie was rather upset by her adventure, and we sent her to bed early. Then I had a talk about it with Burton in his den.

'He was beside himself for the time,' he said, 'and that he will be ashamed of; but what he will never forget is that he exposed himself like that before Lylie, and that I had to speak to him as I did.'

'Perhaps he will be more amenable after it.'

'I don't expect it. He might be amenable to physical force, if we had had a fight like two schoolboys and I had punished him scientifically; unfortunately, however, the chances are that he would have decidedly thrashed me. No, I think it is only too probable that he will never forgive me for humiliating him, and calling him ungentlemanly. It makes me feel nearly as fierce as he was, though, to think of a fellow like that lifting his eyes to Lylie, when he can't decently control himself in her presence!'

'Poor little dear!' I said, thinking of our household baby, whom we have always sheltered so carefully from any rough blast of life. 'I should like to see him taken down in some much more humiliating way than you did.'

'I expect we are both rather vindictive, though,' said Burton, 'after all you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and he got rather hard measure, considering that he must have wished to show his manhood before Lylie. Marsh says he is the uncivilised Teutonic brute Kingsley describes with so much sympathy in the Goths in Hypatia, but that however he might have greeted him as a man and a brother then, he thinks he is about as agreeable a companion in this age as a Mastodon.'

It struck me that Mr. Marsh would not love Mr. Blackstone any better if he ever came to hear of this adventure.

RUFUS BLACKSTONE *to* BENTLEY SMITH, Esquire, Surgeon, Putney.

March 3.

DEAR SMITH,

I want you to make enquiries at the various hospitals, and if possible get hold of some facts about a fellow who has settled down here, and who at some time or other certainly has walked some London hospital. His name—or at least the name he chooses to go by here—is Burton King. He is a good-looking, plausible sort of man, and is very thick with the parson—tries the philanthropic dodge, etc. I have seen reason for suspecting him ever since he came. I think he is an adventurer, who wants to work up the chalybeate spring here, and puff himself off as its discoverer, etc., and so get into notice. Now if there were no other reason, I should not be disinclined to put a spoke into the wheel of any man who wanted to meddle with my spring. I have always intended when my father retires, which I believe will be the case in two or three years, to work

up this spring myself, and meanwhile I have many other reasons for trying to get this man exposed. He has wormed himself into the best society in the little place by means of two pretty sisters and his own sanctimonious playing up to the parson, and a man's blood naturally curdles against a hypocrite.

I will just give you my data for suspecting this man, and you will feel with me that it will be a public benefit to society to denounce him before he has done more harm than can be put an end to at once. But for this I want your help.

(1.) B. K. settles here as a man of independent means—he has bought one of the best houses in the place—not in his own name, but with some story of its being an inheritance belonging to an aunt. Now, I ask you, would not any ordinary man in his position, without a profession, lead the ordinary life of a country gentleman? hunt, shoot, mix with other people, and so on? Well, he keeps aloof from the ordinary society where you would expect to meet him, and you only meet him at such mild entertainments as Shakspere readings with old ladies, etc.; he avoids those who might be likely to find him out, and seeks those whom he may delude. I flatter myself, however, that I dodged him at the last; I made the parson's pretty little daughter, a great friend of mine, get me an invitation, and I kept my eye on him all the time. I warrant you he felt uncomfortable under it!

(2). He has already been tampering with the poorer classes by doctoring them gratis, though he does not profess to belong to the profession at all. He seems to know something about it too—I will do him the justice to say that I found he had treated a child for a bad scald in a very workmanlike manner—but I put it to you, why make such a mystery about it? It is owing to this case that I know about his hospital practice; he told the mother, who was naturally doubtful of his skill, that he had treated hundreds of such cases when he was in a London hospital. He has an invalid aunt, too, for whom he has never called in either my father or myself, though her health is evidently very precarious; so it is plain that the family at least must believe in his skill, quack or otherwise.

(3.) But the most damaging admissions came from his own family. There is a brother staying here now, a fellow trying to get a short cut to the army through the Militia, he is a soft, pulpy lot, and you can draw him a good deal, and he has let out to me and others at different times, that some disgrace hangs over the family in consequence of his brother's behaviour; that the youngest sister has been kept in ignorance, but that if people knew the whole story, they would see what an infernal shame it was that *he* should have to submit to a fellow who, etc. Here he caught himself up, and I could not get any more out of him; but I think if Master Bob stays on it is not impossible that I may hear more.

Meanwhile, I want you to call at the various hospitals, and see if

you can find any traces on their books of a man of the name of Burton King; and if you track him, see if you can find out where he went to after he left, and what he has been doing since. There is no doubt that there is some disgraceful mystery somewhere, and that it ought to be unravelled; and I don't *think* the rest of the family seem like people who are living under a feigned name, so I hope it may be possible to track him. The fellow is good looking, and has those smooth, plausible manners that go down with people, especially with ladies; and it would certainly be well to expose him before any irreparable harm is done.

Yours truly,
RUFUS BLACKSTONE.

MRS. LYNDHURST.

March 5.

If Rufus Blackstone is an admirer of poor little Lylie King his tone is strange. He has actually been warning us against intimacy with Mr. King, or placing any subscriptions in his hands. He declares that he is certain that the fellow is a mere adventurer, whom he shall be able before long to unmask. He is actually on the trail.

I said that as to being an adventurer, there was no doubt about the Priory having lawfully descended to the family, on which he rejoined that he had no charge against them; but that to his certain knowledge, Mr. King had had a medical education, nay, he was constantly betraying it by meddling where he had no concern. He had been present when Mr. Marsh had one of his attacks, and had the impertinence not to summon anyone. It would never have been known but for the landlady. And there was that child in Gridiron Lane. 'A difficult operation, Mrs. Lyndhurst, a critical operation, one that my father, to say nothing of your humble servant, would not have ventured on without skilled co-operation. Good Heavens! if that child had died, we would have taken care there was a coroner's inquest, and we should have seen how Master King would have looked with a verdict of manslaughter against him.'

I knew it was of no use to observe that the child is running about perfectly well, for it has no business to be alive. So I said I had heard of gentlemen studying medicine and surgery simply for the sake of science, and to do good to their fellow creatures.

'Never out of a novel,' cried Rufus, 'you'll excuse me, Mrs. Lyndhurst, but I can't bear to see a lady of your influence and benevolence deceived by that sort of humbug. Take my word for it, no man ever went through the course who had not his bread to gain by it. Amateurs may take it up, but they soon get sickened, and it was no amateur who operated on little Tozer! Besides, I have positive evidence that a man of the name of William King, was at St. Peters in 1876, took his M.B. degree, and disappeared under

highly discreditable circumstances, and I know this fellow signs himself W. B. King.'

I said I thought such a person would have changed his name; but Rufus rejoined that he might hope to escape through the commonness of the name, and that the prospect of the property might prevent the change. But he implored me not to listen to any of the schemes, nor to entrust any money to Mr. King, who is certain to abscond with it. I believe Rufus has gone through the same with the Vicar, who looks troubled.

So you see, dear Edward, the sifting will take place, if Rufus can bring it about. I wish it were in your hands, for I have myself come to the conclusion that it is only too possible that the trail, as Rufus calls it, may be the right one; but that so far from Mr. King being an impostor, he is more likely to be a truly penitent man, striving with all his heart to lead a new life and redeem the past, and that he ought not to be crushed, but helped with sympathy. I think he gets it from both Mr. Marsh and the new curate, and I feel quite sure you would give it if you saw him. I sometimes hope that he will be proved to be bearing the penalty of another person's misdeeds; but you will laugh at me for the notion, and I think if it were so there would be more freedom from oppression, whereas now, though I fancy he is naturally more buoyant than Rachel, there is something that reminds one of—

'—if he felt,
The pressure of his iron belt.'

And I do not suppose iron belts are forged for us by other people's sins.

You need not be afraid for Denys. We are going to deny ourselves the pleasure of having him at home this Easter. He is going to Deep Dene, where I hope his cousins may efface 'his vision.'

March 9.

The Vicar came and had it out about Mr. King with grandmamma and me. I had not told her before, as it would have worried her, and she has been feeling the east wind a good deal.

Mr. Forester thinks there may be some blot in poor Mr. King's past life, but that he is perfectly sincere, and that it is cruel to rake it up, whatever it may be. He said he told both the Blackstones so, for Rufus brought his father to attack him about it, and the old Doctor said he should agree with him if the fellow were not setting on foot benevolent schemes, no doubt with a view to profiting by the proceeds. The Vicar spoke of those repeated refusals to be treasurer to anything, to which Rufus replied, 'That confirms it.' Mr. Forester says he stood up for the Kings with all his might, but he is evidently full of misgivings. He says Marian has always had a prepossession against Burton King, and 'the little girl has a head of her own, you know, Mrs. Lyndhurst.'

As to the curates, Mr. Fleet will believe nothing against a staunch Churchman, and Mr. Rutherston says all he is sure of yet is that King is sincere and Blackstone malignant.

Your mother told the Vicar that she had all her life gone by the rule of attending only to what she saw instead of what she heard. But she started the idea, that perhaps the poor young man may have had some terrible mistake or misfortune in his practice—if he be a doctor—and never have got over it. This made Mr. Forester look rather dismayed, for Mr. King's gratuitous treatment is becoming very valuable, and I don't know whether it actuated him in declaring that no more must be said about the Cottage Hospital till this has blown over.

March 13.

Old Miss Coney bustled up to me, saying that she wished to consult me. She had been visiting in a cottage where old Thorn's son had lately come home after three months in jail, sinking in decline, but really cut down by shame and disgrace, for you know the poor mother was rather superior, and the lad went wrong chiefly from turbulence and love of frolic. Miss Coney heard a voice talking to him, and paused to listen. She was sure it was Mr. King, and that he was telling the lad that he knew how hard it was to grieve for the sin instead of chafing at the punishment. And when poor Jem Thorn talked of gentlemen knowing nothing about it, the visitor distinctly said he had felt what disgrace and shame were. She even believed he said that he had done worse than poor Jem.

The question was—ought she to make it known? I told her what it seems to need the lady's instinct to understand, that it would be monstrous to publish what had been overheard of a sacred and confidential conversation. Ought she not even to tell the Vicar? No, I told her, and I hope I persuaded her not only that it would be a wicked, treacherous deed to betray a confession made for such a purpose, but that the Vicar would be much shocked at her having listened.

'Teaching at the Sunday school and all!'

'Yes,' I answered. 'Would not the lost sheep, who was brought home on the Shepherd's shoulders, be likely to help the lambs not to go astray.'

'Worse than Jem Thorn!' she sighed.

To which I replied that a great many of us might well think and confess ourselves worse than a poor wild lad like that! I told her of 'There, but for the grace of God, goes John Leighton,' which seemed to have an effect. I hope no harm will come of it. I think her mouth is stopped.

But how Rachel must have suffered! I am coming to your mother's view. There may have been fatal consequences from some youthful act of carelessness, for which no suffering can make him forgive himself. Any way, I honour him.

BURTON.

March 10.

DEAR MR. CRADOCK,

I was very grateful for your last letter, and I only wish it had been possible for you to have come here and seen how things are with us. I begin to be more and more doubtful whether I am not hampering my sisters by my presence more than I help them, while at the same time things have happened which would certainly make it hard upon them, and otherwise undesirable, for me to go off just now.

The two things which seem to make it right for me to stay—apart from their feeling, which is too kindly for me to take it as in any way expressive of what would be *really* good for them,—are, first, that the property which has been left to my sister, is in such a state that all kinds of business have to be transacted in connection with it, which a girl could hardly cope with without a masculine adviser who could give the greatest part of his time to the task; and secondly, that my younger brother is not over-steady, and certainly not very satisfactory in money matters; and my sisters need to be protected from him. If it were not for this, I should say that it would be much better for them if I went. The secrecy under which I came here, and which for their sake I have thought desirable to preserve as long as I could, seems to me to give rise to suspicion and coolness towards us all in various quarters. As far as I am concerned of course I cannot resent this; I can only feel that where it does not exist it would, if the truth about me were known. One person in Emery knows it; she has no kindly feelings towards me, and gives me the impression that she is biding her time to tell all she knows, if ever I give her occasion. I know what occasion she expects me to give her, but she need not fear.

My sister is very eager about a cottage hospital, which we thought of together during our first exploration of the property; and some of the good people here—who have very warm hearts and ready hands when once they become alive to the needs before them—are anxious to forward the matter. There is opposition in some quarters, and on the other hand I do not like to take so prominent a part in the matter as some people wish me to do, so I am in danger of giving offence both to lovers and haters. I should be glad if it could be done without my coming prominently on the scene at all; but they ask my advice, and in several instances I was obliged to point out practical considerations which modified their scheme, so that I am consulted more than I wish to be. In fact, the recognised medical men of the place—a father and son named Blackstone—stand markedly aloof from the whole thing, so that really no one except myself among the promoters of the movement has the medical knowledge necessary for the details of the scheme.

What may come of all this I cannot see. Sometimes the sense of living on the edge of a volcano is so strong, that I long to proclaim myself William Burton King, put all my history before them, and let them all make what they can out of it and me; but of course I cannot do what would be so painful to my sisters unless something necessitated it. Meantime, I have to get on as best I can. Think of me sometimes and write me a line, when you have time, if you see any fresh light which may guide my actions in these very hazy regions.

Believe me, dear Mr. Cradock,
Yours most sincerely,
W. B. KING.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN OF THE RENAISSANCE.

A SKETCH AT PRAGUE, 1495–8.

CHAPTER VII.

AN INTELLECTUAL WOMAN.

'The human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with much impartiality.'—ROMOLA.

'What care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow,
Regardless that their power to bless,
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.
Far lingering on a distant dawn,
My triumph shines, more sweet than late,
When, from those mortal mists withdrawn,
Thy heart shall know me—I can wait!'

—ROSE TERRY.

A FEW weeks later, (August 1497,) Otto went to the shop as Flessinger came out of it hurriedly, and, after greeting old Starkza, he approached Ida, and asked to see the new books from Florence.

When she turned towards him, she looked paler than usual, and her eyes were as if overflowing with repressed tears; but he dared not speak of them to her, nor give the comfort he would have wished to the woman he secretly loved. So he asked, trying to appear unconcerned, 'What had come from Italy?'

'Not much this time. Italian chiefly. Boccaccio, Ariosto, and some of the writings of Lorenzo de Medici.'

'I cannot read Italian.'

'That is a pity,' said Ida, stiffly; 'since Italy is the place of the rising sun of literature, where learning is encouraged, and poets and doctors alike obtain the highest praise.'

'And indulge in the lowest personalities.'

'Possibly: I speak of the grandeur of Italian literature, and recall the names of Scala, Colmico, Salutato, Aretino, Laudius, Ficino, Politano, Pontano, Pico, Barbaro, and scores of others. I love Italy, it is my own country. I was born there, and there my mother died. I wonder why those great men pretend to be ashamed to write in Italian; there is no language more beautiful to me.' She spoke with enthusiasm, half real, half assumed, to hide other vexation.

'Are those books for a woman, Ida?'

'I don't know. I am not like others.'

'It is strange that the only two women I know well, you and my sister Hildegarde, now Gräfin von Mariënstadt, should both be so

learned. Others are not. You know more than I do, I think. Flessinger told me that in some things you were his superior.'

'I am not; yet remember I am not the only woman who has measured herself with men in this age of learning. Go to Italy; you will find women there who have taken their degrees. I think some even lecture at Bologna. My father saw Alessandra Scala; he was not an old bookseller then, he, too, was a scholar in his young days. She was the beautiful daughter of a worthy father, and he never, he says, knew whether to admire most the grace of form and feature or the culture of her mind. She married a favourite of the Medici, Marcellus, who writes some fairly clever Latin verses.'

'He is rather a pagan, I think.'

'She might have done better to marry Politano, who has written poetry to her, but quarrelled with her father. Then, there was a perhaps more learned lady at Venice, Cassandra Fidelis, whom he compared, not to any woman, but with the most learned scholars of the day. I can tell you of others,' said Ida, who was talking as she seldom did, because she was too nervously agitated to talk calmly about nothing.

'Spare me the catalogue. I acknowledge my inferiority; but I recall to mind that Kudos was reading to me a passage in Lorenzo di Medici's latest work; he wrote it down for me, and it is appropriate perhaps now.'

Otto did not like Ida to assume any airs of superiority, and chance had placed in his hands a means of revenge. 'Look for it in the original Italian; but this is the translation. I meant it for you at the time. The Duke speaks of these learned women; but I do *not* think he can be said to describe you. "*Though her remarks were keen and pointed, yet were they so tempered as not to give offence.* Her understanding was superior to her sex; but *without the appearance of arrogance* or presumption, an error too common among women, who when they think themselves sensible, become for the most part insupportable."'

Ida took the bit of paper in a rage from him and tore it up. Leaving him astonished at the effect of his words, she rushed upstairs, and finding no one there, indulged herself in a fit of passion akin to those of her childhood. It was not Otto's attempt at affecting the superior man who looked down on the cleverest woman, which had disturbed her; at another time she might have laughed at the way in which, as she would have suspected, a remark of Kudos' was used by the youth, who had been angry enough with his friend when he showed him the words. She was quite aware of Otto's love, but looked on it as something which kept him from harm and did not hurt her, and his pique at the treatment she bestowed on him interested her at times; but she was overwrought and excited. And so Otto was repentant and astonished at having provoked her into showing anger, as he thought, whilst she was scarcely conscious of

his existence when once she had given way to her passion and wrath.

'Ah!' she reflected, as the wild passionful fury which leaves no place for thought began to subside, 'if I were Kätchen! She is happily married, has love which she does not think of, occupied only with her own pretty face and finery.

'And Jerome came to me—to me, of all others!

'"Ida, you cannot guess (yes, you can,) how I loved her? She was so innocent; she knows nothing of our struggles. I try to think of everything but her; I only think of her. Ida, help me! She must never know it." I wish that I were dead—except for my father's sake. Oh! Jerome, do you indeed love Kätchen as I love you?'

Such were her thoughts. But when Otto came in later, shamefacedly, to apologise as best he might, she laughed at his shyness, and said, 'Are we not to be friends, Freiherr Otto?'

'If you forgive me for my discourtesy?'

'Let us say no more of it. I was in the wrong, Freiherr; but I was worried, and soon after you had gone, I offended a much more important personage than you.'

'Who? Kudos?'

'Magister Kudos! nay, nor even the Doctor Germanicus. In came the Rector (I hate the man in every way, he is a fool and a bigot). He asked for the last works of "Politian" and something else, I forget what. You know my father's way.'

'I daresay he never looked up."

'Exactly, he said, "Call again, my good friend, I haven't yet read them myself."'

'And what did the Rector say?'

'"You are not fit to keep a shop." "Very likely not," says my father. "I tell you, were the Rector himself to come, those works don't stir till I have done with them." "I am the Rector, and I insist upon having them." I then came forward and said, "I am aware, illustrissimus, we are too learned for you, but may it please you to remember that my father has the custom of your grace, and the learned men in Prague, because he was a scholar once, and, thanks to his Italian friends, we have all that is best from there as quickly as possible?" Then (and you will acknowledge that whatever a woman cannot do as well as men, she can say irritating words in a much more polite way) I angered him for a long time, and at length promised him one set of books if he would forgive my father; for you know it is easy for a man like that to make up a story against people like us; accuse my father of being a wizard, perhaps! He gave in, for he wanted his books, but he will not like me the better for the bad time he had.'

'You seem to have a personal spite against him.'

'I have. But I have news for you. Can I trust you? You must

never appear to have known it when you hear it afterwards. Promise me this.'

Otto promised.

'I have heard of news from the Austrian Duchy. Maximilian, the Emperor, has done more in the four years of his reign than his father did in forty, and now he wishes to conciliate Bohemia.'

'Well?'

'He sends a special envoy, secretly, for fear of arousing suspicion as to his mission; he has chosen an Imperial subject, who is also a Bohemian noble. Your brother is coming.'

'My brother?'

'Your sister's husband, I mean. I am afraid it means encouragement to the King to submit to Rome, and more persecution for us.'

'Are you sure of this?'

'Certain! but ask me nothing and say nothing. The special object is uncertain. All I know is Austrian meddling never brought good to Prague.'

'Perhaps it is only to congratulate the King on his escape from the assassin.'

'Perhaps,' said Ida, with a strange look on her face. 'The man who attempted to kill him was broken on the wheel to-day.'

'Yes,' shuddered Otto. 'Nothing would make him betray his associates, however, if he had any. Well, now you have forgiven me, I must go, Ida. You say you are troubled. Can I do nothing for you?'

'Nothing,' she replied, with a sigh. 'Nothing is to be done.'

As Otto went back, he saw a crowd in the streets, students and burghers, among whom was Baiern.

'What is it?' he asked.

'A special messenger from Vienna has been robbed of his mails. Those malcontents are always doing something. They think that nothing good can come from Vienna.'

'Who?'

'Taborites, Orphans, Free Brethren, what you like—like Flessinger and his cousin,' added Baiern in a slightly lowered tone. 'You ought to know Ida if anyone does.'

'Mind your own affairs,' said Otto hotly.

Baiern lifted his eyebrows and looked more impudent than before. Otto flew at him in an instant, but very quickly, fortunately for Otto, they were separated, for the Doctor Germanicus was near. He was known to punish street brawls among students very severely, and some curiosity was felt by those who knew the combatants as to what he would say.

Otto had to sit that day among the determiners at the lowest end of the room, Baiern receiving, in addition, a long lecture, but Germanicus said nothing to Otto, while watching keenly how he would take this public, if comparatively slight, degradation.

Baiern congratulated himself that the sentences were so light.

He was of mean birth, and mean abilities. He had gone far enough in philosophy to ignore religion, and was also a type of another side of the Renaissance, casting off old restraints, and not remembering 'that the right to rebellion is the right to seek a higher rule.' He was inwardly delighted that he had found a vulnerable spot in Otto.

Meanwhile Otto was so occupied with putting together Ida's news and the public news that he scarcely felt his disgrace, but Kudos, who saw the workings of that sensitive face, was led to believe that he was brooding over that. And afterwards Otto did not undeceive him; it was the only occasion when there was not perfect truth between the friends. It was true that at any other time, having to take his seat for the day with the lower students would have affected him as Kudos thought that it did. As it was, he only thought over and over again: 'Ida knew what news the messenger brought; then she must have been in the confidence of the robbers! I see it all now. And yet!—what am I to think?'

CHAPTER VIII.

FASHIONABLE LEARNING.

'That goodly folio, standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder;
Would not bear away the palm from mine
If we should compare them, line by line.'
—LONGFELLOW.

'You are very smart to-day; why, may I ask?' said Ida to Otto a few weeks later.

'I am going to the Citadel,' replied Otto, who wore with secret pride a suit of ruby velvet.

'So am I. I take my finished illumination to the King, by command.'

'Will you let me take you to my sister's first? She will think it so beautiful.'

'It is pretty enough, too good for the King; but when one wants money! I wish it had been Corvinus; he is a fair enough artist—for a King. Two years of my life have gone while this was being done.'

'It will last for hundreds of years, and make you famous, Ida!'

'And what good will that do me?—Yes; I will let you take me to see the Lady Hildegarde. My father, you know, had a bad fall yesterday; so I go alone for the first time. Of course George my man goes with me, as he always does, to carry my books and protect me. Mistress Katherina offered to escort me, but I really could not let her come.'

'Are you not too independent?'

'Not so much as you think. I hate being watched; so George in his good-natured stupidity is a treasure to me. If it were not for him,

I could not manage my father's business as I do. But go on to the Citadel, I will meet you.'

'Will you not let me walk with you?'

'You are too grand for me to-day. I will walk with an inky student, but not with a fine young noble.'

'But, Ida, if I go to court I have to wear this dress; I obtained leave to do so from Germanicus.'

'I was only laughing at you, silly boy,' said Ida, with an elder sisterly air which provoked Otto excessively. 'Come, then.'

'Ida, will you answer a question?' he said, as they passed along the streets, always full of people at St. Thomas-tide.

'Perhaps.'

'How did you know that my brother and sister were coming?' He felt that she was annoyed, but her thick veil and hood sheltered her from his sight.

'At the time I told you not to ask me anything about it; I repeat that command.'

Really, the way this woman said this, as if she were a queen! Otto asked no more, and they only spoke to make some remark upon the crowded state of the streets, till they reached the palace gate.

Here Otto thought that Ida would at least yield place to him and be grateful for his protection. She, however, stepped forward to the captain of the guard, and said, 'You know that ring. Pass in my man for me, and let him wait till he is sent for.'

So, even here, on his own ground, she could take care of herself.

As they reached the suite of rooms appropriated to the Austrian Envoy, Otto was surprised to see Jerome coming away. He stopped the strange scholar, and said, 'What are you doing here, sir? Strangers do not obtain entrance to the palace.'

'You will find my credentials signed by the Major Domo and the Austrian Envoy, my lord,' said Flessinger, not recognising Otto for the moment.

'Don't be so ready to defend yourself, Jerome,' said Ida laughing. 'Go your way; but, stay—' She said something to him in a low voice, at which he started visibly.

Meanwhile Otto had sent a message to his sister, whom they found richly dressed, her hair surmounted with plumes, ready for the Court Ceremony that afternoon. Ida, in her severe robes, was a contrast to her, but scarcely a foil, as she ceremoniously kissed the hand of the young Countess. Hildegarde had heard of Ida, and till then had been doubtful enough about this strange, stately woman. But her little boy came into the room, and tried to touch his mother's dress, and being forbidden to do so, began to whimper. Ida, glad to break the stiffness and attracted by the boy's beauty, took him in her arms, and with the quick instinct of childhood he let her caress him, rewarding her by pulling off her hood that he might stroke her hair. Hildegarde scolded him, but was not sorry that she had an

opportunity of looking at the noble countenance, softened in the love of a child by a gentle smile. The two women might have passed for types of night and morning: each so beautiful, the dark and the fair; and the one who had lived for the most part in joy, with her who scarcely knew of aught but sorrow.

Otto thought this perhaps. The visit was a failure at first. Ida would not talk, even about her illuminations, and Hildegarde had her own reasons for not displaying all her wonted graciousness. At length Otto observed. 'I saw Jerome Flessinger here; I must ask Carlo about him.'

'Ask me, rather,' said Hildegarde. 'Master Flessinger is my tutor.'

'Yours?'

'Mine; why not? In Vienna, I know many fashionable ladies who keep tutors, as they do hairdressers, and treat them nearly as badly; at best they make them scribble verses in Greek and Latin, which my friends then show as their own.'

'And why?'

'Because it is the fashion, that is all. But, as you know, I am fond of learning, and I assure you that *I* work very hard.'

'But why do you have Flessinger?'

'I really don't know; Carlo asked someone he knew to recommend anyone, who was poor and a good scholar—I believe he said unattractive-looking too, and that the good man is, of a certainty. That is——'

'Ah! Hilda,' said Otto, looking at Ida, who had flushed slightly, 'I ought to have told you he was her cousin.'

'Mistress Ida will forgive me, for we cannot all have good looks. He is very clever; but is he not severe?' said Hilda, smiling.

Ida laughed too. 'I know that well, for when we were quite children he began to teach me, and has done so till two years ago.'

'I am quite afraid of him; so is my friend, Lady Alicia Condotti, an English lady, who married the Italian Ambassador, and who learns with me. Must you go? Shall I send any one with you? It was so kind of you to let me see that lovely book. I wish I was to have it instead of the King; or that, at least, it was for our dear Kaiser Max.'

'If you will let one of your servants carry it to the rooms of the Lady Lucrezia Cyanza? She was a cousin of my mother, and I am under her care whilst in the Palace.'

Ida took her leave, scrupulously observing all etiquette in ceremoniously kissing the hand of the Countess and courtesying very low; then, for the first time it flashed across Otto that he had done his best to put Ida in a wrong position with regard to Hildegarde, who now sent away her attendants to a distance. She began at once. 'It is a lovely face, and a good face too; what a pity she is not noble by birth.'

'She does not care for me, if you mean that, sister.'

'No, for unless a woman's instinct deceives me, she cares for some one else.'

'Who?'

'Flessinger.'

'How do you know?'

'I watched her after my first mistake. Are they first-cousins?'

'No.'

'What hinders their marriage?'

'Ida will not leave her father, she told me.' ('He has asked her to be his wife,' rightly guessed Countess Hildegarde.) 'As for Flessinger, he is mad, I think. She can't care for him.'

'I think that she does. He is not mad, only a man without any general knowledge at all, and extremely fanatical and excitable. I am interested in him now, or I would have tried to find another tutor. As it is, he will do well enough for the time we are here. . . . As you are a Calixtine you will not be pleased to know that our mission is going on well. I do not know how long we shall stay however. This court is very barbarous after that at Vienna.'

The sojourn of the Count of Marienstadt was prolonged for some time. Otto now entered into a different kind of society from that in which he had spent most of his life; but, except for his sister, he would have been bitterly disappointed in it. At Prague the nobility and courtiers were rough, rude and uncivilised. Hildegarde shrank away from the ladies, and was little seen, except with her two friends. Gracious and sweet as she might be with those of her own kind, at Prague she acquired a not uncomplimentary reputation of pride. One day Hildegarde asked after 'that friend with the Greek name?' 'Kudos? He is now out of my reach, a Socius, a B.D., favourite secretary to Germanicus, who has adopted him, and the most sought-after lecturer in the nation—I mean the college nation. I listen to him with the greatest awe now. But I feel he is really living in a different air from mine.'

'He is a different man, you mean. You are so versatile, as Ida Starkza says—yes, she has been often here lately——'

'But then, I do not want to make study a profession. How lucky I was that I fell into his hands and those of Germanicus! You don't know the misery and suffering inflicted on some of the students here. We do need reform in all schools though.'

'And in much besides,' said Lady Alicia Condotti, who was sitting with her friend.

'There is one thing I should like to put a stop to,' said Otto energetically. 'If a man starts an idea his enemy does not only expose his fallacies, but blackens the names of his mother and wife, if he have them, says his father died a dishonoured criminal, and that the author only escaped the galley or the gallows by accident. No matter if it is not true, so that it be forcible; just say

as a climax, '*Falsa omnia est*,' as Politano does at the end of his fights with Scala. It is a cruel shame to drag philosophy through the mire like that.

'I was reading to-day, with Flessinger, a very beautiful theory of Plato, that all the misery we find is from an unfulfilled ideal—broken links in a golden chain.'

'Is philosophy true after all?' said Lady Alicia. We must remember that philosophy was the question of the day among the educated, and women of fashion pretended to a knowledge of it.

'Aristotle was asked that once, as you may remember, sister,' replied Otto. 'He answered, "It has at least this use—it makes me do without compulsion what others do from fear of the law."'

'I am not learned, like my friend, your sister, sir,' said the Lady Alicia; 'but, tell me, was not Aristotle a heathen?'

'Yes, certainly!' said Hildegarde.

'Then ought not our religion to do so much without philosophy?'

Otto and Hildegarde were both silent.

CHAPTER IX.

RELIGIOUS DIVISIONS.

'He prays "come over;" I may not follow—
I cry, "Return," but he cannot come.
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow,
Our hands are hanging, our souls are numb—
Farther, farther, I see, I know it;
My eyes brim over; it melts away.
Only my heart to my heart shall show it
As I walk desolate day by day.'
—*Divided.*

On Septuagesima Sunday, 1498, Otto walked back from the cathedral with Flessinger. Both exclaimed earnestly against the frivolous mummery they had witnessed.

'When they wept over "*the dead Hallelujah*," and carried about that coffin,' began Otto.

'It is shocking. A day of judgment shall come, and the armies of the aliens shall enter the guilty city of Rome. It shall not tarry,' said Flessinger, with excitement.

'Kudos has taken orders, preparatory to his degree, you know? I have been reading with him a little. Even the Glossa shows reform is needed. Oh, for a General Council!'

'A General Council is useless; it will make our bonds more rigid. Each General Council in apostolic ages defined the faith more clearly; each Council now obscures it. At Toulouse they forbade the laity to read the Scriptures; at Constance they sought to withhold the Cup. Freiherr, listen! You are young, noble, rich. Come and join us!'

'What are your tenets?'

'There are different sects; but we all unite in earnest prayer and purity of life, so far as we poor worms may attain it here.'

'But I thought yours was a political society?'

'It is true, as regards myself. I use this world's weapons; but some of ours—most of ours—would blame me. Why, I see not; for it is worth trying to get a king who will allow us to worship after our manner.'

They had now reached the bookseller's, and Otto, fearful lest they should be overheard, took the excitable man to his own room. Jerome flung himself down on the floor, kneeling before Otto, and crying—

'Freiherr, come to help us! Your life is pure and true. Your mind is turned to holy things.'

'Rise, Jerome. I cannot allow this. No, I am a Calixtine. I cannot join you; but I wish you well.'

'You are like Gerard Desiderius, whom they call Erasmus. He was a far-off relation of a cousin of mine. He is now about thirty, I should think. He was persecuted by cruel guardians; he knows the horrors and vices of the monastic system, and yet he will not do more than ridicule it. But the time is past for lukewarmness. I, at least, shall leave the Church at once.'

'Do not be rash, I pray you.'

'Is it not just as right for me to protest against such errors, as for the whole nation to rise against the Pope! You, a Calixtine, can say nothing.'

'We do not throw aside essentials, doctrine and ecclesiastical discipline.'

'The first we have, the second matters not, to our thinking. But some of our teachers were ordained by the Calixtine Bishops, others by the Vaudois, others only by the prayers of the congregation, after they had been chosen by lot.'

'I cannot join you, Jerome,' said Otto.

'I would not leave you in darkness,' repeated Jerome, with real anxiety. 'Oh, seek the light!'

Otto was touched by his earnestness. 'Perhaps it is a different way I take to reach the same end. We are on the shady side of a mountain; we long to reach the sunshine; some go to the right, some to the left, some straight to the summit; as we wind about on the hill-side we sometimes approach, sometimes deviate from each other; I think the beaten track is the best.'

'To go on with your Platonic metaphor, suppose that the beaten track had been trodden by many, each going a little out of the way, and nearer the edge of the precipice?'

'True: yet I like to do in this as others have done before me, and the best lives I know have been spent in the shadow of the church. You must go. I am myself busy.'

'You spend much time at the Palace?'

'Not as much as I wish. The fourth examination for my A.M. comes off in a month. I hope to pass all by Easter and then go home with my sister before travelling in Italy.'

'You have gone through all quickly.'

'Thanks to my old teachers. I am glad that so many towns send to ask for the Clerks to come and teach.'

'It is as well. Anything which brings light, though I care not for learning now! I used to. I tell you, Freiherr, there is a storm coming which will shake the world.'

Jerome went to speak to Ida. Had her influence then failed—or had it not been exerted? He was honestly disappointed in Otto; vexed, too, that the support which the young student noble could have given should be lost to their cause. At one time, Ida, he was sure, could have got Otto to promise anything. Why had she thrown away her chance?

Ida was there. Her father was dozing over an old MS. She looked worn and sad, and started when she saw Jerome.

'I have news for you,' he said.

'And I for you; mine you will not like.'

'Mine is soon told. I will never hear the Mass again. I have joined the Brethren.'

'Mine is the contrary, Jerome,' said Ida, slowly.

'What?' he said, catching hold of her shoulder violently.

'Yes; I have left the Society. I swore solemnly not to reveal any plot or project of theirs, and told them that they were safer letting me go than if they kept me still attached. Thanks to our friend George Karsky they released me. I go back to the Church.'

'You do not mean this, Ida?'

'I do. You who know the strength of conscience cannot blame me if I follow what it appears to tell me. I mean to submit to authority now. Here is a book which has helped me. Take it, Jerome.'

'"De Imitatione Christi?" I know it. He speaks of conventual obedience.'

'What I read applies to all. Jerome, I cannot speak now, I am too troubled, and I have been ill. We must part I see.'

'But, Ida, I will leave the political society! I must do so, if I can, though it may cost my life.'

'Jerome,' she said, with a sob in her voice.

He was touched by the pathos of the tone, and came nearer.

'Ida,' he said, 'you are right; we must be dead to each other now. Only so is there safety for us, in this life or in the next. Tell me one thing, has that boy-noble nothing to do with your choice?'

'Nothing at all, Jerome,' she answered firmly; 'earthly motives do not weigh with me, they go the other way. Go, Jerome! I cannot

bear this. God bless you! May we meet in heaven, if we cannot more on earth!'

Pallid face and trembling limbs bore witness to the intensity of her emotion, and without another word, Jerome left her. Ida watched him go from the window, little thinking how and when she should see him again.

Eastertide came with brightness and festal garb to the dwellers in Prague. All seemed peaceful and quiet, and there were no burgher and student struggles. Otto came to tell Ida on the Monday after Low Sunday, when the Easter ceremonies were repeated in the churches, that he had passed his examination and got his degree. He was in high spirits, and in his delight did not notice that Ida was sitting still as death by her favourite window, dark lines of suffering and sleeplessness under her eyes. He quickly perceived it, and stopped in a moment his eager rush of sentences, as he listened for her words. She was as if struggling for breath, but at last she answered his enquiries.

'Jerome is arrested. He publicly refused to communicate at Easter. They found on him a Bohemian Testament and Book of Prayers. He was arrested on Saturday, will be tried to-morrow. If tried—condemned.'

'I will get my brother—ah, he is away! I can't go to disturb Hildegarde. She is better, but still suffers from the effects of that fever. She is to be kept quiet. What can I do?'

'Nothing for Jerome,' said Ida, quietly, with all her old self-possession. 'Much more for me. Promise me first that you will listen to all I say and betray nothing.'

'I promise,' said Otto.

'Listen! I can save Jerome,—but by taking his place.'

'Ida!'

'You promised me; I have no one else to trust. I knew this on Saturday. On Sunday I made my last confession and communion, and arranged my affairs. There is a young step-brother of Kätchen's husband, I have had him here lately, as I found the business was too much for me. Perhaps I had a presentiment of my coming death?'

'You shall not talk like this, Ida!'

'You will pain and distress me if I may not speak to you. As I said, this youth knows all my father wants. You must give this letter and read it to Mistress Katherina. Kätchen's child is only a fortnight old, and she is with her, so let nothing be known of it yet. Then see, here is a message for yourself. Here is my Plato. I have marked the passage: "I go to death and you to life—which is better I know not." And I should like you to take my betrothal ring. Keep it and give it to the woman you choose for your own; tell her of the burgher maiden, who was both beneath you and above you, who refused to be your wife, because she loved Jerome. I tell you all. I am, as it were, already dead. I have been self-willed, and done

much harm that none will know; but lately, I have had attacks of illness, which warned me to look to the end; so death is not a strange and not a bitter thought to me. If, in the after years, Jerome comes to you and asks you what I did, tell him I died for him. I shall kiss my father now, he will not know why yet; afterwards say it was Ida's farewell.'

Long before Ida had finished Otto had ceased to remonstrate. He only listened as if turned to stone. All was as it used to be. The old man, breathing deeply, was not disturbed by his daughter's clear low tones, so calm, so strong now. The shop was divided into two parts, and they were in the back room. None could see them. They could see all. The scene was for ever impressed on Otto's memory, as he listened to the impassioned, but carefully modulated words, which told of a love stronger than death. Was this Ida? She spoke very little more to Otto. Her thoughts seemed to be like those of one who has done with earth.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXIII.

1641-1642.

PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Irish rebellion as well as the meeting of Parliament brought the King home from the North. A loyal Lord Mayor, Sir Robert Gurney, had freshly come into office, and when Charles returned to London on the 25th of November, 1641, the whole civic procession went out to receive him in state. The Prince of Wales rode by his side, and the Queen and little children in a state carriage; all seemed well, and Charles was feasted at a grand banquet at the Guildhall. His hopes were strong that the tide was beginning to turn in his favour, and indeed the moderate men felt satisfied with the redress of grievances, and unwilling to press the Crown further. The more violent, however, not only had further ends to gain, but were by no means satisfied that the King might not, if left at leisure, prosecute them for their former factious proceedings, and were resolved to push matters further.

They therefore drew up what was called 'The Great Remonstrance' on the state of the nation. It began by setting forth that there had been a coalition of wicked nobles, Papists and Arminian Bishops to subvert the liberties of the nation, and enumerated all the former grievances together with their own exertions to remedy them, including the execution of Strafford and prosecution of the Archbishop, and finally declaring that all their best efforts were frustrated by a combination of the malignant favourites at court with the popish lords, and ill-affected Bishops in the House of Lords.

This was brought forward on the 22nd of November. The House had been sitting since 8 A.M., and at noon had broken up for dinner. On meeting again the Remonstrance was called for. Lord Falkland and others would have put it off to another day. Oliver Cromwell demanded why, and Falkland said it was too late in the day, as there would certainly be a debate. 'A very sorry one,' said Cromwell, who thought it would have been carried easily, but there was a strong opposition, and the debate lasted not only all day, but till two o'clock at night, so that the less robust of the members were worn out, and were gone home before the division took place, and then it was carried by a majority of only nine. Cromwell had declared that if the Remonstrance had been defeated, he should have sold his property and

taken his family to America. No doubt half of the Remonstrance was dictated by hatred to the Church, the other half by desire to obtain some safeguard that in case of a reaction the King should not resume what he held to have been illegally forced from him, and treat the past resistance as treason.

Sir Ralph Hopetown brought the Remonstrance to Charles on the 1st of December. He read it over and demurred at the supposed malignant faction. Then he came to a proposal to grant the lands of the Irish rebels to those who should put them down. 'Catch the bear before selling his skin,' he said. He asked several questions, but Hopetown said he had no liberty to answer him. He then asked if this petition was to be published, and Sir Ralph again refused to answer, though the Commons had a copy ready for instant publication.

His answer was drawn up by Hyde, pointing out that the grievances had been redressed, declaring that he meant to maintain all the just rights of his subjects, and among them the seats of the Bishops in Parliament, and he maintained that he had the free choice of his ministers.

The printing of the Remonstrance had been at first rejected. It was now passed, and it had a powerful effect on the country, who took all for granted, and had not seen the declaration that the King was preparing.

Charles now thought it well that the Lieutenant of the Tower should be a person less inclined to the Parliament than Sir William Balfour. No one had ever thought of interfering with this appointment, which came direct from the Crown, but the Commons thought proper to demand the cause of Balfour's dismissal, and petition the King on his behalf. This Charles disregarded, but his choice of a successor was unfortunate, for owing to an unexplained recommendation of Lord Digby's, it fell on Sir Thomas Lunsford, a man whose attachment to the Crown might be trusted, but who was dissolute, violent, and irreligious, and naturally distrusted and dreaded by the Londoners. The merchants who sent their gold to the Tower to be coined, thought he might lay violent hands on it, and a request was sent to the Constable, Lord Newport, that he would always sleep there. The Commons petitioned the King to remove Lunsford and he did so, substituting Sir John Byron.

The Lords, however, had declined to join in the petition, thinking that the Tower was undeniably the King's own. This strengthened the growing dislike to the influence of the Bishops in the Upper House. Moreover, the Commons had passed a bill authorising the raising of 10,000 men to serve under the Earl of Leicester in Ireland, but the Lords were slow to pass it, and it was felt to be a critical matter, since by it the Parliament would be acknowledged to have the power of levying troops, and this the King could not allow to pass out of his own hands. He sent down a message promising to confirm

the bill on condition that a proviso were added securing the claims and privileges of the Crown. This raised a fresh storm, for it was held to be unauthorised interference with a measure before it was sent up to the King. He could plead that the Plantagenets had done the like, but little did anyone reck of Plantagenet habits, except when it was convenient to suppose that there had then been a golden age of parliaments, which was about to be restored. The Lords were as much affronted as the Commons, and the measure halted on its way.

All this time there were tremendous uproars in the streets of London. On the disbanding of the army of the North, the guard round the Houses of Parliament had likewise been broken up by the King, but the members either were, or supposed themselves to be, in danger from plots of Popish recusants, Irish rebels, and malignants, as they called the Queen's friends, who certainly were not always reputable, and were given to intrigues like those of Paris.

A disorderly rabble, chiefly consisting of apprentice boys, took upon themselves the guardianship of the Commons, and fulfilled it by howling at and assaulting every person of whom they disapproved, and the Bishops were especially obnoxious in their eyes, both on account of the notions of prelacy so diligently disseminated, and because their votes in the House of Lords were on the royal side. On his way from Scotland, Charles had translated Williams to York, and Usher to Carlisle, and filled up four more sees, which was said to be for the sake of votes. A bill for the expulsion of Bishops from Parliament had passed the Commons, and was actually before the Lords. In the words of Butler's Hudibras—

> The oyster women locked their fish up,
> And trudged away to cry 'No Bishop.'
> Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
> And fell to turn and patch the Church.
> Some cried 'The Covenant' instead
> Of pudding-pies or ginger-bread;
> Instead of kitchen stuff, some cry
> 'A Gospel preaching ministry,'
> And some, for old suits, coats or cloak,
> No surplices or service book.

On one Monday morning, as Archbishop Williams was on his way to Westminster with the Earl of Dover, he was surrounded and hemmed in by this scurrilous mob, shouting 'No Bishop.' He was provoked to lay hold of one of the foremost and worst, whereupon the whole host, many of them with swords as well as clubs, rescued their comrade, and hemmed in the Bishop with furious cries.

David Hide, a soldier recently appointed to some command in Ireland, came to the Archbishop's help, sword in hand, and shouting that he would cut the throat of these Roundhead dogs who cried out against Bishops. The Archbishop escaped unhurt, but Hide was overpowered, disarmed, and dragged before the Commons, who

cashiered him for the offence of drawing his sword against a foul-mouthed rabble in defence of an old man!

The honour of the invention of the term Roundhead lies between Hide and the Queen. It is said that the Court adopted it because, looking out of the window at one of these mobs, she exclaimed 'Oh! what a handsome young Roundhead.' At any rate it became the nickname of the party from the cropped heads of their rank and file, the prentices, since the gentlemen dressed like others of their degree. On that same Monday, Colonel Lunsford and thirty or forty of his comrades, by way of counter demonstration, swaggered through the streets, whereupon hundreds of Londoners rushed out armed with clubs and swords, and surrounded Westminster with loud cries. The Lords sent out and bade them depart in the King's name, but they answered that they could not, because Lunsford and his crew were lying in wait. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs appeased this tumult with difficulty, and the King, who was at Whitehall, called out the train bands to defend the palace.

Williams, who was Dean of Westminster, the next day tried to examine some of the apprentices, but this brought an assault on the Abbey, the mob shouting that they would destroy the organ and the tombs of the kings. The Regalia were also kept there, and Williams had to summon all the servants of the Abbey together. They closed the doors, mounted the leads, and defended themselves with stones, whereby a gentleman called Sir Richard Wiseman was killed, as he certainly deserved for his sacrilegious attempt.

On the 27th of December, the rabble surrounded the House of Lords, and many of them penetrated into the outer hall, roaring that they would tear the Bishops to pieces. The King sent a proclamation to them to disperse, but it only made them more violent, and when darkness came on, the Marquess of Hertford came to the Bishops, and told them they were in great danger, for the mob were vowing to search every coach for them with torches, so that they could not escape. A message was sent to the Commons to interfere, but as their emissaries had stirred up this most disgraceful tumult, of course they would not meddle. At last the Earl of Manchester, who belonged to the popular party, undertook to see the Archbishop of York safely to his house, and the others succeeded in making their way home in the dark by various bye-ways.

The next day Williams assembled all his episcopal brethren whom he could bring together in his deanery, and there drew up a protest that, as they were an integral part of the constitution, and were debarred by violence from attending Parliament, every measure passed during their enforced absence would be invalid. Eleven prelates, besides the Archbishop himself, signed this, and it was perfectly legal.

It was, however, like everything else, mismanaged. It ought to have been presented to the King in the House of Lords, but Williams took it privately to Charles to ask his opinion on it, and he, being

afraid of the bill for the exclusion of the Bishops being passed before it was made, sent it off at once to the House by Lord Keeper Littleton, who read it, doing all in his power to inflame his hearers against the presumption of the lords spiritual.

Information was sent to the Commons, who were secretly delighted, but pretended to be in a fury, and actually, in half-an-hour's time, impeached all the twelve of high treason. Great was the dismay of the poor Bishops, who had trusted Williams as a good lawyer, and had not supposed the document to have gone out of his hands, to find themselves all summoned as traitors, and forced to appear on their knees at the bar of the House. At eight o'clock on a cold frosty night, the 30th of December, they were all sent off to the Tower, except Durham and Lichfield, who being old and infirm, were committed to the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod, the foolish populace, meanwhile, rejoicing with bonfires and ringing of bells.

After all, there was so little cause for their apprehension, that the Commons failed in finding anything to indict them for. Even when their offence was reduced to a misdemeanor, the lawyers could find no ground for prosecution, but it was not till after six weeks that they were released, and then only on bail, and the Commons objecting, they were imprisoned again till May.

After all, though their protest brought all this present trouble on them, it assisted in invalidating the other arbitrary proceedings of the Long Parliament.

All these tumults made Charles grant a guard to the Parliament, but he intended to appoint it himself, and this was the last thing that they desired, so they only had halberds stored in the House, wherewith to defend themselves.

Charles further strengthened himself by taking as his Secretary of State the moderate but loyal Lord Falkland, and making Sir John Colepepper Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Edward Hyde thought he could be more useful to him out of office. The adherence of such men as these, and the general opinion that the needful reforms had been granted, made him believe that the time had come for stemming the current of revolution, and that the arrest of the foremost leaders would put an end to the encroachments of the Commons. The impeachment by the Crown of factious members had been frequent in all the preceding reigns; he was perfectly within the rights established by precedent, but the temper of the times was utterly changed. The six whom he had decided to be most disloyal were Lord Kimbolton, Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haselrigge, Hampden, Pym and Stroud, among the Commons. He had been much discomposed by hearing that there was an intention of impeaching the Queen, and by the advice of Lord Digby, he made up his mind to take the strongest measures. In the treaty with the Scots, it had been stipulated that he would bury in forgetfulness all acts of English members connected with the coming of the Scottish

army, that could be considered treasonable, so that he certainly should have confined his indictment to their actions since his return, but though these proved their temper, they were not held as sufficiently overt acts of sedition.

On the 3rd of January, 1642, the Attorney-General Herbert came to the House of Lords, and standing by the clerk's table, demanded the surrender of the six persons he named, reading the charges against them—1st, that they had endeavoured to subvert the laws of the realm, and deprive the King of power; 2ndly, that they had endeavoured to alienate the affections of the nation from the King by many foul aspersions; 3rdly, that they had endeavoured to draw his Majesty's late army into disobedience; 4thly, that they had invited a foreign power—i.e. the Scotch—to invade the kingdom; 5thly, that they had endeavoured to subvert the rights and nature of Parliament; 6thly, that they had raised tumults in order to practise intimidation; 7thly, that they had levied war against the King.

The 3rd and 4th of these ought to have been omitted, as covered by the act of oblivion in the Scottish treaty; but all were facts, and treasonable from the King's point of view, though patriotic from that of the country party.

Lord Kimbolton stood up in his place, and demanded a public hearing. No one ventured to move his arrest; but the peers appointed a committee to consider of the matter, really meaning to gain time, and see what the Commons were going to do.

The Serjeant-at-arms made the same accusation in the House of Commons, and it was answered through Lord Falkland that the matter should be taken into consideration; but it was plain in what spirit this would be done, for the seals that the Serjeant-at-arms put on the papers of the five members were broken by order of the House. On learning this, the King sent private orders to the persons on whom he could depend to be ready to attend him. They of course would wear their swords, a necessary part of the equipment of a gentleman. He had made up his mind to appear suddenly at the House, and personally demand the surrender of the five members. It was reported that the Queen urged him, saying, 'Go, cowards, and pull those traitors out by the ears!' This was, however, probably only party scandal.

What Henrietta Maria really did, she confessed long after to Madame de Motteville with great compunction. Her chief favourite and companion at the time was Lucy Percy, a daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. When her father had been in custody in the Tower, this lady had visited, not only him, but the wicked Frances Howard, first Countess of Essex, and then of Somerset, by whom she had been corrupted. She eloped with the worthless Hay, Earl of Carlisle, and was long in disgrace; but she was very beautiful, with dark eyes, and an ivory complexion, and by-and-by won favour in the light and lively suite of Henrietta.

When the King set forth from Whitehall on his way to Westminster, he said to the Queen, 'If one hour passes without hearing ill news from me, you will see me, when I return, master of my kingdom.'

Henrietta sat in her chamber with her watch in her hand, and as soon as the hour was over, she exclaimed, 'Rejoice with me, for at this hour the King is master of his kingdom! Pym and his fellows are arrested by this time.'

She little thought that Lady Carlisle was on lover-like terms with Pym, and acted as his spy. Hoping that the warning might not yet be too late, the Countess sent off a messenger, and the Queen always reproached her own impatience as the cause of the failure; but there is reason to think that the Commons already knew that something of the kind was intended. They had spent the forenoon in affirming their privileges, and stigmatising the accusation as a scandalous paper. They dined at twelve, and had met again, when Captain Langrish brought word that the King was coming with a guard of some two hundred gentlemen. He had been hindered on his way by people presenting petitions, and there had been time for Lady Carlisle's messenger to arrive; besides that, Langrish had seen the cavalcade in the streets.

To use the halberds or their own swords in resisting the Sovereign would have been an outrage for which the world was not prepared, so the rest of the House requested the five members to withdraw. Four did so readily, but Stroud declared that he would stay and confront the King, and his friend Sir Walter Earle pulled him out by force just as the King was entering New Palace Yard. Charles, with his nephew, Charles Louis the Elector Palatine in name, walked up a lane formed by his adherents, and entering the House, glanced round, then coming towards the Speaker, said, 'Mr. Speaker, I must borrow your chair for a little while.' The House had commanded Lenthall to sit still, with the mace before him, but he could not withstand this. He fell on his knees, the mace was removed, and Charles sat down while the whole assembly stood up bareheaded. He made a short speech to the effect that he was sorry for the cause of his coming, that no man could be more mindful of the privileges of his Commons than he, but these privileges did not avail in cases of high treason. He therefore demanded that the five members should be given up to him, and asked where they were.

Lenthall on his knees declared that he had no tongue to speak but as the House directed.

'Well,' said Charles, 'I see the birds are flown, but I do expect from you that you do send them me as soon as they do return hither, otherwise I must take my own course to find them.'

He withdrew, while shouts of 'Privilege, Privilege,' resounded in his ears, having mortally offended the Parliament. Reports were afloat of the swaggering of his gentlemen, how one, with a pistol in

his hand, said, 'Only show me the mark and I shall not miss my aim;' and another, 'Let them be brought out and hanged.' Whether true or not, these stories exasperated and terrified the people to the greatest extent. The five members were reported to be in a house in Coleman Street in the City, where Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford offered to go and bring them by force, but Charles rejected this offer, and decided on going himself with no guard at all the next day to the Guildhall to demand their surrender from the Lord Mayor. The populace surged and thronged his coach shouting 'Privilege of Parliament,' and one man even threw in at the window a pamphlet of his own composition entitled, 'To your tents, O Israel.'

He was received in the Common Council room, where he explained his purpose of arresting the persons guilty of treasonable practices, and said that he understood that they were 'shrouded' in the City, so that he requested the assistance of the municipality in having them brought to justice. He further disclaimed all attempts to establish Popery; but a man named Fowke, newly elected to the council, who had not yet taken his seat there, made his way in and uttered a violent speech, to which the King replied that all he desired was to give these gentlemen a fair trial, without which there could be no safety for anybody. No promises were made, but the King dined with Sheriff Garrett, a Presbyterian, and afterwards the Lord Mayor and Aldermen escorted him to Temple Bar through another scurrilous mob, which fell on them so furiously on their return that they were pulled off their horses, and had to go home on foot, and a woman robbed the Lord Mayor of his gold chain.

Parliament had adjourned for a week, but a committee made heavy complaints that stores had been taken from the Tower to strengthen the defences of Whitehall. It was no wonder these had been called for, since the mob daily raged and raved under the windows, with staves in their hands, bearing white papers inscribed 'Liberty.'

The Commons invited back the threatened members, and all the apprentices offered to escort them. What became of their business does not appear, but the offer was refused, though that of a thousand sailors to protect their passage by water was accepted. 'I wonder,' said the King, 'what has lost me the affection of those water-rats?' Such constant disturbances made it impossible to keep the Queen and her children any longer at Whitehall, and on the 10th of January, the day before the reassembling of Parliament, the King, Queen and their children went to Hampton Court, escorted by a couple of hundred armed gentlemen with Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford, never to re-enter London save in strangely altered circumstances.

The City was kept in constant alarm by all sorts of absurd reports of attacks by Papists and foreigners; and on the 11th of January, when the House sat again, the five members were escorted on the river by 2000 armed watermen in boats, by trained bands, with eight

pieces of cannon on each bank of the river, and 4000 horsemen from Hampden's county, Buckingham; while, as they passed Whitehall, now empty, revilings were launched against the King, and cries that he ought to be deposed in favour of the Prince.

At the same time so much jealousy was excited by the mere fact of Digby, Lunsford, and their two hundred, having assembled to guard the King, and afterwards gone to find quarters in Kingston where was a magazine of arms, that Parliament sent out orders to all the sheriffs to prevent unlawful assemblages of armed men! Lunsford was actually seized and committed to the Tower, and Digby escaped to Holland, bringing orders from the King to Admiral Pennington to take him thither. The Commons considered it not high treason to threaten the King, it was only high treason to protect him.

This party considered a King as merely the chief magistrate of the State, accountable thereto, but whereas this doctrine, though philosophical, was perfectly new, they could not reasonably expect either him or his supporters to acquiesce in it, and to believe that what would once have been loyalty had become treason. Moreover, the Commons passed a Bill declaring it illegal to arrest one of them for any cause whatever! They also sent a demand to the King to dismiss Sir John Byron from the government of the Tower; and till this should be done, they placed a guard round it, under the command of Colonel Skippon, a brave officer, trained under Gustavus Adolphus, but harsh, rude, and stern. They sent orders to Sir George Goring at Portsmouth, to allow no arms or ammunition to be taken from it, and despatched Sir John Hotham to Hull with the like orders.

Charles tried to pacify the Commons by offering a free pardon to the members, but they disdained it, and the answer was a call for the names of his advisers as traitors. When he refused to remove Sir John Byron, a fresh disturbance was raised in London, where the people were taught to think themselves in danger from the garrison. Crowds of every class came to Westminster with petitions—even women. Skippon tried to get them to retire, but they cried, 'Let us be heard, or for one woman that is here to-day, there will be five hundred to-morrow.'

The Commons desired Skippon to persuade them to retire, and they did so, but they came back again a few days later, and Mrs. Stagg, a brewer's wife, spoke for them, bringing a petition stating their grievances, and declaring that they like men had souls to be saved, and that they suffered as much from oppressions as men did. 'King Pym,' as he began to be called, was deputed to answer them, which he did by advising them to let their future petitions be prayers to the Almighty, and assuring them that the Commons were doing their best for their protection, upon which they retired in silence.

The two bills had passed the Commons for excluding the Bishops from Parliament, and for putting the power of calling out the

militia into their own hands. The Peers delayed to sanction these, but between the howls of the multitude and threats of the Commons they yielded, and passed them both.

Meantime, Charles and Henrietta were on their way to Dover. Their little Mary, long ago married to the heir of Orange, was twelve years old, and the Queen had determined to take her to her young husband, and raise money in Holland to enable the King to recover his authority by force of arms. Her plate had been melted to obtain means for the journey, and all the jewels she could muster were packed in the baggage to be sold abroad.

At Canterbury, Charles was overtaken by messengers bearing the two bills for his ratification. He was sorely troubled; Lord Falkland advised him to grant both; Sir John Colepepper recommended him to give up the Bishops, but not the militia, observing that all might be regained by the sword, and measures extorted by force were not valid and could be disowned.

'Is this Mr. Hyde's advice?' said the King.

'No,' said Hyde; 'I think neither bill should be passed.'

'You are right,' said Charles; 'and thus I shall act.'

Colepepper thereupon went to the Queen, and urged on her that to affront the nation at such a moment would probably lead to her journey being stopped, and that the only hope for the future lay in the recourse to the sword for which she was to find means. Henrietta of course cared nothing for English Bishops, and again set herself to persuade the King against his conscience. After all the political power of the Bishops was not spiritual, and he gave up this point, and empowered the Commissioners to give his consent to the bill. He also removed Byron, and gave the command of the Tower to Sir John Conyers, but he would not pass the militia bill, nor give up his right to the choice of officers.

On the 23rd of February, 1642, Henrietta took leave of him, and sailed from Dover with her daughter, and he, as she told Madame de Motteville, rode four leagues along the coast watching her vessel—containing the child he was never to see again. The Queen reached Flushing in fifteen hours; but it was a long and weary way along the coast, and not till the first of March was it possible to land at Hannslerdike, where the Prince of Orange met them, with a salute of seventy cannon. The young bridegroom had previously joined them, and they were escorted to the Hague, where Henrietta for the first time met her sister-in-law, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, attended by Prince Rupert and some of her many daughters.

Great honour was shown to the Queen and her daughter by the Prince of Orange, who never approached even their house without doffing his hat, and arranged banquets and triumphal arches enough to displease the States-General, who were exceedingly jealous of any assumption of sovereign power by the House of Nassau.

At Dover, the King received a paper containing a list of the

deputy-lieutenants for each county, which he was called on to sanction, instead of himself, as heretofore, nominating them. He put it off, but a more urgent message met him at Canterbury together with tidings that the Commons were prosecuting the Attorney-General for having obeyed his orders by accusing the five members; that they had forbidden that his eldest son should accompany him to York, whither he had intended to take him, and that they had intercepted and opened a letter from Lord Digby to the Queen.

He showed much displeasure at these unprecedented insults, but made no decisive answer, until at Greenwich the Marquess of Hertford brought the Prince of Wales to him in defiance of the orders of the Parliament. Then, when his family were secure, he sent answer that the militia might be under the command of those gentlemen named, provided he reserved the right of changing them, and that the principal towns were exempted, and he then proceeded slowly towards York. At Theobalds twelve Commissioners overtook him to declare that the Commons had voted his answer to be a denial, and that unless he retracted, they should dispose of the militia without his consent, and that his return to London could alone prevent the evils with which the country was threatened.

'I am so much amazed at this message,' he said, 'that I know not what to answer. You speak of jealousies and fears. Lay your hands on your hearts, and ask yourselves whether I may not likewise be disturbed with fears and jealousies.' He declared that he had granted all he could with honour respecting the militia, and even added, 'For my residence near you, I wish it might be safe and honourable, and that I had no cause to absent myself from Whitehall. Ask yourselves whether I have not.'

He proceeded, but was overtaken again by fresh messengers at Newmarket, among them Lords Pembroke and Holland, and the following conversation was afterwards reported.

'What would you have?' said Charles. 'Have I violated your laws? Have I refused to pass any bill for the ease and security of my subjects? I do not ask what you have done for me. If there are any among you who still retain any fears, I offer as free a pardon as you yourselves can desire.'

'But the militia, sir,' said Lord Holland.

'The militia! I did not refuse it.'

'If your Majesty would at least return near the Parliament.'

'You do nothing that can induce me to return. Do you think your declaration likely to persuade me? You did not find such arts of persuasion in Aristotle's rhetoric.'

'The Parliament,' said Lord Pembroke, 'have already begged of your Majesty to return.'

'Your declaration proves that your words are not to be regarded.'

'Will your Majesty deign to tell us what you desire before you can return.'

'I would have a child in Westminster school whipped who could not discover in my answer what I meant.'

'Would it not be possible to put the militia in the power of Parliament at least for a limited time?'

'No! not for an hour! You require in that what was never before required of a king. What I would not grant to my wife or children.' Then he added, 'The business of Ireland will never be settled by the means which you have chosen. An assembly of four hundred persons will never do it. It must be entrusted to the care of one man. If I had the management, I would pledge my life that it should be settled. I am now but a beggar, yet I could find money to execute it.'

In this conference the die was cast. The turning point had come between peace and war.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XX.

THE OFFERTORY AND PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Susan. Here follows the Offertory—I suppose the principle of that is to be found in St. Paul's rule: 'Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come.' (1 Cor. xvi. 2.)

Aunt Anne. Yes; the collection in that case being for the poor Christians at Jerusalem, the alms which St. Paul and the delegates from the Churches took to them at the close of his third journey; but the principle is older still, going back at least as far as the Law of Moses, if not to the beginning. You must observe that the Offertory is not solely the offering of alms.

S. And oblations—*Oblatio, Ob-latus* from *offero*, to offer. You mean that it includes the elements, the materials to be consecrated.

A. You remember the distinction of sacrifices among the Israelites.

S. Sin, or burnt offering, trespass offering, and peace, or thank offering. When a man presented them, they were always out of his own property. Is that what you mean?

A. Partly. The Sin offering, however, was the type of the one eternal Atonement once offered for all the world. This first, as you know, was burnt; but the chief part of peace offerings was to be eaten by the person and his family, and portions were to be given to the poor. Thus one offering that began in the time of the apostles continued in a manner the peace offering. The brethren came, bringing bread and wine, and each one communicated from what he himself presented, the wealthier giving to the poorer for the purpose. The unconsecrated part was afterwards eaten, as representing the feast following a sacrifice. This was the *Agape* or Love Feast, and it led to the abuses that St. Paul rebukes in 1 Cor. xi., 33, 34. These feasts were abolished for the most part, though traces lingered long in the Gallican Church in a distribution of *pain bénite*, and I believe this custom is not wholly extinct. It was joined, however, with the bringing gifts in money or in kind, offerings to God, to be used for the ministry, for the service or the poor. And when, about the 5th century, the clergy began to use exclusively for the Eucharist, bread made for the purpose by themselves, the congregation could no longer bring what was to be consecrated, but only their offerings of alms. The rubric which

directs that the Churchwardens shall provide the bread and wine is thus a return to a primitive principle. But these, and the gifts of the people were presented still by the priest, while the choir sang a Psalm called 'the Offertorium.'

S. I have seen a sheaf offered at the harvest thanksgiving, and the wheat was afterwards ground for the Sacramental bread.

A. Poor Christians in India sometimes offer rice, South Sea Islanders strings of shells, and many a noble gift has thus been namelessly offered to God.

S. It is the most direct way of giving to God, and that which is most secret as to the amount.

A. Exactly. At first, it seems, the well-to-do among the Christians brought or sent daily baskets containing food for the clergy, the overplus being given to the poor. Later, money was substituted, and employed for the three *prima facie* objects of the maintenance of the clergy, the ornament of the churches, and the support of the poor. But when land and endowments and tithes provided for the clergy, and the fervour of devotion was colder, these free-will gifts were so much scantier that special seasons had to be appointed, on which persons were required to make offerings for the clergy at their own parish church. These were Christmas day, Easter day, Whitsunday, and the assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the 15th of August, or else the festival day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. This rule was continued in the Prayer-book of 1549; but it is not quite clear whether the offerings were laid on the altar, or put at once into the alms chest. 'So many as are disposed shall offer to the poor man's box, every one according to his habilitie and charitable mind. And on the offering days appointed, every man and woman shall pay to the curate his accustomed offerings.'

S. That habit survives in Easter offerings to the clergy.

A. This custom of giving alms at public worship, apart from celebrations, has been kept up in many places.

S. Oh, yes, Scotland! I know it is the regular custom every Sunday, and the money so collected was till recently the whole provision for the helpless poor; I wonder why it was not so in England?

A. I cannot tell whether it was niggardliness on the part of the people, or the larger requirements of English poor, or simply that the rubrical direction was in view of Celebrations, and these were rare; and thus the Communion alms have come to be reserved for special needs.

S. The collection is to be made by the deacon and churchwardens, or anyone appointed by the minister, 'in a decent bason."

A. Bason, by old usage, evidently meant an alms-dish; and the rubric is held to be obeyed by receiving the alms in such, though the collection is better made in bags, both to avoid the ringing of coin, and to keep private the amount given by each person.

S. The Offertory is commonly used to mean the sum given. We speak of the Offertory on some occasion being so much; but I have

seen it stated that *Offertorium* really means the sentences and not the alms.

A. That is quite true. The Offertorium was a short anthem, sung by the choir while the collection was made; just as hymns are now sung during collections when there is no Communion. The first Prayer-book of King Edward selected these sentences to be sung, and the second decreed that the priest should say one or more, following the line taken by the Reformers of conveying instruction.

S. The sentences are, I suppose, to be chosen according to the object of the collection.

A. Try to classify them.

S. The first, third, fourth, and sixteenth are on the general principle of doing good works, and helping our neighbour; the second, tenth, and thirteenth are against niggardliness; the sixth, seventh, and eighth on aiding the clergy. The rest are all on giving alms to the poor. I never could find the two verses taken from Tobit in the Book.

A. They are the seventh, eighth, and ninth verses of the fourth chapter. They are taken from the Bishops' Bible, and were retained as being more rhythmical in construction than the later version. There is thus a slight variation in the beautiful promise from Proverbs xix. 17, and also in the sentence giving the example of Zacchæus.

S. I always like to hear the Offertory concluded with the Blessing from the Psalm. Then comes the actual offering, when the alms are brought to the priest, and he lays them on the Altar together with the elements, which have been on the little side table called a credence.

A. There was always a special prayer for this presentation. In the liturgy of Constantinople it was 'We offer to Thee Thine own out of Thine own. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we give thanks to Thee, and we pray Thee, O Lord our God, moreover, we offer to Thee this reasonable and unbloody worship.' And there followed a supplication that the Holy Spirit might be sent on the Bread and Wine then offered. Bishop Wilson engrafted this on his Companion to the Altar, only much later on in the service.

S. Why is the table where they are kept called credence?

A. Dr. Hook's Church Dictionary says that the word *credenza*, a side table, so called because, in secular life, the food and wine of princes were there set before they were *credenzate*, or made trustworthy, by being tasted by an attendant.

S. It is not a pleasant association.

A. The old Greek name was *Prothesis*, but we cannot well return to that. The prayer—or a similar one—is in all Liturgies, but in a different part of the service. In ours of 1549, it occurs just before the Consecration, but the Reformers of 1552 removed it to its present place, and Bucer gave it its present title.

S. Militant—at war. It is a grand title, reminding us of our

baptismal pledge, manfully to fight under Christ's banner, and of the armies clothed in white linen (Rev. xix.) following Him who is conquering and to conquer.

A. Yes. The American Church uses the grand title militant—but without 'here on earth'—which was intended to exclude the commemoration of the Saints, or the praying for those departed. The Scottish Prayer-book places it *after* the Consecration, in accordance with the Eastern Liturgies.

S. The principle of the Prayer is, I suppose, to intercede for the entire Church, the whole Communion of Saints, at this Eucharist time, knitting together the elect in one Communion and fellowship.

A. Just so. Therefore, as I said, the spirit of it is everywhere to be found. Now mark the divisions.

S. The address. The offering of alms and oblations. The intercessions for: 1, The Church Catholic; 2, for sovereigns and authorities; 3, for the clergy; 4, for the people in general; 5, for the afflicted; and last the Commemoration. The address quotes that command of St. Paul we have already spoken of so often. (1 Tim. ii. 2.)

A. Passing on to the Intercessions, the first part of the prayer for the Church is from the Sarum ritual; but the very beautiful entreaty that all they that do confess Thy Holy Name may agree in the truth of Thy Holy Word amplifies the original *ad unare.*

S. It follows in the steps of our Blessed Lord's most precious prayer that they may be One even as We are One. (St. John xvii. 22.)

A. In the clause for rulers and authorities you should in teaching mark the meaning of indifferently minister justice.

S. Without making a difference between persons, for fear or for favour; uprightly.

A. The Americans, considering the word as obsolete, have substituted impartially for it.

S. Then the clergy come next, curates, as we said before, standing for those who have the cure of souls. The petition is like that in the Litany, that both by their preaching and living they may set forth the word. Lively is living.

A. Yes. Not the word uttered with a dead, lifeless acquiescence, but with vigour and force, so as to work.

S. Then follows the intercession for the people and the suffering. Transitory meaning brief and passing.

A. You know when persons are commended to the prayers of the Church, a pause is sometimes here made that they may be privately prayed for. Thus far our present prayer is the same with that of 1549, and still we are led briefly to give thanks for all departed this life in faith and fear, so that we may specially remember the dear ones we have loved on earth, or the noble saints the record of whose lives has moved our feelings.

S. Yes, we do value that clause very much.

A. It is the remnant of one of the oldest customs of the Church.

Lists of the names of the faithful, beginning with the Blessed Virgin, and enumerating the Prophets, Apostles, and all the holy ones to be specially honoured were kept, and called diptychs. At first they were rehearsed by a deacon, but I suppose this took up too much time, for afterwards they were only laid on the Altar without being read out—and only a few were mentioned by name. King Edward's Prayer-book followed the ancient custom thus. 'And especially we commend unto Thy merciful goodness this congregation which is here assembled in Thy name to celebrate the commemoration of the most glorious Death of Thy Son, and here we do give unto Thee most high praise and hearty thanks, for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all Thy saints from the beginning of the world, and chiefly in the glorious and most blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord and God; and in the holy Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles and Martyrs, whose examples, O Lord, and steadfastness in Thy faith, and keeping Thy commandments, grant us to follow. We commend unto Thy mercy, O Lord, all other Thy servants who have departed hence from us with the sign of faith, and now do rest in the sleep of peace. Grant unto them, we beseech Thee, Thy mercy and everlasting peace, and that at the day of the General Resurrection we and all they which be of the mystical Body of Thy Son, may altogether be set on His Right hand and hear that His most joyful voice. Come unto Me O Ye that be blessed of the Father and possess the Kingdom which is prepared for you from the beginning of the world.'

S. And they cut all that out?

A. Fearing *any* commendation of the deceased, or commemoration of the Saints. The Scottish office restored a small portion of this prayer but not at full length.

S. And that was one of the things that made people so furious against Archbishop Laud.

A. The whole of the practice and doctrine connected with the departed had been and still is so shockingly perverted by Rome, that a morbid terror prevailed of the Catholic belief and customs—so strong and universal indeed that I have known a parish clerk seriously regret not having told the clergyman of the death of a person who was being prayed for, as if the mention of him in prayer had become a sin. But we will not go into the history of that question now. This never was a prayer for the dead, only a commemoration and thanksgiving for such as belong to the Church at Rest in Paradise, reminding us that we *are come*, to the City of the Living God, and to the general assembly and the Church of the firstborn which are written in heaven . . . and to the spirits of just men made perfect. (Heb. xii. 23.)

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

XVI.

WHAT THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING.

'When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear;
My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
Th' Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies,
For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.'
Habington, 17th century.

I HAD been reading de Quincey's magnificent translation of Richter's glorious vision of the Universe, when it seemed as if the angel who had led him from sun to sun, from system to system, was swiftly bearing me through space. With a speed far surpassing that of light, and more resembling the mysterious thrills of electricity which vibrate through the solar system in the self same second, we swept along towards the star in the firmament which we call the bright Pointer to the Southern Cross. Many a comet on its eccentric orbit was passed in that mighty void where sunlight there is none, till the golden light of a new pair of suns burst upon us. But through my journey, such power was granted to my sight, that I could always distinctly see our tiny Earth and all things therein.

Looking back at a certain part of the way, I beheld, to my surprise, not the Earth as she was when I left her some minutes ago, but the world of a few months before. Egypt lay beneath us, and there in a desert stronghold that illustrious man of whom 'the whole earth is the grave,' was yielding up his life. I wished to ask why the tide of time had rolled backward. When the answer seemed to come, 'Thou seest not that which now is, but that which hath been. The light which Earth reflected months ago hath but newly travelled thus far; how then shouldst thou see aught but the scenes which that light shone upon?' And ever throughout my journey it was the same. What I saw was 'the light of other days,' and the scenes therefore belonged to times more and more remote.

When we had reached Alpha Centauri, we paused to look back

on the bombardment of Alexandria. Anon, passing to the border of the milky way, and alighting on a star (61) in the Swan, we regarded the Earth once more, and beheld on a dreary plain in South Africa, the gallant 24th cut to pieces by savage Zulus. Further and further still, to the most dazzling glory of the firmament, blazing with pure white light, attended by a planet family, one of which dares to compare itself to the King of Suns. From this standpoint we looked down on that terrible siege of the fair French capital, the grim German armies around, confusion and bloodshed within, and the little band of martyrs led out to die with the saintly archbishop in their midst. Nothing is ever past in the depths of space. What more awful torture could we imagine for a lost soul than to move ever along with the speed of the beam that lightened his sin. 'My sin is before me, and the shame of my face hath covered me.'

From a small star (ι) in the Great Bear, the armies of disunited America might be seen moving over her fertile plains; while Arcturus looked calmly down on the Italian war of Independence.

The Pole-star is gained at last, and lo, the light of nearly 50 years ago has but just reached it, and I could see in their first youth and freshness the features of the Royal Lady who rules Earth's fairest empire.

From Capella the glorious battles of the Peninsula seemed once more fought and won; while in another year or two, eyes supernaturally strong will thence behold the field of Waterloo.

'Rider and horse in one red burial blent.'

Now swift as thought we sped to worlds more and more remote, whose light takes centuries ere it reaches the Earth, and so the Sun's light is ages on its journey to those spheres. Time would fail me to tell how all past history seemed unrolled as I sped through the infinities of space.

'Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
Those who live in history only, seemed to walk the Earth again.'

But now a very marvellous thing happened. As we flew from one star to another, suddenly we alighted in a world of darkness. We stood on a gigantic sphere, utterly, hopelessly rayless, with only distant stars to be seen, while, ever and anon, these were blotted out by smaller dark globes revolving round the larger one. Yet on every earthly star-map this dark star is marked still as one of great brightness. Some centuries ago its light was quenched in heaven. Did it fail for very pity when 'the fairest Rose that in Scotland blows' was done to death on an English scaffold; or perchance earlier still, when

'The bristled Boar in infant gore
Wallowed beneath the thorny shade.'

The light of that lost star is still speeding earthwards, and shall

continue its journey for many a century, since from it I saw that the light of fourteen hundred years ago

'Had raised the Table Round again.'

and, gazing on King Arthur and his knights, I saw that their doings bore a closer resemblance to old legends than the nineteenth century would willingly believe. How many historical doubts and puzzles are made clear to eyes that can gaze calmly down the stream of time!

But sweeping onward to yet greater distances, there came a moment, when gazing backward, the whole Earth lay in utter darkness. 'Has chaos become visible?' was my thought. But the Angelic Guide spoke: 'Not so, for this darkness will pass away; it conceals from the Universe the mysteries of Mount Calvary.'

And now in the far depths of space to which we sped, more and more wondrous were the scenes we viewed. I beheld Daniel before Belshazzar, on that night when 'the Mede was at his gate.' How marvellous, that while men doubted of the very existence of this Belshazzar, in the absence of all evidence from secular history, ere yet the cylinders bearing his name were found, in the heavens a true vision of his acts was speeding further and further for eyes freed from earthly hindrances. Here was an orb whence we might see Moses leading a nation into the desert; there was a star whence the Deluge was visible; and another where we might behold the antediluvian men and beasts of giant form roaming through the Earth. And, oh, for a glimpse of Paradise yet undefiled, and of the fair periods of Creation!

'No unregarded star contracts its light
Into so small a character
Removed far from our human sight;
But if we stedfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.'

I looked again; but the vision was ended. And yet the dream was true—*is* true, and may some day be realised.

And this is the interpretation:—

Light travels with a certain known velocity, so that it reaches us from the Sun in 8¼ minutes, and we see not the Sun, which now is, but the Sun of 8¼ minutes ago. Were he turned into darkness, he would remain visible for a few minutes afterwards. Similarly, the Sun sees the Earth by the light it reflected 8¼ minutes before, and if angel eyes gaze on us from the Sun, it is evident they must see the events which were lighted by the rays of 8¼ minutes ago, and which have just reached them. Apply this reasoning to the stars, and you will perceive that we see them, and they see our Sun by the light of several or many years ago, as the case may be.

It is only recently that any distances have been determined for the stars. The first which was settled to have Parallax was 61 Cygni,

discovered by Bessel. Then Sir Thomas Maclear at the Cape decided the amount of Parallax for Alpha Centauri, namely 1", which corresponds to a distance of 90 billions of miles, and its light therefore reaches us in 3½ years. This is at present the only star whose distance is accurately known. For though Procyon and Sirius are measurably displaced, it is by so small an amount that we can but say they lie at about four times the distance of Alpha Centauri; while Vega and 70 Ophiuchi are *said* to be six times as far. It is conjectured that light reaches us from (ι) Ursæ Majoris in about 25 years, from Arcturus in 26, Polaris in 50, and Capella in 72 years. But these are all very doubtful figures.

Perhaps it may be well once more to recal to mind that 'the Parallax of the stars,' to quote Sir E. Beckett, 'means the apparent size of the radius of the Earth's orbit seen from them.' And the *radius* is half the diameter. Practically, the question from our point of view is: does any star when viewed from the opposite sides of the Earth's orbit, *e.g.*, on the 1st of July and the 1st of January, seem to occupy in the very slightest degree a different real position in the heavens? Is it displaced? The stars above mentioned are nearly all of which we can say, they *do* seem so displaced. And Alpha Centauri is the only one whose displacement is satisfactorily measured, and of whose distance we are sure. All the other stars, as far as we know, lie at still greater distances.

The result of all this is, that we can only say of any star, that years ago there *was* a star there; whether it is shining at this instant we know not.

The idea of the above visionary description is taken from a recollection of a charming book published years ago, *Benedicite*, being chapters on each verse of the Canticle. I believe Froude alludes to the same idea in a lecture on 'The Science of History.' What a fresh realisation it gives of the All-seeing Omniscience of God! Truly in this sense, too, 'the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.' No deed is ever lost; there is an exact distance of space whence it is still visible:

> 'The deeds we do, the words we say,
> Into still air they seem to fleet,
> We count them ever past;
> But they shall last,
> In the dread judgment they
> And we shall meet!'

A little has already been said about the very various distribution of stars in the heavens. Some are solitary stars, like our Sun, scattered thinly in space with enormous distances between; others in allied groups, like the drifting stars. Double and multiple stars have been mentioned, and these lead us to star groups and star clusters. The former are resolvable by the naked eye; the latter only by a telescope, the eye seeing only a nebulous star.

The chief star groups are the *Pleiades*, anciently called Hesperides or Atlantides, and in modern times the 'Hencoop;' Alcyone, the chief Pleiad being the Hen, and the 200 others the chickens.

The *Hyades*, also in Taurus, are much nearer Aldebaran, and not so clear a group.

Coma Berenices is another interesting star-group, where the telescope shows some still tinier star-clusters, and some gaseous nebulæ. It will be remembered that this group lies behind Leo, being in fact his tail.

Præsepe, the Beehive in Cancer, is high on the meridian a little after 8 P.M. at the Vernal Equinox. It looks likes a tiny cloud, but the smallest telescope resolves it into stars. It was thought to bring fine weather.

Near the star *Kappa* in the Southern Cross, is a star-group of 110 stars, all invisible to the naked eye, and remarkable for their brilliant colours, green prevailing largely. 'A casket of variously-coloured precious stones,' Sir J. Herschel calls it. All these groups are physically connected, *i.e.*, really associated with each other's motions.

Star-clusters are still more compact groups of stars, thickly set, often in a spherical form. Small telescopes show a light globular cloud, but with high powers they show an enormous number of stars. Possibly from such clusters, the Milky Way, which is our star-cluster, presents just such a spectacle. They are generally much brighter and more thickly set towards the middle, partly because the effect of gravity would draw them closer towards the centre, and partly because the eye, looking at such a sphere towards the centre, sees along its whole diameter, while towards the edge it sees through shorter and shorter portions. Stick a knitting needle through the centre of a round ball, and a larger portion of the needle lies within the ball, than if you pierced it in any other direction.

There is a noted cluster in Perseus, on the hand holding the sword. This is faintly seen by the naked eye, and is a magnificent cluster with a sort of crown in the midst.

The Southern Hemisphere has the splendid cluster near Omega in the Centaur, which to the eye is only a fourth magnitude star, and in the telescope a cluster that can hardly be numbered. There is also the cluster in the Toucan, near the Lesser Magellan Cloud; this is orange-coloured in the centre and white at the edges.

There are splendid clusters in Hercules, Aquarius, Gemini, Scorpio, Lupus, Ara, Sagittarius, Libra and Capricornus.

The Variable Stars are some of the most unaccountable objects of all. These are stars which shine for a while at a fixed magnitude; and then generally in a short time become much brighter or much dimmer, usually remaining a little while in this changed state, until more or less slowly they return to their normal brilliancy. Some have complicated periods, involving a double change. Great difficulties

lie in the way of believing either of the usual theories about them. One idea is that they have a dark part in their globes, which we see as they revolve. But to account for the great change in some cases, a whole side would have to be dark; and if this were so, the period of dimness would require to be longer than the observed time, for of course the dark side would take as long to rotate as the bright side. Again a dark satellite or companion has been imagined, revolving round the star, crossing our field of view occasionally, cutting off the light when in a direct line, but otherwise making the star more active and so brighter, while the two remain near together.

It seems a bold thing to say, (but the matter is *sub judice*,) that the most comprehensible idea is a real change in the star's light. All the more, that we are certain some stars have actually blazed up, and then diminished in lustre. Our own Sun shows a slightly similar operation in that it has a maximum of sun-spots every 11 years. In other suns then, the changes of activity and so of actual brightness, may be the result of somewhat the same cause, with differing periods and far greater intensity. Examples of Variables will enable us to form an idea of these changes.

Mira, or Omicron, in the Whale's neck, was first noticed in 1596. Its changes take about 11 months. When we can first see it it seems about the eleventh magnitude; it increases during three months till it attains the second magnitude, at which brightness it remains for a fortnight, when it gradually wanes during three months, till even the telescope can pursue it no further, and for nearly five months it is invisible. Its changes then begin again. Its spectrum is much the same as that of a sun-spot. Mira shines on the meridian about 8 P.M. on Dec. 21st.

Algol, the winking star in Medusa's head, changes much more rapidly. As Mira remains at its greatest brightness for a small fraction of its period, so Algol's light is reduced for but a short time. It effects its changes in 69 hours, or more accurately two days, 21 hours, 49 min. It is generally a second magnitude star, but after retaining that brightness for 2 days 14 hours, it gradually sinks to the fourth magnitude, and remains there a quarter of an hour, after which it regains its brilliancy in 3½ hours. In this case a dark satellite seems more possible than in that of Mira.

Betelgeux, like Mira, shows a sun-spot spectrum, and has a period of 200 days, in which time, though rarely declining from the first magnitude, it is alternately dimmer and brighter than Rigel.

Lastly, there is a star in the ship, *Eta Argûs*, which is now very faintly visible to the eye. Mr. Proctor says that in 1677 Halley marked it as of the 4th magnitude. In 1751 Lacaille marked it 2nd magnitude. By 1811 it had diminished to the 4th. It was once more of the 2nd magnitude in 1826, and increased to the 1st. From that time to 1843 it remained so with fluctuations. Once it almost rivalled Sirius. For twenty years it continued to dwindle, and has

remained faint ever since. Only think what such changes must mean to worlds around it. To what life might not frozen Uranus or Neptune be waked up by a corresponding increase of the sun's light; and what utter destruction for the nearer planets! Yet how quickly would a cold period succeed a hot one. Why Waterloo veterans alive in 1863, had lived through at least seven ups and downs of this fickle star.

But if the variable stars are puzzling, the temporary stars or suns in flames are awful. These new stars have done good service, in that they have made astronomers very particular about making catalogues of stars; so that when one blazes up they may judge whether a faint star has become active, or one before invisible come into sight. A star blazed up in Scorpio, B.C. 134. Hipparchus saw this, and forthwith made his catalogue. We find that the Chinese astronomers saw it too, and recorded that it was visible by daylight. In 1572, quite suddenly, Tycho Brahé observed a new star, since named the 'Pilgrim Star,' near Cassiopeia, whose brilliant white light outshone all others in the heavens. But in seventeen months it had dwindled into invisibility. Tycho then resolved on making his catalogue, and found that a similar star had been seen in that place in A.D. 945, and 1264. If this was the same star, the changes in it and its planet family must be progressing much more quickly than it is now the fashion to believe concerning the changes our solar system has passed through. The Pilgrim Star could be seen by daylight. *If* this were a variable star of long period, we have reached the time when it ought to blaze up again. Kepler, in 1604, saw a temporary star which was for three weeks brighter than Sirius, but had vanished by the next year.

On the 12th of May, 1866, Mr. Birmingham of Tuam, and Schmidt of Athens, saw a star of the second magnitude in the Northern Crown, where only a 10th magnitude star had been marked in the charts. The Blaze Star (as it is called) is notable as being the first temporary star subjected to the spectroscope; and it was found to be literally blazing with hydrogen flames. Some force—we know not what—had caused a very sudden and terrific outburst of hydrogen; and for the time, that star shone with 800 times its usual light and heat. And all this happened suddenly; there could have been little warning to the worlds around, before, as seems probable, the nearer ones were burnt up. Now when that star had faded again to the 10th magnitude, the nearer planets must have been left in very much the state of the moon. All vegetation must have been utterly consumed—no animal life could survive; the very oceans must have been dried up in that fierce heat, and worse still, as the planets' atmosphere would be destroyed, all power to retain the oceans as steam would be lost; so that they could hardly resolve themselves again into water. A calcined, worn out set of worlds would alone be left.

Again, on the 24th of November, 1876, in a place in Cygnus where no star had been seen before, a third magnitude star was discovered by Professor Schmidt at Athens. Now, when examined with the spectroscope, it was seen to be glowing not only with the ordinary kind of star-light, but with the light of intensely hot vapours of sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, and helium, showing that its composition is very much like the sun's. This should interest us, as showing that what happened to that star might happen to our sun. In three weeks the star gradually died out to the naked eye, and has not been seen again, nor can the telescope perceive it now; but the strangest thing is, that just as it was disappearing, it seemed to be merely a gaseous nebula slowly dying out.

We very seldom realise how many 'dark stars' there probably are in the universe; suns that have died out—stars that are waiting to be lighted up. Their number may be very large. There may be several (for of course we could not see them) in the great blank space of nineteen billions of miles in every direction around our Sun—'wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.'

The rich variety of the firmament seems almost more marvellous than its grandeur and order. But the one lesson we seem to read everywhere is the original design and everlasting guidance of an Almighty Mind. Whether we see the more unchanging stars shedding their calm light, or watch a dying sun that tells of the wreck of worlds; whether here we see few and scattered stars, or there thickly clustered systems which we can hardly comprehend—through it all we feel and know how vain was the delusion of the Epicureans, who sought to make chance accountable for welding the varying atoms into a universe; and how vainer still the 'strong delusion to believe a lie' of the modern Epicureans, who would make every atom a deity instinct with a purpose, will, and power of action, to bring about the existing form of Nature.

To quote the once hackneyed words of a poet not too well known by the rising generation:—

> 'All nature is but art unknown to thee,
> All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
> All discord, harmony not understood,
> All partial evil, universal good.'

BOG-OAK.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S 'NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.'

BY CAROLINE M. HALLETT.

When a book reaches its 40th thousand, it is obviously a great literary success. And when it is a theological book that is thus largely read, the fact is the more remarkable. For Theology is hardly a popular study. It is deeply interesting to a few, but not to men and women in general. Many religious people do not trouble themselves about the why and the wherefore of Religion. All they desire is that religious feeling should be kept alive in them. They fear coldness but not doubt. For this class an immense number of religious books are written, the aim of which is to rouse. But these are not theological. Theology must go to the root of the matter; it must deal with the foundations. And it is clear that the foundations must be laid, before the superstructure can be built and adorned. But as the foundations are heavy and solid, people in general are not interested in them. It is well to have standard books in the house, on the shelf, and perhaps now and then one is taken down for reference. But except by divines they are not read. So much effort of mind is required to understand and assimilate the ideas, that the task is rejected by an ease-loving generation. Therefore, when a theological work commands a vast array of readers, and contrives to interest as well as teach, it must necessarily be something out of the common way. Such a book is 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.' Everybody has read it through from beginning to end, while perhaps ten people of one's acquaintance have dipped into Bishop Butler's Analogy. Consequently, the author wields an enormous power; at any rate for the time being. Whether the book will seriously influence the religious thought of the times, is of course another question.

The first thing that strikes us about 'Natural Law,' is the author's extreme lucidity of style. There is scarcely an obscure sentence in the book. He seems to have a wonderful knack of always finding the right word to express his meaning, occasionally using a homely expression with great force, rather than leave his reader in doubt. He evidently possesses strongly the teaching faculty, almost to be called instinct, so innate is it in some minds. As a lecturer he is probably first-rate, and would guide his hearers along difficult or even unknown paths with the greatest skill and power of illumination. This clearness is no small merit, and helps us partly to understand the great popularity of the book. One is reminded of the saying that

'the readers are the real authors.' For surely in this consists the skill of any writer, to help the reader to understand his own latent thoughts by clothing them in language for him. And in intelligible language too, which is just the point in which Mr. Drummond excels. He makes the average reader *feel clever* by the exceeding plainness with which he teaches him, which perhaps is the acmé of skilful teaching. Added to this, Mr. Drummond has a great deal of eloquence, and many passages in his book are finely written, with a deep spirituality about them which shows the tone of his own mind. He evidently longs to satisfy the inmost cravings of the human heart, and certainly now and then succeeds, though it seems to us, not so much by the force of his reasoning, as by his own perception of spiritual things.

To proceed to the book itself. He begins by telling us, with great candour, how the thought of writing it first occurred to him.

'It has been my privilege for some years to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week-days I have lectured to a class of students on the Natural Sciences, and on Sundays to an audience consisting for the most part of working men, on subjects of a moral and religious character. I cannot say that this collocation ever appeared as a difficulty to myself, but to certain of my friends it was more than a problem. It was solved to me, however, at first, by what then seemed the necessities of the case. I must keep the two departments entirely by themselves. They lay at opposite poles of thought, and for some time I succeeded in keeping the Science and the Religion shut off from one another in two separate compartments of my mind. But gradually the wall of partition showed symptoms of giving way. The two fountains of knowledge also slowly began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled. The great change was in the compartment which held the Religion. It was not that the well there was dried; still less that the fermenting waters were washed away by the flood of Science. The actual contents remained the same. But the crystals of former doctrine were dissolved; and as they precipitated themselves once more in definite forms, I observed the crystalline system was changed. New channels also for outward expression opened, and some of the old closed up, and I found the truth running out to my audience on Sundays by the week-day outlets. In other words, the subject matter, Religion, had taken on the method of expression of Science, and I discovered myself enunciating Spiritual Law in the exact terms of Biology and Physics.'

He then goes on to tell us the result of this fusing together of the two subjects which could no longer be kept apart, Religion and Science, and here we are at once brought face to face with the main argument of the book.

It is briefly this:—That there are certain laws in the world of nature, laws that science is daily more and more clearly bringing into

view. Nothing can be grander than these laws, for as Mr. Drummond says 'there is sense of solidity about a law of nature which belongs to nothing else in the world.' At the same time he is careful to explain to us their nature. 'Laws are modes of operations, not themselves operators.' They are servants always at their post, but not masters. That is, laws did not invent themselves nor set themselves in motion. But they are changeless, as the very word law implies, and hence the unfailing order that prevails in the natural world. Without law there would be chaos! Take, for example, the law of gravitation. Everybody knows that law now as a familiar truth. You lift a book from the table: you unclasp your fingers, it falls. But why does it 'fall' on the floor and not on the ceiling? Why does it choose earth rather than sky? Because the earth drags it towards itself by a force which is in proportion to what we call the weight of the object. That force is gravity. What gravity *is*, we know not, but we know how the law works and why it works. For imagine a world without gravity! It would be a scene of the wildest confusion; objects flying hither and thither, without the wise restraining hand of gravity.

This is only one example of natural law, yet it is enough to show what the expression means.

Now it is laws *such as these* (though he does not say any more about this especial one) that Mr. Drummond conceives are to be found running through the spiritual world. He asserts 'that Nature is not a mere emblem or image of the Spiritual' (for this would be no new truth) 'but a working model of the Spiritual.' In a word, the processes, some of them at least, are in both worlds not merely alike, but *identical.*

'It is altogether unlikely' he says, 'that man spiritual should be violently separated in all the conditions of growth, development and life, from man physical. It is indeed difficult to conceive that one set of principles should guide the natural life, and these at a certain period, the very point where they are needed, suddenly give place to another set of principles altogether new and unrelated. Nature has never taught us to expect such a catastrophe. She has nowhere prepared us for it. And man cannot in the nature of thought, be separated into two such incoherent halves.'

Such is the main argument of the book, worked out with more or less consistency and force in the different chapters that follow. After reading them the question that suggests itself is this. Has Mr. Drummond made a real discovery or not? Has he only brought before us a series of parables or illustrations which teach us various spiritual truths, or does he reveal to us the existence of hitherto unsuspected *laws?* Are his analogies real analogies, or only imaginary ones? Are they in fact analogies at all, or only resemblances?

No doubt the idea of identical laws running through both worlds, has a grandeur about it and is at the time very attractive. The very

simplicity, at first sight, looks like truth. Without irreverence, it may be said that the working out of the details is a most pleasant exercise of the mental faculties. Guided by Mr. Drummond we have a sense of making a series of discoveries for ourselves. At the same time, reason is not unduly taxed. The working out of the various analogies is most intelligible throughout. The lines are laid down clear and sharp, and there is throughout, a *definiteness* which the mind finds it easy to grasp. There is a feeling of being in an open country where there is little mysterious shadow. The average reader is not bewildered, but finds himself quite at home. Theology and science are equally clear and simple, according to this new method.

In this probably the popularity of the book consists, and herein also we venture to think lies its weakness. We may in all humility believe that the Seen is a type of the Unseen, the Temporal of the Eternal, the Natural of the Spiritual. Nay more, that there is, very probably, a unity in the laws that govern both worlds, but the unity is in root more than in branch, in conception rather than in detail. Detail is very apt to mislead, as we know how common it is, and also how tempting, in explaining the Parables of our Lord, to push the parallels far beyond what the Divine Teacher intended.

Biogenesis forms the subject of the first chapter, and in it Mr. Drummond tells us the most recent scientific decision on Spontaneous Generation. That decision is as follows. That generation is *not* spontaneous, but life invariably springs from life. Dead matter *seemed* to produce life, but it was not so in reality. Germs of life hitherto unsuspected, were in the *air*, and when these were destroyed, no living myriads sprang into being.

'Life from Life,' then is one of the laws of the natural world. And it is one that has its corresponding spiritual form. That spiritual form is as follows.

That the spiritual man cannot be developed from the natural man, but must be a new creation born from Above. As a mineral cannot, under any circumstances, become alive, (the entrance to life being hermetically sealed on the mineral side,) so can no human being without a living touch from Above become spiritually alive either.

'The spiritual man is no mere development of the natural man. He is a new creation born from Above. As well expect a hay infusion to become gradually more and more living, until in course of the process it reached vitality, as expect a man, by becoming better and better, to attain the Eternal Life.'

Therefore, Mr. Drummond argues, there must be a definite moment when the soul is touched into life by the Spirit of God, on the one side of which he is dead, on the other alive. Naturally also, the whole human race is divided into two classes or kingdoms, one it is needless to add, enormously larger than the other, i.e. the living and the dead. The two classes are as distinct from each other as the animal and the mineral worlds. Just as between these two latter

there is a dividing wall fixed, impassable on the mineral side, so between the spiritual man and the natural man, there is also a dividing line impassable on the natural side.

Now this, at first sight, appears to be a real analogy, complete in all its bearings. But does it bear a close scrutiny? Is it true that there is a distinct and perceptible line of demarcation between those who are merely good and those whose souls are awakened into spiritual life? Who can say where the Divine begins? Can goodness be anything *but* Divine, for if it is not from God whence is it? Are all the 'golden deeds' of self-sacrifice in the noble heathen, for instance, to be relegated to a distant part of the universe, with which God has nothing to do! Are Mahommedans and Buddhists without one gleam from the Most High? Are all miserably and hopelessly dead, hopelessly we say, because it is not likely this especial doctrine of conversion (for such in effect it is) will ever reach them? No effort of theirs is of any avail, no struggling nor striving after the Light, will count for anything. The stone cannot become alive. The line is laid down with the definiteness our author loves. No room is left for the charity which 'hopeth all things;' no room for the mystery which must surround the personal relation of each human soul to God! If such, indeed, were 'law' it would be overwhelming. But that it *is* Spiritual Law, there are only vague proofs. Of course Mr. Drummond does not only depend on the similarity of the two sets of circumstances. He argues on the ground also, of a gradual ascent in the scale of being, i.e. mineral, vegetable, animal, deducing from thence, that as life is higher than dead mineral, yet wholly distinct from it, so must there be something higher than the natural man, yet equally distinct from him, namely, the spiritual man. It does not appear to strike him that evolution points to an ascent more gradual and far less abrupt: for instance, it might be argued with an equal show of truth, that the *moral* (by which word we mean ordinary excellence or goodness) may be a connecting link between the natural man and the spiritual man, a ladder by which he passes from the one to the other. There is no *proof* of either analogy being true, and nothing to forbid their being true, so that we are hardly in the region of law when comparing the two.

In the chapter on Degeneration, Mr. Drummond makes use of the now well-known theory elucidated by Darwin, called 'Reversion to Type.' That is briefly as follows.

Suppose a breed of animals, such as pigeons, is altered in colour or form by domestication. Or if a plant, such as the wild strawberry or dog-rose, is altered by cultivation, the tendency is, after a time, to return to the original type. That is, the pigeon will, if allowed to become wild, lose its fancy spots, and the strawberry will lapse from a garden to a wood strawberry, simply because it is let alone. This is plain enough, only when used as argument, there is a weak point discernible at the outset.

Is an animal or a plant, that has reverted to its original type, necessarily a *worse* animal or plant than it was in its highly bred or cultivated state? The forms may be wild, but are they 'worthless,' as Mr. Drummond asserts?

Is a bird neglected by man always an 'uglier bird' than when under his control? Mr. Drummond allows no credit to Nature. Surely the taste that prefers a 'fancy' pigeon to a wild one, is after all a conventional rather than a true taste, as far as actual beauty is concerned. There is loveliness in a wild rose equal, in its way, to that of a Marshal Niel; indeed, it may be easy to argue that its beauty is higher because simpler. Single dahlias happen now to be thought superior to double ones. Elaboration is not necessarily excellence.

What is called 'neglect' is simply suspension of an interference which is of doubtful benefit to the species. Reversion to type is probably an admirable provision of Nature for keeping her orginal beautiful moulds in the main unaltered. Considering this, it is surely a fallacy that in the spiritual world there is an exact counterpart of this law. Nay more than a counterpart, for as Mr. Drummond is careful to assure us over and over again, they are the *same* laws that hold good in both worlds.

In its spiritual form, this especial law is as follows. That it is simply neglect that loses us Salvation. Nothing else is required but letting ourselves drift farther and farther towards evil. As a plant or bird drifts towards its original type, so a man drifts, if he simply lets things take their course. Then Mr. Drummond goes on to describe Salvation in a fine passage.

'We have seen that there is a natural principle in man lowering him, deadening him, pulling him down by inches to the mere animal plane, blinding reason, searing conscience, paralysing will. This is the active destroying principle or sin. Now to counteract this, God has discovered to us another principle which will stop this drifting process in the soul, steer it round, and make it drift the other way. This is the active saving principle, or Salvation. If a man find the first of these powers furiously at work within him, dragging his whole life downward to destruction, there is only one way to escape his fate—to take resolute hold of the upward power and be borne by it to the opposite goal.'

This is a striking passage, and would carry forcible conviction to many a mind to whom perhaps the word Salvation has hitherto been little or nothing but a theological term. But we cannot feel that the spiritual doctrine thus eloquently expressed is corroborated by the law of reversion to type. As we have seen, the non-interference of man cannot be called 'neglect' unless we argue on very narrow grounds indeed.

Mr. Drummond's parallel is certainly stronger when he goes on to show that nature takes away organs that are disused, or at any rate allows them to degenerate. For if degeneration means a *sinking to*

something worse, it is undoubtedly true that *disuse* does have precisely this effect, on (for instance) any muscle of the body whether of man or beast. The muscle degenerates in becoming soft and flabby, instead of hard and firm. The ears of some races of dogs when domesticated become pendulous, simply because they no longer erect their ears, in order to listen for the approach of a foe, and the ear-muscles in consequence lose their power.

Thus the 'religious faculty' is like the one talent in the parable taken away from its possessor. No doubt in this assertion there is much awful truth. But to accept it as law would be scarcely safe. Who can decide when the religious faculty in any soul is absolutely extinct? Nature *changes* organs rather than removes them, therefore there may be a change upward as well as downward. Disuse may be dangerous but not absolutely fatal.

The third chapter is on Growth, and is founded on the text 'Consider the lilies how they *grow*;' much stress being laid on the last word, which thus forms the text of the sermon. And indeed as a sermon, the whole chapter would be admirable; the lilies used as an illustration, forming a central idea round which various lessons are grouped in a very masterly way. But the parallel between the growth of the lilies and spiritual growth, when regarded as unvarying law, soon breaks down. Up to a certain point it holds good, beyond that point it fails. As the lily grows naturally, so the soul grows spiritually, without taking thought. This is a beautiful idea, and gives a sense of rest, peace and confidence, a trust that if we abide in the sunshine of God's Love, all will be well with us. In plain words, we are to simply do His work and He will take care of our souls. So far the analogy is true. But as decay is just as much a 'law of nature' as growth, does it follow we are to look for this also in the spiritual world? The moment an animal or plant reaches perfect maturity, that moment decay, or at any rate failure, sets in. The moment of reaching the top is also the moment of beginning to go down on the other side. Now as spiritual things are not subject to decay, how can the *same* law hold good in both worlds?

As we approach the middle of the book, the analogies seem to us to gain in force and depth, and the chapter on Death is full of thrilling interest. Mr. Drummond seems to put forth all his power in describing spiritual death as the correlative of natural death. In order to do this he begins by defining, in scientific phrases, natural life, i.e. that life is a continual adjustment of internal relations to the external. Beginning with vegetable life, which is life in its lowest form, there is an ascending scale throughout the universe of living organisms, the correspondence with surrounding matters becoming at each step wider, more complex and elaborate, until man himself is reached. For instance, air is breathed, food and drink assimilated, and all this is 'correspondence.' Man and beast are so far alike; then man soars far beyond bird or beast in numberless mental correspondences,

so that, as Mr. Drummond says, 'he is the most living of creatures.'

But this is not all. There must be yet another environment, the 'outermost segment of the circle,' more subtle, more exquisite, yet just as real as any that has gone before. That is the environment of the spiritual world, a correspondence with which is verily Spiritual Life, just as correspondence with the material world is, in effect, Natural Life.

Thus we are led up to the tangible fact of there being Spiritual Death just as there is Natural Death, and in both cases the cause is the same, namely, want of correspondence with environment. The body dies because some organ fails to adjust itself to its surroundings, so the soul dies or is dead, because it has no contact with its spiritual surroundings. In plain words, it knows not God. Whether as an analogy this is absolutely correct or not, there is no doubt Mr. Drummond has here brought before us a deep spiritual truth that too seldom is urged on the Christian world, that is, the need of spiritual communion with Him Whom we are ready enough to call the Way, the Truth and the *Life*. That this communion must be personal and individual Mr. Drummond insists very strongly. To be conscious of a God in nature is not sufficient. 'He who knows only a God in Nature lives not.' Just as Faith has been well defined to be not mere belief, but personal grasp of a living Saviour, so Spiritual Life is not analysis, not even admiration, but Love.

Of course the definition of Spiritual Death as separation from God, is not new, but the idea is expressed here with much beauty and descriptive power, and, what is better still in a book for the multitude, with exceeding plainness and force.

We are next led to consider the great problem of Eternal Life, and here Mr. Drummond is less satisfactory. He begins by the unqualified assertion that the higher the organism of any living being the greater the longevity, or rather, perhaps, the stronger the probability of longevity. Naturally, from hence he arrives at the conclusion that as man's organism is the most complex, so proportionally long is, or ought to be, the duration of his life. For longevity implies a power of adjustment to circumstances, and the more varied and elaborate is this power of adjustment, the longer is death staved off.

Whether this be true or not, the fact remains to be proved that man is the longest lived creature on the earth. The elephant lives fully as long as man, and this is not the only instance of longevity in the animal world, even if the stories of the carp in the ponds of Fontainebleau are fabulous. The yew tree, which enjoys merely vegetable life, and of which the correspondences are limited, has been known to live several hundred years. And what of the highest intellectual organisms; do they reach old age more frequently than the grosser and the duller ones? Does a learned man, with

innumerable correspondences, live longer than a dunce? Or does a highly educated scholar live longer than a savage? In civilised countries a knowledge of the laws of health no doubt extends the average duration of human life. But that has nothing to do with complexity of organism. A superlative state of civilisation is apt to run into another evil, namely, excess of luxury, which distinctly shortens life. But to pass on to the scientific definition of Eternal Life.

'We must find an organism so high and complex, that at some point in its development it shall have added a correspondence which organic death is powerless to arrest. We must, in short, pass beyond that finite region where the correspondences depend on evanescent and material media, and enter a further region where the environment corresponded with is in itself eternal. Such an environment exists. The environment of the spiritual world is outside the influence of those mechanical actions which sooner or later interrupt the processes going on in all finite organisms. If then we can find an organism which has established a correspondence with the spiritual world, that correspondence will possess the elements of eternity, provided only one other condition be fulfilled. That is, that the environment be perfect.'

This is afterwards placed side by side with the definition of Eternal Life by Christ Himself.

'That this is Life Eternal, to know Thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.' Therefore the argument stands thus. To be cut off from material environment is death. To find a new environment still, and to cultivate correspondence with that, is to find a new life. Now this spiritual environment, as we have seen, is God, and it is no new truth that the spirit of man can reach out to Him and know Him. It is in this knowledge that Eternal Life consists. The soul that knows God, Mr. Drummond argues, cannot drop out of existence. It cannot correspond with the Eternal and be ought but eternal also.

Eternal therefore means far more than living for ever. Indeed, Mr. Drummond forbids us to think of eternity as merely prolonged existence, which would in itself be a small boon. He lays the strongest stress on 'knowing,' and at a later page tells us in new, simple, forcible words, how God revealed Himself to the world in His Son Jesus Christ.

'. . . He tells me about Himself, He very strangely condescends, indeed, in making things plain to me, actually assuming for a time the Form of a Man, that I, at my poor level, may see Him better. This is my opportunity to know Him. This Incarnation is God making Himself accessible to human thought; God opening to man the possibility of correspondence through Jesus Christ.'

He also finely describes the effect of knowing the Divine:

> 'Might we not all confess with Ulysses,
> I am a part of all I have met.'

'Much more, then, shall we look for the influence of environment on the spiritual nature of him who has opened correspondence with God; reaching out his eager and quickened faculties to the spiritual world around him, shall he not become spiritual? In vital contact with holiness, shall he not become holy? Breathing now an atmosphere of ineffable purity, shall he miss becoming pure? Walking with God from day to day shall he fail to be taught of God?'

Surely this is no exaggerated language. Instead of insisting overmuch on particular duties, it would be well if Christian teachers urged simple spirituality on their hearers. If the tree were holy, its fruit would also be holy. No arguments would then be needed to *prove* that purity is better than impurity, gentleness better than anger, self-sacrifice better than selfishness.

But in the eternal world are all lower correspondences to cease? None it would appear are interwoven with the Eternal. Music is one of these lower correspondences. True the mode in which it finds expression is earthly, but we would fain believe that music as we know it, is one of the many forms into which a beauty that is divine has shaped itself, and that our notes are faint, dull echoes of something infinitely lovelier! Music may inhabit a violin, but has it not some approach to a soul? We should at least like to think so.

We pass over the chapters on Parasitism and Semi-parasitism, which are ingenious enough, but hardly come in well after the more serious essays which precede them. We have now reached the final chapter on Classification, which is in great part a repetition of what has gone before. The two great classes are again brought before us, and the comparison made anew between mineral and organic, natural and spiritual; Mr. Drummond insisting with greater emphasis than before, on the barrier between them being impassable in each case from the lower side. But he goes a step farther when describing the development of the spiritual man. A moral man is, he says, the highest achievement of the organic kingdom, but the spiritual man is the lowest form of life in the spiritual world. Nothing less than perfection is before him. 'The goal of the organisms of the spiritual world is nothing less than to be holy as He is holy, and pure as He is pure.'

'It doth not yet appear what we shall be.'

Mr. Drummond's final pages treat of the fewness of the elect, as borne out by the analogy of nature.

'The circle of the chosen slowly contracts as we rise in the scale of being. Some mineral, but not all, becomes vegetable; some vegetable, but not all, becomes animal; some animal, but not all, becomes human; some human, but not all, becomes Divine. Thus the area narrows.' . . . Yet, curiously enough, if we push this very analogy a step further, we might arrive at an exactly opposite conclusion. Granting that the indifferent and unfit are not chosen, are 'cast away' in the Natural world, yet it is not casting away for ever. In a deep and wide sense,

there is no waste in Nature. No seemingly lost particles (or *molecules*, which is the scientific term) are in reality lost, but will appear again, re-combined in new forms, re-moulded, re-imbued with life, possibly purified. So in the Spiritual world there may be hope, a deep, wide, blessed hope, that no soul is utterly lost; that all may be brought in, and that the kingdoms of this world may become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

If we would sum up the general impression that 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' leaves on the mind, it is somewhat as follows.

That Mr. Drummond's method is original, ingenious and highly interesting to follow out. But although the processes in both worlds bear doubtless a certain wide resemblance to each other, yet it is far from certain that we should look for corroboration of a particular theological doctrine in the natural world. And spiritual processes, if truly spiritual, are necessarily secret, and therefore it is difficult, if not impossible, to place them within the realm of known law at all.

Nor should we translate the language of nature into spiritual maxims with too much literalness, although we gladly accept her teaching in Allegory and Parable, finding therein 'the example and shadow of Heavenly things.'

MENTAL PURITY.

A WOMAN'S TALK.

Mary (*starting and looking round as she hastily puts aside a paper*) Oh! it's only you! I thought it was Lily!

Constance. Why 'only me?' And why did you leave off reading your paper?

M. I thought—I mean you are older. It is no harm talking to you. But of course Lily shouldn't see this.

C. Nor should you. Oh! Mary, forgive me! You know that you often let me tell you what to read; let me tell you now what *not* to read! And yet I should have thought that you would have known that?

M. But everyone is reading and hearing about what I was reading. You can't condemn what has been approved of by our teachers and by all those women of whom England is so justly proud! I think it is grand that at last a crusade has been proclaimed——

C. Dear Mary, even with you I don't want to discuss what public men and women are doing, bravely and as wisely as may be, perhaps, to check a fearful wrong. But I would like to say a word or two on what women, even girls, are in danger of doing, against their own innocence. Will you let me?

M. I thought you were one of those who held that 'wisdom without innocency was knavery,' but that 'innocency without wisdom was indeed folly'? I have heard you even say that you greatly doubted the wisdom of letting young girls who have to go into society being left to find out its dangers?

C. And yet I maintain as strongly that girls have no right to part with their innocence deliberately.

M. But I know that you say that purity is greater than innocence?

C. It is often innocence which has passed through the fire. I place womanly purity very high among the virtues. And I would not have you lose even mental purity.

M. What do you mean?

C. Till a few days ago you had a certain rule which is always helpful in reading a newspaper; when you saw accounts of wrong you turned away from them at once. You weren't doing so just now? Was not the rule as good as when you made it at your Confirmation-time?

M. But I am older. And this is different. It is to do good.

C. To do harm—to *you!* My dear Mary, I allow that what you

are reading must be read by many people—yes, and by some good and noble women—but I do not allow that you must read it.

M. I didn't read it all—only parts.

C. And why parts?

M. Because it seemed so new and so awful.

C. Reverently I say, thank God that there is much in life that should always be new as well as awful for good women! Women who must work must know; but here, I think, those who have only to stand and wait should not. All good women are always protected when the knowledge of evil comes into their own lives in the course of inevitable circumstances. God's Angels watch over the ignorant girl in the crowded town, who tries to be modest and pure, among all the evils that meet her face to face, and over the thoughtful student-woman, whose knowledge of wickedness and its causes must increase from year to year. And God's very special blessing is upon those who do the work of Angels in guarding, and rescuing, as far as may be, 'them that fall.' If the path of Duty leads through this Valley of the Shadow of Eternal Death, His Own will be kept, sometimes by a human Great-heart, His servant, sometimes directly by dependence on Himself. If you or I are ever called to that work, God Himself will keep us from being hurt. But, apart from the path of duty, there is no definite promise of succour. You know that there are many who dedicate their lives to the nursing of physically infectious diseases——

M. When it would not be right for those not under the discipline of the hospital to go into the ward? I see. I had not thought of it so. Then you think that we sheltered women have nothing to do with what is going on now?

C. On the contrary, we have a great deal to do with it. But any one who can do work knows what has to be done. What I have been feeling keenly is, what ought not to be done.

M. Your 'nots' or 'don'ts' generally suggest as much as other people's 'do's.' Have you any don'ts to give me, or that I can pass on to others?

C. Several. Don't read any *details* of wrong. Don't let any jests or *double entendres* be made in your presence. Don't let your imagination work *at all* in that direction. The air is full of what is being done. The subject is one of gravity and inexpressible sadness, and hard; but you will find people willing to allude to it *lightly and with carelessness in mixed society.* Above all, try to keep the younger ones innocent. Whatever I may say of warning of dangers which they have to meet, I am quite sure that no good was ever done by premature knowledge of evil to which girls are not themselves tempted. Their innocence protects them both from sin and from that sorrow over the sin of others which is too heavy for the young to bear.

M. And you had rather their lives should not be saddened by the sin of others? Surely that is selfish.

C. There are many sins and wrongs which the young may see and help—not these! It is not natural, not right, and with some temperaments may do great harm. Sin has often been compared to disease: this class of sin, as I said before, is like infectious disease.

M. Perhaps so. And yet I am not likely to take such infection; surely, you don't think that!

C. Even from the point of view of the simile, don't you remember what we were told once, that, though certain classes of fever were not directly 'infectious,' to enter the same vitiated atmosphere was most injurious to healthy people, and, especially if they were young, exposed them to other illness? I think it is so here.

M. Perhaps so. Here is Lily coming in from the garden. She seems worried, poor child!

Lily. Oh! I am so glad to find you alone, Mary, because, you know, Constance counts for nobody. She knows what I mean. I must tell you. And it seems so horrid to talk about it. I couldn't tell anyone, but one of you two. It would seem spiteful, too—if anyone believed me.

M. What is the matter? I thought you would be quite content now that Julia is coming to be with you.

L. That's it. I don't want her.

M. (*laughingly*) Because Aunt Jessie said she was so much more advanced than you, and that she had such charming manners? Oh! Lily, Lily!

L. It isn't that. It's——

C. Is 'Julia' Miss Smith? I met her here once.

M. Yes. I don't care for her much, but then she is much younger than I am, and we have not a single idea in common. She is Lily's friend.

L. Indeed she is not! (*stops suddenly*) You know mamma wants us to be friends. But—Julia is not *nice*. And so many people are coming for the cricket week that she will have to share my room. And I can't bear her. May I come to yours, Mary, just for those few nights? I am sure mamma will be glad to let Julia have her room to herself. I'll be so quiet. Do have me!

C. Couldn't you tell us a little more, Lily dear? Mrs. Wedgwood would not like to have any one who was not a real friend of yours.

M. Yes, Aunt Jessie wants Miss Smith to come here. Her people are useful to Uncle Alfred. What do you mean, Lily? Julia is not nice, you say? Of course she is rather frivolous, but you can't have a world of Constances.

C. For which I, for one, am thankful! But we won't ask Lily to explain, I think she would rather not, and perhaps if you could manage what she wants——

M. But I don't see why.

L. (*hastily*) Last time she was here Julia was—just horrid. She would talk of all kinds of things I didn't want to know about. She

said I was too innocent. And I said I don't want to be wicked: I'd rather be stuck-up and ignorant than that. Mamma thinks Julia is so well-behaved. You don't know what she is when she's alone with me. Do help me, Mary. I won't interrupt you any more, Cousin Connie. Only I know you always understand things. *You* explain! I don't want to make mischief, and I don't want to have Julia with me. You know. (*Exit.*)

M. Lily has confidence in your penetration. Do you know what she means?

C. I think so, from Lily's face, and what I know of her, and from having noticed Miss Smith's behaviour the other evening. Mrs. Wedgwood would have seen if 'Julia' had been vulgar, but she is not; she is simply, as Lily says, not '*nice.*' With men I noticed her trying to go as near the edge where womanly delicacy ends as was safe. Those girls are going beyond even flirtation! I was very much struck by your brother's semi-apology to me afterwards. I did not speak to him, but he thought I was looking uncomfortable, and afterwards he came up to me and said: 'I beg your pardon, Connie; but I saw with one glance what Miss Smith was. You know that sort of girl isn't happy unless she's trying how far she can go. I was awfully ashamed of myself when I saw that you were near.' I really hadn't attended to him.

M. Yet Harry isn't like those men who, when one is first out, bother one and try to make one foolish. He is always nice with nice girls.

C. Yet he is very young. And already among your own circle of friends he has found enough to make him recognise instantly '*that* sort of girl!' You will listen to Lily, and guard her from being alone with Julia? if she must come here?

M. Aunt Jessie is so busy, and Julia is clever; so probably Lily would only be thought a little prig for objecting to Julia. I must say, too, that I hadn't noticed what Miss Julia was like: I couldn't be bothered with her. I am sorry, for Aunt Jessie might have listened to me, and perhaps I could have spared Lily some distress.

C. I am very glad that she is so sensitive. Oh! Mary, here is this question again, cropping up everywhere, but always stealthily.

M. At school, I believe, some of the horrid girls were horrid when they got the chance, but I never knew anything about it; still, I am sure there are plenty of Julia Smiths, who do a good deal of harm among girls; but you see it's nearly always *tête-à-tête*, and among those who, like Lily, are ashamed to confess that they have even listened against their will.

C. Lily is so good and simple that she mayn't be much hurt. But—you know what the White Cross Army is?

M. Yes.

C. Don't you think that, without making an Army, we girls might

in a secret way try to fight against this secret evil, and especially, to help our younger sisters to keep their mental purity?

M. I think the younger ones are sometimes tried much in this way. After my wrong-doing to-day, you won't believe that I have tried to guard myself, and have found that advice given to me when I made my rule so useful? It was: 'don't fight evil thoughts of that class; *turn away from them*, spiritually, to God, but also physically, by any movement which will aid in breaking the mechanical continuation of your thought.'

C. Wise advice indeed. Always try to turn the current of your thought, as well as to check your inclination. Don't you think that, very gently and carefully, we might see *when* help was wanted by the younger ones? We aren't so old that we are out of sympathy with them, though there is a great gap between eighteen and a thoughtful five and twenty!

M. You generally catch me out in some great fault, and directly you have made me feel thoroughly ashamed of myself, send me to do work which it would require some one who was very good and sympathetic to do!

C. 'The best teachers are those who only yesterday were corrected for their own mistakes.' I wish that the younger ones did look more to their real elders for help, and the ultimate help will come from them; but in opposing such stealthy wrong, and in these days when the use of new liberty has to be learnt, even in very ordinary matters, one girl can help another as no one else can.

M. How thankful I have been to you once or twice, Connie! You make people respect you, and those who are with you, and yet, or because, you never preach as you do when we are alone, you only practise. A nice girl makes a sort of safe place all round her for others; but I never thought of doing it!

C. (*a little confused*) Oh! I think girls have a claim on each other for help.

M. A kind of educated Girls' Friendly Society would be the thing!

C. A society is distinctly not wanted, but its objects are.

M. (*gravely*) Indeed they are too delicate. We ought not to be conscious that we are trying to be pure, we who lead such sheltered lives. But I see that, especially just now, even in our shelter we are tempted. I will try to be more watchful and sympathetic with other girls, and I won't read details of sin because they are published to stir up those who can work, any more than I should have begun to do so, if I hadn't supposed that in such a case I might.

C. You did not think; that was all. You will forgive me for seeming so severe! But indeed I feel very strongly on the necessity of keeping our mental purity. That has nothing to do with the general question for actual workers.

AUTUMN NOTES FROM MERAN.

CHAPTER IV.

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to render justice to the manifold charms of this fascinating valley. The town itself becomes sad, rather than gay, as the season reaches its height and every house is crowded with strangers. For unhappily few of the guests from all countries assembling at its table d'hôtes and in its public walks have come simply to enjoy its quiet beauties or in search of amusement. Nearly all of them are battling for life against the most insidious of diseases; and so, the greater the crowd the greater the melancholy. There is, of course, a sprinkling of tourists and people who come rather because Meran is fashionable than because they are ill, but these cheerful exceptions only make more apparent the sad general rule. The townsfolk, however, enlivened by the quick sale of their goods and well let houses, have gay doings which bring life and stir to their streets. On several days festivals are held in honour of the Fire-brigades from Bozen and other towns. Arches of greenery spring up on the bridge, flags flutter everywhere, bands play all day, firemen of all sizes and types, clumsy, athletic and agile, parade the place, feast in the hotels and go through animated gymnastic performances on the roof of the big house by the shooting ground at the end of the town. All the processes of bringing out the engines, setting up ladders, etc., are executed with praiseworthy speed; and the sober enthusiasm of the Tirolese public reaches its climax when firemen are seen gliding down a rope by one hand from a third floor window, neatly kicking themselves away from the wall as they go, and real children are expeditiously rescued from imaginary flames. On the last of these festivals the Public Gardens were illuminated, and a Fackel-zug, or torch procession, wound about the paths like a fiery serpent, while a display of Bengal lights up at the Zenoburg, transformed the quiet crowd into unearthly beings and lent a fantastic gloom to the ravine beneath. Then a troupe of Tirolese minstrels gave a series of open air concerts at the Forster *Brauerei*; and though the singing was less than mediocre and the women wore tawdry travesties of the genuine, picturesque Pustherthal costume, these concerts afforded an odd peep at German manners and customs. Strangers, townsfolk and peasants sat drinking beer or coffee at the little tables in the brewery garden. Quite a crowd of small boys had assembled at the gate and were generously permitted to look in gratis. Two or

three priests sat hob-nobbing with a cluster of country folk round a big table near the concert platform.

The busy Kellnerin was for ever bringing fresh tankards of foaming ale to this group; and it was like looking at a conjuring trick to see how many brimming glasses she contrived to carry at once.

During the pauses between the songs, the leader (and tenor) went from table to table with little polite speeches. To the strangers for example it was; 'Did the *Herrschafter* (gentlefolk) admire the Tirolese music? would they like to hear the *jodel?* etc., etc.'

We noticed that it was the native custom to signify approbation of the singers' efforts by summoning this or that performer with a friendly nod to come and have a drink of beer. Not a separate glass, probably that would be a breach of good manners, but simply a drink out of your own capacious schopp. The priests were profuse in these hospitable offers, and the leader and the fat Basso, who had successfully saluted his Fatherland (*Sei gegrusst mein Vaterland!*) in powerful notes from the lowest depths of his enormous chest, received more sips than any of the others.

Later on, the shortening days brought pleasures of another sort, for now it became possible to brave the afternoon sun, and extend our excursions beyond the narrow, shady paths round Obermais. The rushing water courses alongside these paths not only refreshed us by their coolness, but began to babble of the hillsides from which they sprang, tempting us to clamber among the vineyards and chesnuts to Schoenna, and Gozen, or to bravely seat ourselves on uncomfortable saddles, and struggle up the slippery paved way to historic Schloss Tirol. Here, if geological, we could admire the wonderful group of earth pyramids, each capped by a block of stone, and wearing, at a little distance, the semblance of petrified Druid priests—if archæological, the early Gothic portals of the castle chapel, with its miraculous crucifix—or if simply artistic or naturalistic, delight in the glorious view up the Vintschgau towards the snowy summits of the Ortler Spize, of the verdant Etschland and the etherial splendours of the pale opal Dolomites faintly visible beyond the Alps of Trent. And after feasting our eyes on wooded ravines, mountain-tops, chesnut vales, emerald pastures, grey ruins and granite crags, and being also terribly shaken by slipping and jolting down the zig-zag road, past ivy-clad Durrenstein, we are not sorry to dismount from our horses and our hobby horses at the same time. Resting in the wooden balcony of the rough little inn at Gratsch, among a tangle of vineyard, we are soon refreshed by sweet Muscat wine and sweeter Muscat grapes.

Another interesting drive is along the Landeck Road, between crocus-sprinkled meadows and abundant orchards, where great trees are bending to the earth under their rich load of glowing apples. Then, once more the vineyards crowd about us until we reach the bridge over the Etsch, that is so impetuously whirling down from its

mountain source on its way towards Italy. Once there, and its speed a trifle slackened, it is transformed into the stately Adige; it mirrors the towers and palaces of Verona in its emerald depths, and then, sick of the restraints of city life, tears swiftly across the plains, between high and well-watched banks, through which, in spite of all watching, it sometimes bursts, changing fertile districts into stony wastes, contented husbandmen into homeless beggars.

But now, having crossed the Etsch and passed the massive remains of Forst castle, over-hanging the river, in an instant we are in another climate. A keen mountain breeze blows in our faces as we wind round the side of the Marlingerberg, and see the white buildings of Josephsberg, that coolest of summer retreats, high up over our heads among the firs and beeches.

The ditches begin to be festooned with ferns, and the pearly blossoms of the parnassus grow in slender clusters on the dripping rocks. Here we have Alpine coolness and Alpine shade, but if we look across the valley the other side of the Etsch, there are Gratsch and Algund down among the vineyards still baking in the sun. Higher and higher, and again we cross the Etsch, this time over a Roman bridge and past a picturesque huddle of saw mills, where there is a great rush and confusion of waters and water wheels. Then presently we come to the quiet rustic hamlet of Toll, have one glimpse of a distant, mighty waterfall, of shadowy summits and snowy pinnacles, and, knowing that the next turn of the valley would open out a still grander view, would certainly go driving on straight into Switzerland, were it not that we are positively bound to return home before sunset.

And now the autumn season is drawing to its close, and changes come over Meran. Patients who came for the grape-cure only are beginning to disperse, others are arriving and settling themselves for the winter. Some, the doctors have dismissed cured, and some have dismissed themselves to where doctors are no more needed. The great hotel * across the Passer is quite finished and nearly furnished, and the gorgeous Kurhaus under the poplars has opened its doors to all who are not afraid to sit in newly plastered rooms; we are in the first week of a sunny October, and the vintage is in full swing. There has been so little rain that the flavour of the grapes is unimpaired, and it is prophesied on all sides that this year's wine will be of super-excellent quality.

Seeing the enormous daily consumption of grapes, and the quantities continually despatched to Germany, it seems wonderful that any should be left for wine making. And though everywhere the vintage is in progress, but few of the vine bowers are as yet stripped of their green and purple pendants.

What a contrast also to the same season in Italy! Here the vintage is carried on in grave, business-like fashion, without any attempt to

* This great hotel is a failure, according to the last accounts.

turn it into a merrymaking. No shouts, no cries, no peals of ringing laughter! No picturesque half-dressed peasants energetically stamping down the fruit with purple-stained feet and legs! Not even creaking clumsy presses wringing the last drop of juice from much tortured skins! None of these sights is to be seen here.

Only, rumbling down every lane, and standing in every grassy path between the wine trellises, are slender drays, each carrying one capacious vat in which the grapes are collected.

On the high roads, stout oxen—cream or dun-coloured—are to be seen conveying Titanic butts and barrels, casks and hogsheads, tubs, buckets and every other possible recipient in every direction. Men perched on ladders are snipping off the weighty bunches and dropping them into long handled wooden bowls, held by women standing below. This is the process for the finest grapes; the others are picked in more summary fashion. Drays laden with vats no longer empty are standing before the gloomy archways in the Post and Lauben Gassen, and men, whose black leather jerkins have acquired a ruddy tinge, are steadily crushing down the fruit with red-stained mallets. Others dip out the must in little buckets and bear it away through the dark entrances into darker cellars, where the sweet juice will fret, and worry, and seethe, and ferment, and be changed about from one vessel to another, until it is ready to be barrelled and labelled, as Table wine, Tiroler wine, Terlaner, Riesling, or any other growth of the neighbourhood.

Now, too, the abundant apple crop is gathered in. Down the road, across the bridge, a little way past the Spital Kirche, light, two storied carts are being packed with boxes of apples, as well as with baskets of grapes. And ripe chesnuts are dropping on our heads, and their husks pricking our feet, as we wander among the pretty upland lanes of Obermais. This harvest does not seem to be garnered in with much alacrity; for these lucky Tirolese mountaineers can earn better food than chesnut cakes and chesnut porridge.

It is still so warm by day that we hardly understand why the leaves should be turning so yellow. The great poplar avenue is already shabby, and, as we lounge beneath its still expansive shade and look at the transparent, sea-green Passer flashing and whitening over the stones, we note that the stumpy lines of well-clad mulberries slanting away towards the Marling bridge, are already tinged with russet; and the luxuriant Virginia creepers that are everywhere—on the bowers of the winter garden, and overgrowing half the villas and castles of Ober and Unter Mais—are already changing to deep crimson and purplish brown. The big paulonia near our favourite morning retreat in the upper garden is as yet unchanged; but its great green seed pods are bursting open.

Here, from this spot, we take our last look of the saucy Passer, and of the green-tiled spire of St. George on the opposite bank; give a parting nod to Ifinger's grey head, just uplifted behind his fir-covered

sentinels, and drive away down the Bozen road between the side scenes of porphyry hills, by river and pasture, shaven fields and desolate vineyard—past crucifixes engarlanded with grapes and corn and flowers, in graceful thanksgiving for the plenteous harvest, and on, past villas and gardens, to the iron way that will bear us back to the work-a-day world.

LINDA VILLARI.

(*Concluded.*)

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

We have had very few sovereigns of Europe. Oats' and Apathy's are very painstaking, but they are histories, not a vivid little sketch of the men and of their ways, such as once was done for a smaller society long ago. And either would fill up more than the space allotted, so that we hardly know how to deal with them. Here are two questions, and then next year Arachne has a new scheme to propose.

How has human hair figured in history?

Why are spiders not insects?

Competition.

We have received a great many translations of 'Christians Awake.' Next month we will give the best with individual remarks. Unfortunately hardly anyone seems to have followed the essential rules of French poetry in the task.

Appeals.

Coastguardsmen, living in solitary places, and tied to the spot, are peculiarly in need of wholesome amusement. Any family kindly willing to pass on to them illustrated papers regularly, is requested to communicate with Lady Hoskins, 17, Montagu Square, W. She will give the address of one of the stations where their transmission would be a boon.

Orders are requested for any kind of needlework, for knitting and crochet, Honiton and Irish lace, church embroidery, hand-painted cards, &c., for the chronic invalids of the Girl's Friendly Society, or those kept at home in charge of the sick and infirm. Address, Mrs. Jerome Mercier, Kemerton Rectory, Tewkesbury, or Mrs. Bromfield, Paxford, Moreton-in-Marsh.

Dear Madam,

Last year you most kindly inserted an appeal in the 'Monthly Packet' in behalf of the Ascot Hospital 'Pusey Bed Fund.' Those of your readers who so kindly responded to this appeal will be pleased to hear that during the year £103 14*s.* 9*d.* was collected for this fund. The sisters were thus enabled to receive 58 *free* patients, in addition to those who always flow in from Guy's Hospital and elsewhere.

and for whom no payment is made. A certain number of incurables, aged women, and others, are also supported from this fund.

I earnestly beg your readers to help me again, for I am anxious to raise the subscription list to £500 a year. I want 400 people to subscribe each half-a-crown a year. But I think I have a still greater need, and this is, that some ladies will offer to work with me to raise this Fund, and by so doing memorialise Dr. Pusey's active *hidden* charity, as others have memorialised his deep learning and devotion in that wonderful house at Oxford. I am, dear madam, faithfully yours,

ALICE SLATER.

It will save delay in receiving answers if all letters be addressed to me at 5, St. Thomas' Home, Basingstoke, Hants.

I think the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' will like to hear how well spent the money has been that was received from their kind gifts about three years ago, to ransom John Stirling from slavery in Madagascar. After his release he was sent for two years to St. Paul's College, Great Taharanana. When he had finished his course of study, he was sent to work amongst his own tribe, the Bessienarakas in the south of the islands, where he is now schoolmaster and catechist. His wife was brought up in the Norwegian School, and is a real helpmeet to him. Miss Lawrence, the valuable missionary sent out by the Ladies' Association of S.P.G., writes most favourably of the work they are doing amongst their heathen friends, and appeals warmly for some school materials for him. She says, "If you could only send him 100 slates of different sizes, and some slate pencils, a blackboard and some chalk, you would be conferring on him the greatest boon." She goes on to ask for drugs of all kinds, especially quinine, as she is a most capable nurse as well as teacher. Miss Gregory, the Orphanage, Vauxhall, would send out these useful things from the National Society's depot, if funds could be raised to pay for them.

Correction, p. 240. For 'Wimphelegius' *read* 'Wimphelingius.'

P. 244. For 'Aristokles' *read* 'Aristoteles'; 'four' not 'three,' Latin doctors. (Ss. Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, and Gregory).

P. 260, twelve lines from the bottom: for wore *read* bore.

P. 262, thirteen lines from bottom: for σι *read* σ.

P. 266, third line from the bottom:

'But there was no actual prayer enjoined,' &c.

Note, that the preacher always says the 'Our Father' after the 'Bidding Prayer,' and thus leads the congregation in praying for all the objects mentioned in the 'Bidding.' S. D. OF SARUM.

P. 267. Error as to surplice and alb, always distinct vestments.

P. 269. Not coloured stoles, but linen vestments caused the Wapping riots.

Notices to Correspondents.

Dorothy.—'Where did you come from, baby dear,' is by George Macdonald. 'For oh the Master is so fair,' in *Ezekiel, and other Poems*, by B. M.

Annie S.—Archbishop Trench's '*Brief Thoughts and Meditations*,' are published by Kegan Paul. It is a small book, and the price cannot be above a few shillings.

Elfric.—'*Children of the Renaissance*,' is not a continuation of a previous story ever published here or elsewhere. After Culloden in Christmas No. of 1881.

L. S.—The office of the Sea Shell Mission is at 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton, S. W. The Secretary is Mr. C. Darkin.

Mrs. Basil Haines begs for information where to find a story called, '*How Four Men tried to Live by Themselves*.'

LADIES' ASSOCIATION for the promotion of female education in India and other heathen countries, in connexion with the missions of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.—A meeting will be held on Wednesday, October 7th, at 3.30 *p.m.*, in the Sailor Boys' Room, Soldiers' Institute, Penny Street, Portsmouth. The Right Rev. Bishop MacDougall will preside. The Dean of York, J. G. Talbot, Esq., M.P., the Rev. R. R. Winter, the Rev. C. Taberer, and others, will address the meeting. The attendance of all who are interested in Zenana Missions and in the progress of female education in the Missions of our Church in Foreign Lands is specially requested.—ADMITTANCE FREE.

The Monthly Packet.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

MADAME'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ROSE GARDEN,' 'CONTRADICTIONS,' &c.

IX.

IS IT HAPPINESS?

If there were hours when Marcelle was really more happy and peaceful than ever she had been in her life before, there were others when it seemed as if she had never been so miserable. Perhaps hers was one of those stormy natures with whom both joy and suffering are so acute, that when either has possession of the soul, it appears as if there were no possible room for the other. At first she could not have explained why she was unhappy; when something opened her eyes and she had to acknowledge that Lambert had become so dear that sunshine or gloom depended on him, it brought an added sense of shame, against which she sometimes struggled defiantly, while at other seasons it made her wretched. She was sure that her grandmother had read her secret, for at times some sarcastic word would bring the hot blood into her cheeks till they flamed; but she was not aware how keenly Madame Merillon had watched her, nor how she had denied herself the satisfaction of sharp speeches, until she was convinced that Marcelle was so completely under the influence of this new feeling that there was no fear of startled pride forcing her to break away. Neither had Madame Merillon many doubts as to M. Solignac himself. No one had any idea how this small insignificant woman, who complained bitterly of the difficulties of living, and who appeared to be taken up with her own concerns, trying, as Adélaïde said scornfully, to save her two *sous* a day, with the energy which others expended in earning their hundreds, was silently but keenly making her own observations on them all, often entertaining herself by playing on their peculiarities, or by turning them in the direction she wanted with a subtlety which left them quite unconscious that they were following any suggestions but their own. While Marcelle's heart throbbed with the thought that Lambert, who

openly expressed his admiration for Adélaïde, would ask her for his wife, Madame Merillon had not, after the first few days, a moment's fear. She saw that there was too much self-assertion in M. Solignac's character for him to choose a wife who would never be content unless she reigned herself. She saw also that Marcelle interested him, for when she spoke of her slightingly, which she often did, from intention, an impulse at once led him to defend her, and it quite satisfied her for the present at any rate. Oddly enough, for a woman of her shrewd penetration, she never thought of Sybille. Sybille to some people seemed so completely a child, and moreover, a very fragile and delicate child, that they looked upon her in no other light. It required a more spiritual nature than Madame Merillon's to recognise that the childlikeness was not childishness, and that behind what was so ethereal and refined there lay a deep strength of character. She could not fancy that a man would find attraction in a little creature without the sort of beauty which she recognised in Adélaïde and sometimes saw in Marcelle, a beauty which might be described and classified, and which forced itself upon the attention.

Lambert did not dislike Madame Merillon. He thought her absurdly avaricious, but her clear judgment pleased him, and she could always insinuate the touch of flattery, which most men find irresistible. She let him imagine that she was coming to him for advice when all the while she was extracting from him a statement of his own affairs, doing it so cleverly too, that it never startled him, although on reflection he was sometimes amazed that he should have told her so much. He found a good deal, moreover, to consider in her hints, and he ended by letting her know all without reserve. It showed that he had spent his money so carelessly that in her heart she despised him infinitely, but no trace of this attitude was perceptible in her words, or in the advice she rather put in his way than offered. It was exactly the sort of work which pleased her, for so long as she really pulled the strings and knew it, she was quite indifferent to others realising the fact, and she liked to look upon those around her as puppets, to be moved as she pleased, even in spite of themselves. Marcelle was not easy to make dance, as she owned, yet in this case things had fallen out so well that she took all the credit to herself. When Lambert had married her she foresaw an easy arrangement of his affairs, and it would have been so difficult to find a *gendre* at Castelbianco, that she had always looked forward with a groan to one day having to make some sacrifice on that account. It was all therefore falling out to admiration.

Meanwhile, Marcelle had no such consolation. There had been times when her heart had leaped with the conviction that Lambert cared for her, but such times were not many. She was proud, yet with her pride mingled a strange painful humility, she looked at herself with scorn, even with dislike. Comparing herself with the others, she felt immeasurably their inferior,—ignorant, awkward, ill-

dressed. Judging his standard by her own, she had no doubt how she must appear before him by comparison. This feeling irritated her when she thought of Adélaïde, but Sybille's sweetness and unconsciousness of superiority had completely disarmed her, she owned her charm without bitterness, and looked at her with a wistful wonder which more than once had puzzled M. Solignac.

The violets in the Grove were not neglected. Marcelle had a faint notion that her present happiness was somehow due to her propitiation of the Madonna there, and she was anxious beyond anything else not to allow shortcomings on her part to interfere. It was very much the feeling of a savage for his idol, and she had never admitted her secret fear to Sybille, who would have been shocked. But she watered and weeded the violets, every day went into the Grove to see that all was as it should be, and at times persuaded herself that the Madonna looked less menacing. There one day Lambert found her alone. He glanced round with a shrug of disgust.

'Madame Merillon told me I should unearth you here. Why do you like this gloomy place? I wish you would let me change its aspect and remove the statue. To me there is something sinister and evil about it, as if my wicked ancestor had not been permitted to represent what he designed. They say he sculptured it himself.'

'What would you do?' asked Marcelle with interest.

'I should carry away that grim figure and put something in its stead more likely to suggest happy ideas.'

'Oh, hush, hush!' said the girl in an agony. 'Do not talk like that!'

'Why not?' asked M. Solignac smiling. 'One would suppose you were afraid of offending something!'

'I should not like it changed,' she said feverishly. 'What did you come to tell me? Am I wanted?'

'Not at all,' he said coolly; 'you need not be in a hurry to go.'

'Only you must not speak against the Madonna,' said Marcelle, pacified, and feeling the strange thrill of happiness run through her of which she was never conscious except in his presence.

'It is the sculptor, not I, who has spoken—however, let us choose some other subject. For instance, there is something which I am particularly desirous to ask.'

'What is it?'

'First, then, do you by chance remember the day on which we first made acquaintance?'

'Yes—perfectly.'

'And you came up between the budding boughs like a very nymph of the woods, only, my poor cousin—forgive me—a somewhat disconsolate nymph.'

'I believe I was very unhappy,' said Marcelle thoughtfully.

'At all events you were not very complimentary to my poor old house, for you implied that you hated Castelbianco.'

'It has changed,' she said looking round.

'And you are not so unhappy any longer? That is well,' he said kindly; 'that is what I wanted to know. The presence of these young girls——'

But as he spoke the words died away, for there passed across Marcelle's face the shadow of a pain so great and overpowering, a gloom so heavy, that before it these words of his sounded like mockery. What had moved her to such a sudden passion of grief? It vexed because it disappointed him. He had made up his mind that she should be happy, and philanthropy can be as imperious in its requirements as anything else, and as much wanting in patience. Poor Marcelle! It brought, moreover, an immediate remembrance of the sweet sunshine of Sybille's face, never touched by these impetuous southern storms. Yet he could not help watching her as she leant against an old cypress, and wondering what was the irregular charm in her countenance which made it so much more attractive than Adélaïde's deliberate beauty. The sharp black shadow struck keenly across her dress, but the light fell on her beautiful hair, and on a bit of starry jessamine which she had stuck behind her ear. Except his necklet it was the only adornment he had ever seen her wear. He wondered what had disturbed her, and what she was thinking about. The shadow passed, however, and she said with an effort, 'Now there is something which I want to know. Will you answer me truly?'

'Without doubt.'

'There is no one to tell me what I ought or ought not to do. Ought I to stay here and talk to you? Would other girls?'

'There can be no reason why you should not,' he answered evasively.

'But is it customary? Would—Mademoiselle Adélaïde or Sybille do it?'

'Perhaps not,' he owned. 'But surely in a place like Castelbianco, where are no tongues to be set wagging, one need not always be considering what the world has to say.'

'So I thought,' she said with a sigh, 'and I must be different from other girls, for I have no one. No one even to tell me.'

'Trust to me,' said M. Solignac, touched this time by her sadness.

'And you think it is right?'

'But, certainly, with me—a cousin. Not with anyone else.'

'Oh, but there is no one else,' said the girl naively.

'But there will be, you will see! Some day up will ride the prince to this sleepy enchanted castle, and then, tra-ra-la-la, such a blowing of horns, such a general shaking and waking up and rubbing of eyes! Even old Apollinaïse will have no time to be cross, the banquet will be made ready, the guests will pour in, your grandmother will bid them all welcome, and then, with a flourish of trumpets, away will ride the prince, with the princess, all feathers and satins, riding by his side.'

He looked smiling at her. She did not smile but turned a little paler. All she said was,

'I do not know that you have answered me; but, after all, what does it matter? I am nobody, and it is of little consequence what is thought. Tell me, then, what you have to say.'

'The Saut du Loup is talked of for to-morrow.'

'I know that Mademoiselle Adélaïde wants to see it. Well, you will have fine weather.'

'*You*. But you will join us?' said he, vexed.

'Pardon me, no.'

'Do you object to the day? Let us fix another.'

Marcelle shook her head impatiently. 'I cannot go.'

'Not if I tell you that you will bitterly disappoint your friend, Mademoiselle Sybille? Indeed, she declares she will not go without you. You are very unreasonable.'

'Yes, I have a bad temper, as you know.' She walked quickly away for a few paces, and came back again. 'I would very much rather not be of the party.'

'Nevertheless, I feel sure you will put aside your own wishes and come,' said M. Solignac gravely. He was again vexed at this unaccountable reluctance of hers.

The displeased look in her eyes softened a little, but she made another effort.

'Without me you are exactly the right number for a carriage.'

'Without you we shall not be right at all.' He added quickly, 'Do not say any more. You have yielded, I see it in your eyes.'

'I think you have the trick of seeing only what you intend to see,' said Marcelle, smiling at last. One of those impetuous and imperative longings for happiness and the desire of her heart swept over her, silencing warning voices. Was the future to hold no delight? then she would let the present have its joy; she would dream, let the awakening cost what it would; she would try her fate with Sybille—who knew? M. Solignac little knew what stirred her, or why her eyes had an unusually soft light which added strangely to their beauty, but she did not linger longer in the grove; she went out of it and turned into the house, leaving him to stroll to the low wall near the spiral hedges and to lean over it on his folded arms. There he was joined by Dr. Vallette with his wife and eldest daughter.

X.

AT THE SAUT DU LOUP.

Nothing could promise more fairly for the Saut du Loup than the next morning. Lambert had sent to Grasse for a carriage to meet them in the high-road, Sybille's donkey was to take her down through

the olive terraces, and they all set off in high spirits except Marcelle, who felt an unaccountable aversion to the expedition. Even she, however, had to yield to Sybille's delight, which indeed it was impossible to withstand. Nothing was so small but it was able to increase her pleasure, and they all felt as if they were bound, if for her sake only, to make the day a veritable fête.

It was early when they started, for they meant to spend many hours in the ravine. That Sybille could reach the Saut du Loup itself, the leap of the river, that is, which, rushing down from the hills at the end of the wild gorge, gives its name to the place, was impossible, for the gorge is three miles long, and the path is only passable on foot, but she would be able to walk a little distance, and see much of the beauty. Some of the others might penetrate further, Adélaïde, for instance.

It was hot enough even at that hour, as they drove along the yellow road, parched and dusty. It was long since rain had fallen, but in that land it is the sun which brings blessing, and corn and grapes spread themselves out in the hot fierce rays, and throve under them.

Adélaïde complained, fanning herself with a great fan, but to Sybille the heat seemed life and vigour, and when at last, under Gourdon, perched at the top of what looks an inaccessible hill, the mouth of the gorge was reached, and the carriage dismissed, she clapped her hands and declared that now the true enjoyment would begin.

Their path lay for some distance on the western side of the river, which raced and leaped along, as if glad to escape from the mountains above it; the path was rough but practicable enough, and on either side grew an abundance of low aromatic shrubs. Down below, the river's course was broken by large scattered boulders, and as the gorge narrowed the path began to descend and approach the stream. Presently Dr. Vallette, who, walking in front had been happily engaged in searching for rare plants, stopped.

'This is all very well, *mon amie*,' he said to Sybille, 'but we must remember that you have to go back again. I am going to order a halt.'

'Oh, a little farther,' she pleaded. 'I am not in the least tired.'

'Let us go on to that point,' said Marcelle. 'Do you see, down below there, a little bridge thrown across the stream?'

'That a bridge?' returned the physician. 'But I see what you mean.'

'It is a charming place to rest in, and Sybille and I can wait there while you cross and go farther up the stream.'

'You have a good memory,' said Dr. Vallette admiringly, 'for you told me you had never been here more than once, and that as a child.'

'Yes,' said Marcelle, 'it is true; but I never forget.'

Her eye met Lambert's as she spoke, and she coloured; it seemed,

to her vexation, that since yesterday simple words had a deeper meaning to them both. She tried to shake off the impression, and was glad that Sybille and she were to stay behind. Sybille expressed her satisfaction for another reason; she declared she could not have crossed the light swinging bridge, which indeed was so narrow and so roughly put together as to have a tremulous air of insecurity. There was no protection or holding at the side, except a rope, shoulder-high, and under it the little river dashed along with a rush which was not unlikely to bewilder the crosser. Adélaïde protested a good deal, but she had a strong head, and, between her father and M. Solignac, managed to reach the other side without misadventure. The girls watched them out of sight; then Sybille flung herself on the bank with a sigh.

'I can't conceive how Adélaïde could do it. Did you not tremble to see her?'

'Not at all,' said Marcelle coolly. 'There is no difficulty.'

'Oh, Marcelle!'

'None. Look!'

And stepping lightly on the frail bridge, Marcelle ran to the opposite side before Sybille could do more than utter a terrified 'Oh!' She was back again as quickly.

'Bah! It is nothing. You poor little trembler, are you really frightened?'

'Of course I am,' said Sybille, removing her hands from her eyes. 'Oh, Marcelle, how could you do it! You are as brave as M. Solignac himself. I wish they had seen you. I wish I could do such a thing.'

'It is a mere nothing,' Marcelle answered. 'You have only to make up your mind.'

Sybille sighed.

'Do you think that would really be enough? You do not know how much I long to be brave, or how much it troubles me when my father calls me "little coward." Perhaps you are right, and that if I could only make the effort—— Come, I will try.' She made one or two attempts, Marcelle encouraging her, but could never get more than three or four feet from the shore. 'I think about it too much,' she said, shaking her head, and sitting down again on the bank. 'If ever I did such a thing, it must be all of a sudden—in a moment. Marcelle, how brave you are! You seem never to want anyone to take care of you.'

'That is fortunate, since there is no one,' said the other girl, rather bitterly.

'But there will be some day,' said Sybille, kissing her, and nodding with a little air of wisdom.

'Where should he come from?'

'Ah, that one never knows! I don't know if it is wrong to think about it, but I do sometimes. Marcelle, can you keep a secret?'

'I suppose so. I have not heard many secrets.'

'Well, this, you know, may be only Adélaïde's fancy; but she has an idea that M. Solignac has said something to papa.'

'Should you like that?' asked Marcelle.

There had been a pause between Sybille's remark and her friend's; it was so slight that Sybille did not notice it, yet long enough for a sharp anguish to have clutched a heart.

'Yes, I think so. There is something so strong about him, that one feels as if he would be kind and good, and then papa likes him so much. You like him, too, do you not?'

'No!' said Marcelle fiercely. It was true; at that moment she felt as if she hated M. Solignac.

'No! Oh, *m'amie!*' cried Sybille, much distressed. 'But I see what it is,' she added the next minute, 'you think I am wrong to speak of such a matter even to you?'

'On the contrary, I am much obliged to you,' said Marcelle, commanding herself.

'But why? I do not understand you.'

'How should you?' said the other, in an odd, constrained voice. There was a silence between them, broken only by the swirl of the water against the stones. Almost against her will Marcelle glanced at Sybille and saw tears in the blue eyes. She flung her arms round her in a tempest of remorse. 'My dear one, what have I been saying to wound you? you who are so good, who have been so good to me! You do not know me yet, nor how sometimes it seems as if there were a demon within me; but wicked as I may be, I do love you very dearly. You must believe that, Sybille—always!'

'I was afraid you did not care for me, or that you were angry at what I said,' replied the younger girl, smiling through her tears, and leaning her pretty head against Marcelle's shoulder. 'Now I am quite happy again; but you must not say those naughty things of yourself. And you must like M. Solignac, for I know he likes you; I heard him say one day to papa that you had a grand nature.'

'Did he?' said Marcelle shortly. What stabs the most innocent hand can inflict!

'And, if—if that comes, though of course it may be Adélaïde's imagination—only think! I should be your cousin. That seems best of all.'

'Ah!'

'Of course I try not to think about it till I know more, and perhaps papa may consider me too young, but what makes me unhappy is that I am so foolish and cowardly. I fancy if one's husband were a man like M. Solignac—who had done such great, brave things, I mean—he could hardly help despising anyone who was frightened so often. You don't know how happy it would have made me to have crossed the bridge as you did.'

'That is nothing,' Marcelle forced herself to say.

They were silent again, but this time Sybille was lost in a happy gentle dream, while Marcelle's stormy soul was still tossed here and there, and pierced with unhappiness. She had neither questioned nor fully known her own heart, until these words of Sybille's seemed to snatch aside a veil which she had held tightly across it, afraid of letting herself look. Now she knew, but at what a cost! Shame, indignation, bitterness, were literally scourging her, and she felt as if she could never bear to see Lambert again. She wondered at her own blindness, for what more natural than that he should love one so sweet and loveable as Sybille, but she had begun with a wrong impression that he admired Adélaïde, and by the time this was set right, some other ideas had stolen upon her, so that no room was left for what, after all, it appeared, was the right one. So, instead of coming to light gradually, it had been concealed by a phantom, and now stood before her suddenly and without preparation. It was characteristic of Marcelle, or one might rather say, of Marcelle's life, that she never doubted its reality: happiness had hitherto played too small a part in her existence to be a familiar figure, it was rather a something so shy and so strange that no wonder if it turned its back upon her, mocking. Everything came to Sybille, and so, no doubt, this crowning joy was also intended for her.

Presently across the river they heard returning voices. Marcelle sat upright, pale, but outwardly composed in spite of the turmoil in her heart; Sybille went close to the river and looked at the bridge with a longing that she were heroic enough to cross.

Only M. Solignac appeared in view at last, and he called across the stream to know whether Marcelle could come to the other side. She rose slowly and reluctantly and walked deliberately across the shaking bridge. Lambert greeted her with a smile.

'I knew you did not require assistance,' he said.

She looked straight before her.

'Why did you call me?'

'Perhaps for the pleasure of seeing you cross,' he said, still smiling. She turned haughtily away, but he stopped her as her foot was on the bridge. 'Have I really offended you by saying that?'

'Yes,' said Marcelle briefly.

He stepped back.

'*Pardon.* The actual truth is, that Dr. Vallette has found a plant of which he is persuaded you can tell him the local name. Now am I forgiven?'

Without answering, she went along the path towards the others, he looking angrily after her, and feeling somehow outraged by the hidden violence of her manner.

'With a temper like that, no man could be happy. I should be a fool to think of her. If there had been a cause even—but nothing has been done to offend her, and yet there she is, all fire and scorn! This comes of trying to embellish people's lives; those who allow

them to go their own way are the wise men of the world. The worst of all that African business is, that it has left one quite uneducated in some of those experiences; a man of eight-and-twenty, who had spent his years in France, would know better than to go about knocking his head against stone walls, with the vague idea that somebody might be the better for it. Well, my head is thick enough to stand a few thumps, and I'm lucky, on the whole, not to have brought worse about my ears; if it pleases my cousin to be rude, that is preferable to having a wife a virago.'

He had looked after her, while he spoke, with a sort of angry admiration. She was walking slowly but proudly, carrying her head with a stately grace—this was what he saw—the tearful eyes and quivering lips were hidden, like so many other things which might change our harsh thoughts. His anger with her seemed quite disproportioned to her offence; it was really the revulsion against some concealed emotion which might—had things been otherwise—have altered two lives. But generally there is a moment which passes by us unrecognised.

A faint cry interrupted his reflections. Sybille, after seeing Marcelle vanish, had been seized with an overpowering idea that something was the matter, and anxiety giving her courage, had not only nerved herself to start on the perilous journey across the bridge, but had reached half way before dizziness and terror got the upper hand. When Lambert looked round, startled by the cry, she was clutching the rope, and actually, it seemed, on the point of falling, so that he had a moment's agony of doubt whether he could reach her in time. That he did so was little short of a miracle, and only a very powerful man with a strong head could have lifted her in his arms and carried her back to the bank. As he did it, he was more taken up with the childlike delicacy of the face on his shoulder than with the danger of a false step, all its lines were so innocent and trustful that they made a sudden appeal to his heart, angry as it was with Marcelle, and an impulse moved him to stoop and kiss the blue-veined forehead. She opened her eyes at the touch, and smiled at him as a child might have done, and when he laid her on the bank, clung to him as if fear would re-awaken were he not there. He set himself to soothe her.

'You are safe now—perfectly safe. But, good Heavens, why did you attempt it?'

'I thought I ought to be brave, and—— Ah, here is papa!'

And, indeed, Dr. Vallette was at her side almost speechless. Lambert, on his part, felt a moment's awkward discomposure; he had not known they were so near. Looking back, he saw that Marcelle was assisting Adélaïde to cross. Dr. Vallette anxiously questioned Sybille; but she rapidly regained her colour and her spirits, and laughed at his anxiety.

'There is no harm done,' he said, standing up with a sigh of relief.

'But what an escape! And it is to you, M. Solignac, that under God, we owe all. Do you know that your feat was prodigious?'

'Make a hero of me, by all means,' laughed Lambert. 'It is astonishing how little is sometimes required for that process.'

'Ah, you may turn it off, but you can't change the fact that you saved her life, and that we owe you a debt we can never repay.'

There was a significance in Dr. Vallette's gratitude which could hardly be misunderstood, and which was not surprising if he had seen all the circumstances of the rescue; but the public recognition annoyed M. Solignac. Yet it annoyed him more that when Adélaïde came up full of gratitude and wonder, Marcelle stood coldly and silently on one side. 'Oh, she certainly has no heart!' he decided. A little restraint got hold of the party, though they unpacked a basket, and sat by the side of the beautiful brawling stream, and kept up an appearance of conviviality. Sybille looked happy, but was more silent than usual; she gave the idea of some one pondering over a change not unpleasant, yet not familiar enough to be regarded without wonder. Marcelle's pride was up in arms to battle with the shame and bitterness which had swept up on her; she felt as if but one thing remained to her in the world—to hide her suffering. Naturally, with her young and inexperienced soul, she went on overdoing this part; she flaunted her proud indifference too openly, and would not so much as look at M. Solignac. Nobody, however, noticed anything, except perhaps Adélaïde, and she was in an amiable humour. She had always intended M. Solignac to marry Sybille, feeling herself capable of quite as brilliant a match, and aware that, Sybille married, she would have a larger influence with her father, and might gain her wish of going to Paris. She felt that nothing could have fallen out better than this danger of Sybille's, since the right person was there to avert it.

After all, perhaps owing to the restraint which has been mentioned, they did not linger by the river so long as they intended.

'Sybille is tired, and no wonder,' said her father, getting up. 'Suppose we make the best of our way to the carriage;' and as they walked along, he managed to say to Lambert—'If I haven't said enough to you, you mustn't suppose I don't feel what you did, M. Solignac. The fact is, I was a little fearful of emphasizing the danger before Sybille even when it was over.'

'Oh, she behaved excellently well!'

'She is an angel.'

M. Solignac winced a little. He hoped to marry Sybille, but meant to take his own time. He was silent, and his companion went on, with an apparent change of subject, which yet evidently belonged to the same thought.

'What are your plans? I hope you have given up any idea of future wanderings and explorations, though no doubt the government will want your help.'

'Oh, they do not show that inability to do without me which one might expect,' said Lambert dryly. 'Still, if there is a party sent out, I dare say a notification of the fact will reach me. I think of letting my uncle go this time.'

'Your uncle?'

'He is really younger and more enthusiastic than I am. He would be twice as useful. But then his zeal would lead him into all manner of imprudences, and I dare say a man of my age is to be preferred.'

Probably Dr. Vallette expected the young man to say more as they walked along, if so he was disappointed. Many days passed. Dr. Vallette began to watch his daughter with uneasiness, but she showed neither anxiety nor restlessness; it seemed as if the sweet trustfulness of her nature rested peacefully upon something higher than the fancies and frettings which play wild work with hearts. Lambert noticed it, and loved her for it; he could not have explained why he delayed, unless it was with a sort of vague waiting for circumstances. He said to himself often that he only waited. Adélaïde was provoked, she told her father that she hated men who did not know their own minds, and she was rude to Marcelle, who treated her haughtily.

M. Solignac saw little of Marcelle, but she galled him by her indifference, and he assured himself that he disliked her. It was a bad time for the girl, her singularities grew more evident, her temper more variable, then in solitude she had stormy fits of remorse. Dr. Vallette was often provoked by her, and Adélaïde had some excuse for the sharpness of her retorts, but she never changed to Sybille. Madame Merillon was prevented from making discoveries by a very unusual movement; on the day of the Saut du Loup expedition she went on a journey which lasted a week. She instituted Apollinaïse her prime minister during her absence, and weighed out everything even to the last grain. Small was the possible margin for loss. It was on the morning of the day before her intended return that Dr. Vallette joined M. Solignac in the garden, and they spoke of her.

'She is a strange woman, altogether unlike other women,' said the physician. 'I am ashamed to say how repellant I find her.'

'She is extraordinarily shrewd, however,' returned Lambert. 'I don't know if you have ever talked to her on business matters, if you have you must have been struck by her foresight and her powers of reasoning. I wish I had consulted her in old days. My present man is an honest fellow, but an ass, and I have not myself looked into matters as I should.'

'So you would take her advice?' said Dr. Vallette thoughtfully. 'I should not.'

'I think you would, if she put things as clearly to you as she did to me. Yes, I am just in the act of following it.'

'Well—you may be right. But I should never feel sure that if I offended her I should not feel her claws.'

M. Solignac shrugged his shoulders.

'Women's claws only scratch,' he said.

The other shook his head. 'You have seen more of the world than I have, my friend,' he answered, 'but perhaps you are not so well acquainted with women. And when you know them better, you will be the more disposed to admit your ignorance.'

'Perhaps,' said Lambert, still lightly. 'However, I don't see that I am likely to offend Madame Merillon. We are on every good terms.'

'As to that, one can never tell,' the physician answered warningly. There was a short silence, during which M. Solignac had an impression that something was coming, and then his companion said, with a slight hesitation: 'Something which happened the other day made me hope you were disposed to cement our friendship still more closely. The idea gave me great pleasure, but I may have been mistaken, and you—may have been carried away by an impulse. We owe you too much not to forgive it, readily; but, excuse me, if I think it would be well to know which supposition is right.'

His tone was one of exceeding friendliness, and now that the question had come, Lambert no longer felt any doubt.

'If you really want to know my thoughts, they are telling me that if I can gain your daughter for my wife, I shall be the most fortunate man in the world.'

He spoke warmly and put out his hand to Dr. Vallette, who seized it in both his.

'*Allons*, that is as it should be,' he said delightedly; 'and let me say there is no one to whom I would more gladly give her.'

'I ought to tell you that I am not a rich man.'

'If you were a poor one, I believe you would make your wife a happy woman.'

'Then I have your consent?'

'Unreservedly—fully. And hers with it, be assured, for she has never opposed my wishes. Besides, I know she esteems you very highly.'

He went on talking happily about Sybille's perfections. M. Solignac lit his cigarette and listened silently. Man is a provoking creature, even to himself. M. Solignac had chosen deliberately and with intention, he was very fond of Sybille, and owned himself in luck, yet at this first moment he was conscious of a little weariness over the father's praises—a wife who would never oppose him was charming, yet—it was an odd time for Marcelle's brusquely defiant manner to rise before his mind, and to make him feel vexed with himself for not having fathomed the reasons of her abrupt changes. Perhaps his life and an innate pleasure in encountering and overcoming obstacles, gave this easy victory an air of tameness which was just the least bit in the world dull, and as for Marcelle, the flight to her might be explained by her having come out of the house and passed into the Madonna's Grove, while he stood leaning against the wall. However, Dr. Vallette talked on, so content himself as to be

unconscious of a certain want of energy in his companion's replies. It was some time before he left him, and then M. Solignac walked straight to the Grove. Marcelle was watering her pots, she scarcely looked up as he joined her.

'If I were you I should not give myself the trouble,' he said at last, 'there will be rain enough before long.'

'Very likely,' said the girl coldly; 'but one may wait a long time without getting what one expects.'

'Like me.' As she did not ask the question, he went on to explain himself, 'I have been for a long time expecting you to tell me you are sorry.'

'I! For what?' exclaimed Marcelle startled.

'Does not your own heart tell you? You avoid me, you are altogether unfriendly and unlike yourself—I think I have good reason to find fault.'

'Oh!' cried Marcelle, with a look which seemed as if it would sweep him away. He went on a little more hotly than he had begun.

'You cannot deny that you are changed—what has caused it?'

'Nothing,' she said sullenly. But she had her hands clasped over her heart as if to still its beating.

'Nothing?'

'Nothing!' Then she felt a wave of remorse overwhelm her, and an unutterable shame besides for having shown anything like anger. She caught her breath with a sob, and looked drearily at him, hoping that she was smiling. 'If you ask my grandmother she will tell you that I have a very bad temper. That is all.'

He looked doubtful. 'I don't want to ask any one but you. Come, let us be friends again. I am going now to try my fortune, and I should like you to wish me good luck.'

'To try your fortune? Where?' She spoke eagerly.

'There.' He pointed to the old house.

At first she did not answer, it seemed to him as if she were not attending to his words, and this made him angry again. He said wrathfully,

'So you will not do so much as that, even.'

Then she looked straight at him.

'You are mistaken,' she said coldly. 'I wish you all happiness.'

'And Sybille? I believe you love Sybille?' he said, relenting but puzzled.

'Yes,' she answered, still looking at him. 'She is worth loving. Adieu, my cousin.'

She was gone before he had time to say more, and she left him still displeased. Such a temper was miserably uncomfortable, and he went to seek Sybille with a deepened feeling of satisfaction, as he reflected on the sweet and sunny nature which no cloud seemed able to sadden. Here there was no fear of storms.

That afternoon, as he was preparing to ride into Grasse, and inform his relations of the step he had taken, he met Madame Merillon at the door.

'Welcome back,' he said cordially. 'I imagined you were not expected before to-morrow.'

'That is why I came,' she said, nodding her head. 'When you are my age you will learn it is the only way to find out what has been done in one's absence. I daresay there has been fine waste.'

'Apollinaïse has not indulged us with too many luxuries, however,' said M. Solignac shrugging his shoulders. 'It has been difficult to induce her to provide enough milk for Mademoiselle Sybille, and Marcelle could do nothing with her.'

'Ah, young girls' fancies!' said Madame Merillon in high good humour. 'If ever you have to do with them you will find you must not give all they want.'

'I don't know what Sybille would say to your advice," said Lambert a little awkwardly.

'Sybille!' repeated Madame Merillon. Her keen eyes turned upon him, in that moment she read what had happened in her absence.

'Yes; I ought to tell you that she has to-day promised to be my wife.'

'Sybille!' Her face flushed, she breathed heavily, and put out her hand to touch the wall.

'Does it surprise you so much?' said M. Solignac, surprised in his turn.

'Yes,' she said shortly. 'I thought you had other views.'

'Adélaïde, perhaps? No, I have done better. And you must wish me joy.'

'That goes without saying,' said Madame Merillon. But something in the quick look she gave him, carried a very different wish. Had he seen it, its concentrated anger must have struck him, but he was looking out of the door and smiling at the remembrance of Sybille's innocent happiness. By the time he turned to her she had recovered herself, except that her sallow face was still flushed.

'By the way,' he said, 'I have followed your advice implicitly, and am out of that shaky concern.'

'Ah! And the money?'

'Will be paid into Duboy's Bank to-morrow morning, if it has not been done by to-night. It is all right, I suppose? You have money in that bank yourself?'

'Yes, I have.'

'Then I am sure it is safe. You see, madame, I have an absolute confidence in your judgment.'

'When every *sou* is of consequence, one cannot afford to fling them away,' she returned calmly.

'Ah, well, I don't know that,' said Lambert laughing. 'Is that a telegram you want sent off? I am going into Grasse.'

Madame Merillon slowly and deliberately tore the paper in half.

'Thank you, I had intended asking you; but now I have changed my mind. I shall not send it.'

'*A demain*, then. I come back to-night, but perhaps not until late. It is likely that I shall have a wet ride.'

She stood still where he had left her, her thin and wizened face working with some concealed passion. Then she flung out her hands after his retreating form.

'So you think to cross my will, M. Solignac! Those who do that pay for it!'

XI.

STORM.

When Marcelle entered her grandmother's room she was struck—in spite of the preoccupation of her mind—with the sordid and miserable aspect of the chamber. The day had been gloomy throughout; from early morning the hills behind Grasse were shrouded in menacing clouds, the wind, rising, howled drearily round the old house, the darkness of the evening, intensified by the darkness of gathering rain, crept into the corners of the room, and brooded there like something angry and evil. There were old hangings about which had once been beautiful, but now, dusty and tattered, they but served to give an additional air of wretchedness to the walls. Carpet there was none, in many places the boards had sprung, or been eaten away, or sunk under the feet; the paint had peeled off, and the paper on the walls hung in strips. M. Solignac had more than once proposed to have the interior of the house put in order, but Madame Merillon had persuaded him to place the money in her hands, saying that she would see that it was laid out to the best advantage, and apparently she had not yet been able to arrange for this. It was said, moreover, that she would never allow a workman to enter her bedroom, but the same rumour had been afloat at Avignon, and grew, no doubt, out of the tradition of her shining hoards. At any rate, Marcelle herself was seldom admitted, and now as she entered, she looked round with a shiver of dislike and disgust.

The door creaked behind her, and her grandmother, who was standing before an old bureau, hastily thrust into it some papers, locked it, and turned round. Marcelle was immediately conscious of a change.

Of late Madame Merillon had aged in appearance, she had become more bent, more sallow, had lost flesh, and had lost, moreover, something of the brightness of her eye. At this moment it appeared to Marcelle as if she had gone back ten years; she stood upright, her head was even thrown back, and under the overhanging brows her eyes gleamed with more than their old fire. Power and determination made themselves felt in every line of her face and figure, heard in her voice when she said abruptly,

'Did you know this before?'

'Yes,' answered Marcelle briefly.

'And you have endured it—tamely!'

Was this tameness, this fire which was burning in her breast, this throbbing of heart which felt as if it must be heard? Oh, Heaven, those nights of conflict, those days of anguish, were they tame! Her grandmother was watching her keenly, reading her thoughts with her bright eyes, noting every sign of torture. If her years had been lifted off, at that moment Marcelle on the contrary looked like a woman of thirty.

'Why do you ask me this?' she asked, struggling for breath.

'For curiosity,' said the other scornfully. 'I have a fancy to know what sort of blood beats in your veins. Is it such poor stuff that you are content to put up with whatever treatment amuses M. Lambert de Solignac? Do you really submit so patiently to be the plaything of his idle hours, cast aside so soon as my gentleman finds some one more to his liking? I admire you, Marcelle, and the more so, because such exemplary saintliness has never before been considered the heritage of our family. Our people have been quick to love and quick to hate, true friends and—dangerous enemies.'

The colour flew into the girl's cheek, she stood gazing at her grandmother, drawing her breath quickly. When she spoke it was to repeat her question.

'Why do you ask me this?'

'Oh, I have told you why,' returned Madame Merillon with a short laugh. 'You are a study just at present, and I am interested in fathoming this superhuman patience of yours. Does it go deep, *ma chère*? Will it stand all the demands that are likely to be made upon it? We shall have him here every day, full of delight in this baby toy of his; he will pour out his ecstasies to you, no doubt, and it will be charming for you to listen. I warn you, you must be prepared with a great deal of friendly sympathy——'

She stopped, Marcelle had come close to her, was looking at her with gloomy eyes.

'Hush, grandmother,' she said, 'do you want me to kill him?'

For an instant Madame Merillon was silent. The taunted spirit had risen at last, risen, perhaps, beyond her control, and if she had really any curiosity as to the stuff of which Marcelle was made, those words told her. Of late she had not been able to read the girl's heart, now she saw flaming there fiery passions of love and revenge which in spite of her seventy years appealed at once to her southern nature. At that moment she liked her granddaughter better than ever she had liked her before, she even felt a strange sort of respect awaken, and answered her seriously.

'He is not worth it.'

'No, he is not worth it,' repeated the girl with a laugh. Her hands, which she had held pressed against her heart as if to hush its throbbing, dropped nervelessly to her side, she walked to the window and stood looking out at the gathering dusk. The white tower rose

cold and rigid from among grey trees, grey clouds backed it, grey distances stretched away into the night. Marcelle shivered. Madame Merillon watched her.

'But he shall not escape—unpunished,' she said slowly.

Marcelle was silent. Perhaps she did not even hear.

'Providence has put the means into my hands,' went on her grandmother, letting the words still drop one by one. Then she suddenly changed her tone, went up to the girl and laid her thin hand on her arm. 'Do you hear?' she said.

'No,' answered Marcelle dully.

'I tell you that I can punish him—and her. Do you know what they said of me at Avignon? that I had a long arm, which reached far. They were afraid of me there, and they had reason, for my arm will reach where it pleases me. It pleases me now, do you understand?'

Marcelle turned her eyes upon her without answering. She went on.

'He little suspects how soon I can strike; he is a fool; he imagines he can offend a woman like me and not fear! Ah, my friend, my good Lambert, soon you will add a little to your experiences——'

This time the girl interrupted her, and hastily—

'What has he done?'

'Do you ask that?' cried Madame Merillon, fastening her keen eyes upon her with a withering glance of contempt. 'Must I tell you that he has despised me and slighted you? Just now I thought better of you, and that you had brave blood in your veins when you said you could kill him.'

'Did I say that?' said the girl with a strange laugh. 'Well, then, grandmother, it was I that was the fool, do you understand?'

The old woman turned upon her fiercely.

'There is no difficulty in reverting to my first opinion,' she said. 'You are a poor fool, you, if you put up with scorn and slight; but I, at least, know how to act. It is partly your own fault, to be sure, for your temper is the ugliest I know; but that doesn't excuse him, and by this time to-morrow he shall learn what others have learnt before him, that Margarido Merillon has a long arm, and can use it.'

Marcelle, who had been speaking as if in a dream, found herself awakened by a stab of keen terror. 'Wait, wait an instant!' she murmured, passing her hand across her eyes. 'You can do him some mischief!'

'Can I not?'

'What?'

'There is no use in telling you what. Leave it to me.'

Marcelle leaned towards her, there was an anxious longing in her eyes which her grandmother misinterpreted. 'Still—tell me!' she said.

The wind had risen yet higher, it shook the crazy fastenings of the window, and beat against it the poor dead branches of a creeper which had long hung outside and waved dismally. Madame Merillon

stood looking out, turned, walked away, turned again, and came back to where Marcelle stood.

'It is natural, certainly,' she said, looking at her and apparently considering. 'Listen, then, child, and see what fate has done for us. But you will never listen to business details?'

'I am listening. Go on.'

'He is a rich man then, by all reports.'

'Very rich.'

'The world is so wise,' said Madame Merillon with a scornful laugh, 'it knows so well, and guesses so generously! And that ass of a notary, M. Barnabé, with all his poking and his prying, could find out no more! Bah! I set my woman's wits to work, and I discover the truth in less than no time. He is not rich, he has flung away a heap of money, and now he is beginning to find out what I have always known, that he is a fool for his pains, and to wish to win it back again. Are you listening?'

'Yes,' said Marcelle wearily. But to tell the truth these details scarcely interested her, for it was not of money nor of business she had been thinking when Madame Merillon boasted she could do him a mischief, but of something darker and more threatening.

'I helped him in this dilemma, I own that I took too much for granted, and permitted him to deceive me. If it were not that things have fallen out so well I could strangle myself for having been so weak.'

'Well?'

'Well, I persuaded him to induce his uncle to remove a large sum of money from an investment where I was sure great losses awaited him, and I pointed out another opening of a sound character.'

'Grandmother, how do you know so much?'

'How? Some day, perhaps, you will learn—but no, you have not the brains—that it is not always those who talk and pose before the world who know; ay, ay, ay, that there are strings pulled by hands little dreamt of! Little dreamt of!' she repeated, drawing herself up, and letting a gleam of triumph dart from her eyes. 'The old woman at Castelbianco, that is how they call me. An old woman, yes! but she has a keen head, and a long arm.'

There was something so extraordinary in this revelation of character, in the contrast presented between this woman, to all outward seeming so powerless and so insignificant, and the strange words and boasts she uttered and triumphed over, that Marcelle found herself gazing in mute amazement. It appeared as if Madame Merillon was thrilled by such strong excitement that it was necessary for her to speak even to such an auditor as her granddaughter. In this she was unlike herself, and there were other signs to give the same warning if Marcelle had been at all on the watch for them. But she was not. The only interest to her lay in Lambert's name, and in finding out what this thing was which hung over him.

'Is he going to place his money where you advised him, grandmother?' she asked eagerly.

Madame Merillon rubbed her lean hands round and round each other and laughed.

'He has such confidence in my advice!'

'And he will lose it?' said Marcelle. She felt glad.

'Not there, not there,' said her grandmother, 'no, no! I was not mistaken. How could I be? Not there, but—see here, Marcelle, how fate works for us,—to-morrow he pays the money into his bankers at Marseilles, it was to remain there a few days until this new investment was made—Remain? Yes, it is likely to remain!'

She laughed again.

'Why?' asked the girl, bending forward.

'Can you not guess? The bank is on the verge of breaking. I have but one fear—that it may not hold on even two days longer. But I think it will. My luck has never deserted me yet.'

'You know this?' said Marcelle slowly.

'I know it. How, do you ask? Never mind how, I have good agents, and my information is sure. Aha, M. Lambert! a fine hole this will make in your fortune; and since you prefer to marry a girl without a *sou*, I congratulate you on your prospects. Your repentance will not be long in coming, I fancy; it may come yet in time, Marcelle, for us to reject him.'

He might turn to her even yet! Marcelle's heart leapt up, sank, died away till it felt like a stone.

Sybille! Poor Sybille!

'I can see his face when he comes whining to me, and how blank he will look. "Dear Madame Merillon, advise me, you who know so well, what shall I do?" As if I could make a breaking bank sound! Oh, it will be sweet!'

'And you will not give him a hint?'

'A hint! See here, Marcelle,' said her grandmother, laying her hand on her arm and pressing it heavily; 'see here. You know what they say of me, that I love my money? So I do, better than most things. But there is one thing dearer to me still. Do you know what that is? can you guess? Revenge! If you were half a woman there would be no need for me to tell you how sweet it is. Well then, listen. I pinch and deny myself to gain a few *sous*, and now —in this Duboy Bank there lie four thousand francs. I have had information that I might draw them out, and I have left them. I have left there, thrown away, four thousand francs—four thousand!—because I would not raise a breath of suspicion which should give its warning. "Madame Merillon has money there herself, that is well, that is safe." So they say—the fools! Do you doubt now whether I am in earnest?'

Marcelle looking at her felt a sudden terror thrill from head to foot, she started back as if to escape from its evil thraldom. There had

been a time when she would have yielded to it without a struggle, but this friendship with Sybille, cruelly as it had wounded her, had drawn her upwards at any rate into the regions of resistance. It was not so easy now to follow the impulses which in old days had sufficed to lead her. Something within her rose up against them with a power which she often recognised unwillingly enough, sometimes resisted, sometimes obeyed. For the moment it was strong now.

'You can't do this thing; you can't, grandmother,' she said, still shrinking back. 'It would be like robbery. Tell him—but oh, he is not in the house!'

'No, he is not in the house,' said Madame Merillon with her low laugh; 'he is gone to Grasse, to inform his relations of his matrimonial projects. He will have other news to tell them soon. Jeanne Solignac will learn that I can still strike.'

'But he comes back to-night?'

'Possibly.'

'And to-morrow morning you will tell him?'

'I shall tell him—when it is too late.'

It is impossible to describe the manner in which she said this, the malignity which seemed to envenom her words, the horrible force of conviction which weighted them. Young, strong, passionate as she was, Marcelle felt an absolute fear of her grandmother. She shuddered as she said,

'*I* shall tell him—while there is time.'

It was the signal for a storm to burst upon her, such a storm as she had never yet encountered in her life. Taunts were heaped on her head, threats, imprecations, but these she could have borne. What was worse was the cold, sardonic triumph of it all, the feeling that she must be powerless before her grandmother's strength. Madame Merillon did not trouble herself to protest against her intention, treating it as an empty word; she was angry at her poverty of spirit, her want of pride. She would have carried her along with her and had her rejoice in Lambert's hurt. Failing this, she despised her. Marcelle turned round at last pale and exhausted. She looked strangely at her grandmother, but could not retaliate as she was used to do; without a word, feeling bruised, battered, terrified, she walked across the room, and stumbled into the passage, where the evening shadows were lying thick. Once or twice she was conscious that she leaned against the wall, or clutched for support at some projection, but she was hardly aware of more until she found herself in her own room, slipped the bolt, and flung herself face forward on the bed. It is possible that she fainted; at any rate she was conscious of nothing for a time, so that when she came to herself it was with a start of wonder as to why she was there. She thought at the same time that she heard the handle of her door turn, but did not at once recollect that she had bolted it.

(To be continued.)

ASTRAY.

MARIAN FORESTER'S JOURNAL.

April 5.

It is a long time since I wrote anything in my journal. One thing is, that I have begun my novel. But I don't get on with it very fast. After all, there is nothing so interesting as real life. I can't think how people say Emery is a dull place, there is so much going on. But perhaps people are always dull when all their own histories are over, and they have grown old. People like Felicia for instance. I suppose Mrs. Lyndhurst would say that you lived again in your children. If you do, people must feel very differently towards their own children than towards their little brothers and sisters!

And then I have been so put out lately. Papa *would* not take me with him when he went up to London to have an interview with Mr. Rutherston, and really I don't think he always knows at first sight the kind of curate that is likely to suit. A *perfect* curate ought to be *very* friendly at the Vicarage, and not to care much for anybody else. And when we tell him things he ought to take our view. Of course *we* must know best. Now, though Mr. Rutherston always makes a great point of listening to what *father* says, he never seems to think that *I* am any different from all the other girls who have districts and classes. Then he *is* so ugly; he is *miles* high; he has got a hooked nose and a long neck; he looks like a vulture. Mr. King and Mr. Marsh and papa admire his sermons very much, and so does Mrs. Lyndhurst, but I shouldn't have said they suited the congregation. They're not the sort of sermons *I* should preach. And he has swept all the ladies out of the Boys' Sunday School, and won't have anyone to help him there but Mr. King, and the pupil teachers, and Robertson's shopman. Now, although I superintend the Girls' School, I don't have a regular class there, because I think my eye is an advantage everywhere, so I take vacant classes in the Boys' sometimes. Well, certainly the second class was *rather* noisy, and poor little Horace Stubbs was just whistling a tune while the others were saying their collect; but dear me, what can Mr. Rutherston know of boys if he thinks *that* anything much. And he swooped down upon us like an avenger, and told them they were presuming on a lady's kindness, and though he scolded them, I felt he meant me. And severity can't gain their affections, poor little things. As old Miss Lifford said, 'Boys will be boys,' and she felt it very much when the vicar asked her to take girls instead. For she has put up with those boys for fifteen years, and come in all weathers, never being dis-

couraged, though they get worse and worse every year! So she does feel it hard to lose them.

Mr. Rutherston is always talking of what is due to a lady, I had much rather he treated me as a fellow-worker, than as a lady. Indeed, he really treats me as if I was a little girl, and he would like to pat me on the head!

Well, all this is very annoying, but after all, as one grows older, one learns that parochial life is not everything. There are other spheres. There is literary work, for instance. And—and—well—there is life! One can have influence in other places than the Boys' Sunday School, and influence of a rarer kind, which requires much more uncommon qualities. There *is* some one over whom I feel I *have* influence, and as everything is against him at home, I feel that I am his only safeguard. How very odd it is that when you are thinking very much of a person, you so often happen to meet him accidentally. I have met Mr. Robert King six times in the last fortnight, four times in the same place, in the lane near Abbey Holm, and twice down by the Blackstone's. And what is still more odd—and quite *Psychical*, is that I always happened to be thinking about him and wondering if I should meet him, and then somehow I did. And once he said he was hoping to meet *me*. He tells me a great deal about his home life; and how little he is appreciated by his eldest sister and brother. Lylie is always nice, he says, unless they put her up to be otherwise, and then he looks melancholy and says that if everyone knew the forbearance *he* has shown! And he never has exactly said so, but I am sure that something connected with his brother has been the cause of his not being settled in life yet, and still trying for a commission in the army, when other men are started. How hard that is on him. He says he hates to be idle, and there is nothing to do at home, when he has got through his reading, and yet they grudge him his liberty and treat him as if he was a child. Oh I am sure papa and everybody else are deceived in Mr. King. But he has got over them by talking about that cottage hospital, which Mr. Ruther ston is quite wild about.

Easter Tuesday.—I am always right. Really it is almost a misfortune to have such clear perceptions, and indeed I would much rather have been wrong. Poor Lylie, how sorry she will be! And she believed so firmly in her brother Burton, though of course she was fondest of Bob. But there are people who will not give up their own view on the clearest evidence. It is a very curious story, and illustrates the depravity of human nature, so I will write it down as it occurred.

On Easter Eve, Lylie and her brother Robert came down to help with the decorations. They brought a quantity of daffodils out of their copse. I don't think young men often care about such things, but *he* did, and put up some of the wreaths beautifully. Of course we couldn't talk in church. I shouldn't think of it, and besides, the

pupil teachers were helping, but there was not enough ivy, and he said he would get some if I would show him where it grew. So we went out to pick some off the back of Mrs. Lyndhurst's fence. He began to tell me that he had a chance of passing some extra examination in London, if he could go up to town on Easter Monday to see about it. It was with difficulty that I got from him that it was about an examination he was going up; poor fellow, evidently they have been very unkind to him when he has failed, which he could not help. What made him mention it was that I said, 'Do come and play tennis —we shall have a first game—on Easter Monday. You know we can't go out because of all the horrid people that will be about on the way to the Milford Steeplechase. Those races are the ruin of the town.'

'Ah, yes,' he said, 'shocking things to be sure.' And then he said how he had to go to London, and then he confided to me how, if he passed his examination, he would be delivered from all the unkindness at home. *You* know what I have suffered, he said, *so*—well there was something so *deep* in his eyes as he said it.

'You will go away altogether, then, I suppose?' I said.

'Ah, yes,' he answered. 'I'm afraid Robin Hood mustn't linger in the forest and shades, even though—Maid Marian makes them charming. But he may come back sometimes, and *then*'—I will *never* forgive Fanny—*NEVER!* If at that moment Margaret Grant didn't come running up.

'If you please, Miss Marian, Mrs. Forester wants the ivy as soon as you can let her have it.'

Oh, dear, she couldn't understand how seriously we were talking. I do believe she tittered as she took the basket. And I was so angry with her only last week, for dawdling in the class-room talking to the assistant master! And if papa and Mr. Rutherston weren't standing in the churchyard as we came back!

He did come and help me again and—he put an ivy leaf in his button hole. But Fanny would come and work in the same place, and when he proposed that we should get some more ivy, she sent Margaret and Lucy for it, and begged him not to trouble himself so *very* stiffly.

And Fanny said, in the evening, she didn't like young men coming in to help. Why, Denys always comes! I was so angry with her that I cried. Everybody is horrid and vexing—but what was he going to say after '*then?*'

Well, Lylie came to play tennis on Monday. It is quiet enough down the lane. She said that Bob had been obliged to go to London; but I thought she looked bothered, and altogether the tennis was dull.

This afternoon I went to the Heaths,' who had asked me to tea, and as I went up the street there was Rufus talking to Mr. Marsh.

'Have you heard,' he said quite eagerly, as I came up, 'that fellow King has shown himself in his true colours? Where do you think he was yesterday?'

'Oh, where?' I said.

'Why, at Milford Steeplechase, and, moreover, he got so screwed, that coming away he drove his trap right into Lady Firmstone's waggonette. And her coachman told me himself that his language was shocking. They had great difficulty in getting his name and address; but at last he gave it, so there is no doubt.'

'How shocking!' I said. 'And then to think of the way he tyrannises over his brother, and treats him like a child.'

'What is that, Miss Forester?' said Mr. Marsh. 'Where was young King yesterday?'

'In London,' I said, 'about an examination.'

'I am very much surprised,' said Mr. Marsh. 'I find great difficulty in not believing that there is a mistake.'

He walked off, and Rufus and I talked a little more, and then I went into the Heaths' and found Felicia and Frida together.

'Have you heard?' I cried. 'It has *all* come out about Burton King. Oh, wasn't I right all the time? And isn't it shocking to think of his misleading the boys and deceiving papa?'

'What in the world can you mean?' said Frida, colouring up and looking astonished. Even *this* didn't make Felicia interested; she only sat still.

So I told the whole story, and how *I* had always suspected him, and seen something false in his face.

'He is double I know,' I said.

'Well,' said Frida coolly, 'in this case, he *has* a double, it seems, for I saw him yesterday afternoon at Ezekiel Twisledon's. He went out as I came in, and said, "Good afternoon, Miss Wood." That was about four o'clock. So when he could have managed to upset the waggonette I don't see.'

'Oh, you must be mistaken!' I said.

'No, I am quite certain I saw him; and what is more, if I had not seen him, I don't think I should have believed any more in this absurd story. You say you think he has a false face. I say his face inspires singular confidence.'

She flung up her head, and looked quite grand; but I'm sure she was angry, though she pretended to be so cool.

'Faces are hard to read,' said Felicia, in an odd voice.

'I would sooner believe such a thing of the younger one,' said Frida.

Then I *was* angry. To think of anyone indulging in such unchristian suspicions! And I flew out, and I told her how wrong she was! And how there never was anyone so misunderstood and ill-used as that poor young man. I knew it; he had *told* me so; and then Frida got quite hot, and declared she would never believe that Mr. Burton King was a bad man. 'If so,' she said, 'she should never believe in anybody again.'

Then Felicia suddenly jumped up and came between us, with her face all altered and quivering and strange.

'Oh, hush, both of you, you poor little girls!' she said. 'You, neither of you, know what you are talking of. Don't say that, Frida—don't say that! And, Marian, believe nobody, especially if they make confidences to you. Hush, hush! Don't say any more!'

'I will say anywhere that I saw Mr. King in Twisledon's cottage on Monday at four o'clock,' said Frida, proudly and coolly.

But I was so angry and miserable, I couldn't speak for fear I should cry. People are *so* unfair. But I shall trust him, and I don't care what people say or think.

RACHEL.

April 4.

EASTER MONDAY.—Bob has gone off to-day to London, at least so he says, though why anyone should wish to travel on a bank holiday when he can go any day in the year I cannot conceive. He won't find anyone at home, as I tried to express to him when he lounged in to breakfast, after Burton had finished his and gone off to old Twisledon to help him pack up his fossils to send to London. I feel rather doubtful about his get-up representing London at all, it seemed to me a distinctly sporting suit that he had on.

I went to church with Lylie, and we stayed a little while to help Marian renew the supply of water in the hidden jam-pots and ink-bottles in the church decorations, and she walked home with us, and gave us her views about Mr. Rutherston, which were decided, like all Marian's views. 'He knows simply *nothing* of human nature,' she said; 'he expects boys to behave like regiments of drilled soldiers, and they won't. I've tried keeping them in order long enough to know.'

I quoted the clergyman who said in a similar case, 'My dear sir, an angel from heaven couldn't manage them: I've tried.'

And Marian asked, 'Why shouldn't he say so? I dare say it was true: and *I* see no harm in that kind of metaphor.'

Then Bob's journey to London came into our talk, and Marian informed us, with a touch of patronage for our ignorance, that he had told her he was going up about an examination.

'His examination is not till June,' said Lylie innocently, opening her eyes wide; and I said, 'You must have misunderstood,' and tried to turn the subject, for I did not want to prove to Marian that we could none of us believe a word Bob said.

But she would not drop the subject, and was still bent on proving that we were wrong and she was right, when Mr. Blackstone joined us. 'I have an interesting discovery to tell you of some time,' he said to Marian, and to my surprise Marian coloured and looked very uncomfortable—even guilty, and she scarcely said a word for the rest of our walk together. When she turned up towards the Vicarage,

Mr. Blackstone went with her. I would rather he turned his attentions upon her than on my Lylie, but she is too good for him.

Sooner or later, with Bob in the house, I suppose open disgrace must come upon us; and as I was writing this the door bell rang violently. Burton, who was in Aunt Louisa's room with me, and who I can see has been very anxious all day since he heard that Bob had gone, went down at once; then I heard footsteps on the stairs, the opening and shutting of doors, and Bob's voice, sounding thick and stupid. Burton came up to me, looking very stern, and I went down with him into his den. There he told me that Bob had been brought home drunk by a Millford flyman, with a story of his having been at the Millford races, and having driven his dog-cart into somebody's waggonette. Burton had managed to get him into his own room unseen by Lylie or anyone but old Nursey, who happened to come to the door in Ellen's place.

'Poor old girl,' he said, 'it is hard upon you, isn't it, that both your brothers should turn out to be scamps?'

'Burton, don't even yourself with him! I won't have it.'

He looked tenderly at me, and then said, 'You must not look so hard and contemptuous when he is there as you do now, Rachel. If you had looked at me like that I should never have believed anything."

'I can't help it when a man makes himself into a disgusting brute. Whatever you did, it was not that. I don't know how I shall bring myself to speak to him to-morrow.'

'I wish he was out of your way and Lylie's,' said Burton; 'but after all, Rachel, I suppose among the publicans and sinners there were some weak silly fellows who got led away into dissipation, and yet came round afterwards.'

'What do you want me to do?' I said.

'Be kind to him. Don't look at him as if he was a worm; you have got to save him. Someone must talk to him, and I suppose I am the person; it is not a girl's place. I shall give it him to-morrow, most seriously. But whatever happens, don't let him feel he has disgraced himself so far that there is no place of repentance open.'

Easter Tuesday.—Burton went up this morning and doctored Bob, who was abject with headache and physical misery, and the result is that this afternoon he is better, and Burton has taken him out for a turn in the garden to lecture him. I know which of them I pity the most; my only hope is that Bob may be still low enough in his mind to take to heart what Burton says. I have not told Lylie; I wonder whether it would be better for her if we did not keep things from her so much. She is out there gardening this afternoon, looking so happy and pretty, the darling! like an incarnation of Spring. Lylie's vocation in the world is to develop the beauty in it, as Frida's is to develop the goodness.

11 *o'clock.*—My poor little darling! I have just left her sleeping

from exhaustion after the shock of to-day. Bob has told her all. He is in a sulky, vicious mood, such as used to come upon him now and then when he was a little boy; irritable nerves have a good deal to do with it, Burton says, or I should have been more inclined to call it possession. Burton's talk was not a success. Bob walked up and down listening in silence to what he had to say, and finally ended the conversation by the remark, 'Upon my word, Burton, you are the best imitation of Uriah Heep I ever saw or hope to see!' on which Burton turned sharp round and left him there, more hurt than I have ever known him to be by a chance word before. He shut himself into his den, and when I went in to try to wile him out he told me he should have things to do that evening and should not come in to dinner; and I know, by hints he let fall, that Bob's words had made him feel that the manifestation of his own repentance must have been weak and futile, if his pleading with Bob from his heart only produced the impression of hypocrisy. Seeing that he wanted to be left alone, I kissed him and told him that when things were untrue it was just as well not to try to persuade oneself for the good of one's soul that they were true, which seemed to me morbid nonsense. But he only said, 'I am not going to accuse myself of being like Uriah Heep, Rachel, for I conscientiously don't think I am,' and we both laughed, which did us good. 'But I am going to try and find out whether anything in me besides the facts of the past riles Bob, and if so, how I can avoid riling him for the future.'

So I left Burton, and went back into the drawing-room—and there a white-faced creature with dilated eyes, that I hardly knew was my Lylie, threw herself upon me with tearless sobs. 'Rachel, it isn't true! Say it isn't true!'

I thought she was referring to Bob's disgrace, and began to soothe her; but she said, 'Not Bob! Burton! He said such things about Burton, that he had—had——' She choked and could not finish her sentence, and I did not ask her to do so. In fact, she had such a violent attack of hysterical crying that I got frightened and would have called Burton, but she shrank from seeing him, and Nursey and I between us got her upstairs and into bed, where Nursey scolded her into quiet.

When she was quiet at last, I said gravely, as we were alone together, 'Lylie, Burton has a great deal of trouble to bear, and you must really restrain yourself and not make things worse for him.'

'But I was so proud of him,' said Lylie, beginning to cry again. 'Whatever he had done, I never thought it could have been anything like that.'

'I *am* so proud of him now,' I said, 'that I would not change him with all his past upon him, and all that it brings to us, for a brother who had not sinned.'

'Does anyone know except me?' was Lylie's next question.

'No one here, I believe, except Miss Heath.'

'Do you think she can have told anyone?'

'Who? Frida? I don't think so.'

'No,' said Lylie; 'but once or twice he—Mr. Marsh—has looked at me, and said things as if he were sorry for me, and I could not think why.'

Suddenly it struck me as it had not struck me before with a pang, that Lylie too must bear the share of our trouble which to me had grown so familiar that I had scarcely felt it, except when poor Denys came and spoke the other day—that she, like me, was set apart from other women, since no one would care to unite their fate with Burton King's sister. How I hoped it was not too late for her, that she had not unconsciously given away her heart before she was conscious of this barrier, which I now felt I ought to have warned her of before. However, I was sure it was one of the cases where I could do nothing worse for Lylie than awaken her own consciousness, so I said, 'My darling, I am very sorry on your account that you should know, but on Burton's I think perhaps it is right. You don't want me to tell you how repentant he is, and how he is offering up his whole life as an atonement for the past. Life is very hard for him, all the harder that it is his own doing. Don't let us think of what this brings on us, except as our helping him by bearing our share of his punishment, and by trying to make things easier for him where we can. Don't let us think about ourselves at all.'

'Rachel, I won't,' said Lylie, putting her hand in mine; and I know she is a brave little soul at bottom, as she had need to be, poor darling, for what may lie before her. After that she lay quiet and dropped off to sleep.

I have not told Burton anything except that she was tired and had gone to bed. I think he would be more angry with Bob for having brought this distress upon her than he was at being called Uriah Heep; and I know how bitter his self-reproach would be as he saw this fresh consequence of what he had done. If Lylie can rise to the occasion he need not hear that she knows. But I intend to give Bob my mind on that subject, if not on the other.

April 6.

Yesterday I could not help thinking, when I went into the reading-room at the Institute with Burton, that there was something rather odd in people's manner. Marian came in with her father, who wanted to see the new *Nineteenth Century*, and when Burton spoke to her she hardly answered him, and turned away shortly, pretending to be studying the *Cornhill*, but when I glanced at her reading, I found her eyes were fixed on the advertisement of Pears' Soap. It would be too ridiculous to cut Burton because Bob had disgraced himself; and I thought that if Bob's disgrace had anything to do with Marian's manner, it was because she was ashamed of having 'carried on' with him so much. But it was not only Marian,

Major Heath turned his back upon Burton, the Vicar seemed embarrassed, and even Mrs. Lyndhurst, whom we met outside, and who was kind as ever, seemed to have something wistful and compassionate in her kindness. When we came out I said I should go and look after Lylie, whom Frida had taken out for a walk, as I did not wish to leave her anywhere near Miss Heath; and near the Heaths' gate I met the two, Lylie looking rested and soothed, and more like herself than I have seen her since Tuesday. When Frida saw us she drew me aside for a minute.

'I did not want to bother poor little Lylie,' she said, 'but I want your authority, Rachel, as well as my own eye-witness, to quote as an assurance that your brother was not out of Emery on Monday afternoon.'

'I can't give you any such assurance about Bob, I am sorry to say,' I began.

'Bob!' said Frida smiling, 'I did not mean him. I meant your brother Burton, whom I saw at Twisledon's cottage.'

'Oh, yes. He was packing up fossils there all day, and only rushed home for lunch and back again. But why?'

'Only some silly gossip, not worth repeating. It is easily stopped at any rate,' said Frida.

I did not think much more of this till this afternoon, when the meaning of it was suddenly elucidated. I had been to Gridiron Lane, and came back through the garden in at the open drawing-room window, when from the sofa rose up a tall slight boyish figure —no other than Denys Lyndhurst, very much excited, and so eager that he could hardly get his words out.

'Miss King, please forgive my being here, but I could not help it. I could not hear him slandered and know it was not true, and not come to ask you to give me authority to clear it up; and I rode over, and am going to ride straight back, after I have spoken to my mother, and tell them it is all absolute idiotic nonsense!'

'What is?' I said, thinking of Bob.

'What they say of your brother Burton.'

My heart seemed to stand still at this; for of course I could only think of the one thing that might be said against him, and which no one could contradict. 'I don't know what they do say,' I said.

'And it's not fit to repeat such things,' went on Denys, 'only I can't get them to see how impossible it is, and so I said I would go and get it contradicted.' And then he poured out a torrent of words, in the midst of which, by asking explanations at almost every sentence, I perceived these facts. That Denys had been staying at Deepdene with the Brockenhursts, and that Lady Brockenhurst, who was very eager about the cottage hospital, had been much disturbed because the agent had come over and assured her and Lord Brockenhurst that the less she had to do with Mr. Burton King the better: he was a most disreputable character, and Mr. Rufus Blackstone had

warned him, the agent, that his zeal about the cottage hospital was simply simulated in order to push himself on in society under false pretences. In fact, Mr. Blackstone had the best authority for asserting that he was the drunken young man who had driven his dogcart into Lady Firmstone's waggonette. So Denys had ridden straight off to call on Mr. Blackstone and ask him for his authority; and Mr. Blackstone had given one of his horse laughs, and told him it was no less an authority than Bob. What had Bob said? Rufus Blackstone had alluded to his brother's scrape in conversation with him, and Bob had shrugged his shoulders, and said he supposed it was out now, so he did not see why he should deny it, though he supposed it would be rather a shock to some people, who thought they saw cherub's wings growing on Burton's back, and accounted in that way for his coat sitting badly on his shoulders. 'Blackstone simply roared as he told me this lovely joke, the great oaf!' said Denys, with withering contempt. 'He's too great a fool to meddle with, but it would have given me the greatest satisfaction to horsewhip him!' The idea of that boy horsewhipping the burly Rufus struck me as slightly comic, in spite of the seriousness of the whole matter, but before I had done smiling, and Denys had finished his story, I found the poor lad was again on the old subject. If I had been eighteen, I think it would have been very difficult to say no to him. As it was I could only by an effort keep myself from crying. It seemed, in spite of all the absurdity of the situation, as if, when all that was poured out upon me, I must hurt him so terribly by telling him it could never be; and I felt it such an awful responsibility too, to have a lad like that, with all his life before him, at my feet, and as if it lay with me that the disappointment which was inevitable for him should do him good and not harm. I don't know what the Lauras and Aleardas of chivalry thought of such situations, but I don't like them at all. I tried to give him no hope, but at the same time to show how grateful I was for his chivalrous zeal and devotion, and I hope that if he went away disappointed he did not go away embittered.

I told him that Bob and Rufus Blackstone had evidently been at cross-purposes; that Bob had been the hero of the waggonette episode, and that if he could clear Burton in no other way, he had my full leave to make this public, though of course I would rather it were not made more public than it need be. That Burton had been at Twisledon's cottage all Monday packing fossils, and that Frida had met him there; and that Bob was not on good terms with Burton since he had taken him to task on Tuesday for his Monday's escapade, so that it was very likely he had spoken against Burton where he was sure of a sympathising listener.

'Brute!' said Denys.

'But, Denys,' I said—I could not help calling the boy by his Christian name—'it is only right that you should know that Burton

has not always been the stay and the comfort and the good elder brother that he is now. Bob can put his finger on things in Burton's past which—which he bitterly repents of now, and which have been stepping-stones to him to rise to be the good man he is now; but which he will be, and we shall be, ashamed of all our lives.'

I was obliged to say this in justice to Bob, much as it went against the grain to do so. Denys's reply reassured me. 'Then Bob *is* a snob to mention them to Rufus Blackstone!'

And this, as far as I remember, was the end of our conversation.

MRS. LYNDHURST.

April 5.

Easter Tuesday.—The vestry meeting yesterday was quiet. Dr. Blackstone and Major Heath are churchwardens. But there is a great commotion. It is all over the town that Mr. King was at those disreputable steeplechases that take place at Milford on the bank holidays, and came back in such a state that he had a collision with Lady Firmstone's waggonette. It would have been at once supposed that it was the younger brother, but that he told Marian that he was going to London to see about his examination. Now that can't be true, for there could be no one to the fore on the bank holiday, as I told the Vicar, who started and said it had not occurred to him. Frida Wood declares that she saw and spoke to Mr. King at Twisledon's cottage yesterday, at the very time the collision is said to have taken place; but when none of the family appeared at church this morning, Marian's face made me long to box her ears!

5 P.M.—The Vicar came to tell me that Mr. Rutherston had been to the Twisledon's and ascertained that Miss Wood was quite right, for Mr. King was all the afternoon helping Zeek to pack and name a collection of fossils, for which he had procured an order from a museum. There can be no doubt that the offender was Robert King. Poor things! I am sorry for them. I hear too that Miss Wynne was much worse in the night, which accounts for their absence this morning.

April 6.

O boys! boys! how little use there is in trying to keep them out of mischief. Denys tumbled in on me half an hour ago incoherent and breathless. All I could get out of him was that *she* had refused him again, but with tears in her eyes, and telling him he was a dear boy!

He could not help it, because they said they were all a pack of impostors, and *he* was a hypocrite, and a swindler, and a gambler, and a drunkard. Who said so? Lady Brockenhurst! Denys met her at Deepdene, and Trufitt the agent has written to the Earl, and

told him 'on that cad Blackstone's authority, that he had better have nothing to do with King or his hospital, for the clerical world at Emery were greatly deceived in him.' Of course the doughty Denys cried 'Montjoye,' and did battle for the whole family; but this morning came to Lady Brockenhurst a letter from one of the Firmstones full of the catastrophe and all the reports.

Whereupon the hot-headed champion declared that he would prove the whole to be an infamous libel, borrowed young Arnwood's mare, rode off at full speed, threw himself headlong before Rachel, and besought her to give him a right to defend her and all belonging to her. As far as I can gather, Rachel got rid of him by allowing that Robert was guilty of the steeplechase, and that every one by this time understood it, and his brain was scarcely clear enough to perceive that this was very far from the whole matter. I sent him off again, in spite of grandmamma, since it was possible to be at Deepdene again by half-past eight.

April 9.

Here is a letter from Lady Brockenhurst, saying that Denys raves about all the Kings, except the wretched youth who caused the scandal, and asking my opinion about them and the hospital. Here is the rough copy of the answer, the joint production of Granny's wisdom and mine.

My dear Lady Brockenhurst,

I do not wonder that you are perplexed by the accounts you have received of Emery affairs. On one point, however, there can be no doubt, namely, of the need of the hospital in purer air than can be had in the back streets here. Of course you have not seen them, and cannot guess what reckless building and over-crowding have made them. Epidemics are always severe there, and still sadder are the chronic cases of ill-health which seem to have no power to improve in the foul air. The property, as of course Lord Brockenhurst knows, is in hands incapable of effecting a change at present, and one or two attempts at calling in the Sanitary Commission have failed, chiefly because old Dr. Blackstone cannot, and his son will not, see anything amiss. Gridiron Lane, and all the Wynne estate has come to the King family, together with their invalid aunt, and there is a dead-lock while she lives and the youngest sister is under age. The family came here on succeeding to the property. They have interested themselves much about it as an obvious duty, and as they can at present make only surface repairs, the idea of a cottage hospital on Doddery Down originated with them. Mr. King has evidently studied sanitary matters; but he has never shown any desire to undertake the management of the matter in any official capacity, and repudiates the idea of becoming treasurer or collecting subscriptions. During the half year the family have lived at the Priory house, they have gained the esteem of all whose opinion is worth having. The younger brother is an

exception, but no one would think of condemning a family for the freaks of an idle young militia officer. The aunt and sisters are thorough gentlewomen, and the elder brother is like them, perfectly well-bred and refined, a religious and honourable man, whom I should trust implicitly. Mr. Forester and Major Heath would say the same, if Lord Brockenhurst would refer to them. It is true that young Dr. Blackstone has always been suspicious of Mr. King, fancying there might be a speculation founded at St. Lawrence's well. I should certainly not accept any statement of his regarding the Kings without full enquiry in other quarters.

There! I see you curling up your nose at the partisanship of your wife and your son, but if you were only at home, you would be in the thick of it, fighting quite as hard for the same cause. I know you would, and so says your mother.

April 14.

Lord Brockenhurst did write to Mr. Forester, who quite satisfied him. He will take up the cause when he comes down in the summer, and wishes arrangements to be made for a public meeting in the Town Hall, so that the thing may be thoroughly done. I fancy Denys's pleadings have had their effect. Lady Brockenhurst writes as if she were amused, though very delicately, when she describes 'championship more than chivalrous.' No doubt it is helping to make a man of him, and I am glad it is the impossible one who took his fancy. Why am I glad? Not for want of all that is nice in Lylie, but there is that wretched Robert, and—no, I don't mistrust Mr. King, but there must be no mysteries about my Denys's connection.

9 P.M. I took the news to the Priory house, and found Lylie alone. Poor child, she looked pale and depressed, as if she could not rouse herself to take lively interest in anything. She is evidently very fond of her younger brother, and the bank holiday scandal must have been a terrible shock to her. She said her aunt was very unwell, and that Rachel was upstairs. She went to change places with her sister, seeming relieved to escape.

Rachel was less unlike her usual self, though looking worn and ill. She assured me that she was not over-worked, as she is not with her aunt at night, and can leave her to their maid, an excellent nurse, but there is evidently a fresh stage reached in the illness. She presently added that her brother Robert was gone back to his corps. Life in a country town was, she said, hard to manage for a young man whose tastes were of the sporting kind. I told her I quite understood that it might well be so, and I could not help saying I feared Lylie had felt this matter greatly. Her eyes filled with tears, as she said poor Lylie had been very unhappy. It was so sad to see the cloud come over the little one, though one knew it must. And then the poor girl broke down, and after a great struggle with herself, gave way to a fit of crying, as if she had been sadly tried with constraint and wear of spirits.

I comforted her as best I could without asking questions; indeed, I think all she wanted was tenderness. I even said that though she had been wise and right, and I was most grateful for her treatment of my silly boy, yet his feelings to her gave me a kind of mother's part in her. Then she clung to me, and said she longed to tell me all, and I made her promise that if I ever can help her, she will come to me.

I am writing after granny has gone to bed. She is not ill, but she says her bones are creaky, and I think she wants another season of those Carlsbad waters that did her so much good before. I shall have to take heart of grace to steer her there without the captain! Only it will be so horribly dull for Denys.

MARIAN FORESTER'S JOURNAL.

April 7.

'Men were deceivers ever.' I read somewhere that, as life advances, one finds out that *truisms* are truths. I never thought much of that saying before. I'm sure I don't care, except that it's a pity for Rachel and Lylie. I should like to beat Fanny. When she came and told me that it was Robert, and not Burton King, that upset the waggonette, she shut the door, and she made such a fuss about it, as if she expected me to faint away. Besides, it is very uncharitable and unchristian to give anyone up because they have fallen into temptation.

'You don't know what his difficulties are, Fanny,' I said, and I *know* I said it with the most impersonal dignity, as if he had been in the choir or the school. 'There are home trials. It's always charitable when anyone is accused to suppose that other people may be in fault too.'

'Possibly,' said Fanny. 'Nevertheless, Marian, he ran after you a good deal, and I should advise you to be careful. I don't think *you* were called upon to give him temperance tracts. You might have left that to the clergy, if they thought proper, though I'm sure they're wanted.'

'I never gave him a tract.'

'Then that only proves what I say, that he is a very unreliable young man, for he told Felicia Heath that you had met him in the lane, and insisted on his taking a tract to carry home with him.'

'Fanny, it was the *Choir-Boy's Temptation*, and he begged for a remembrance. But there, it's of no consequence, and quite a mistake.'

'Well, Marian, it only shows how careful you ought to be. And, as to giving young men remembrances, you never know what use they may make of them, especially if they are things to be known again. If it had been a flower now, that might be anybody's——'

'I never give anybody anything that anybody might not hear of,' I said severely.

As if I cared! Besides, most likely Felicia invented the whole thing. She is a nasty, spiteful—— No, I said I never would be personal, and I won't; I'll be calm and impassive. If this was in a novel, what should I think? I wish it was a novel, and then one would know whether—whether he *did* laugh at me. Well, I will forget all about that nonsense, and I'll be more attentive to the parish.

Everything is horrid and tiresome and vexatious. I forgot to give father's message about christening those twins on Friday, and Mr. Rutherston waited and waited, and they never came; and now their godfather's holiday is over, and he's gone back to his situation, and they can't be done at all. Father scolded me, and I was so vexed I couldn't help crying; and I cried all the more because Mr. Rutherston was there, and he does think me so young as it is. I didn't want to behave like a baby. I suppose he meant to be good-natured, for he picked up all my tracts that had got scattered about, as if they were toys or sugar-plums, and said:

'There, never mind, it was only a little mistake; and I'll stand proxy myself, and the Vicar will christen them next Friday. Don't —don't distress yourself.'

He might as well have said, 'Don't cry, my dear.' I felt so silly. I thought he muttered something under his breath as he went off about 'an abominable scoundrel,' but he couldn't have meant the twins' godfather. He is very respectable, and Lord Lynton's footman.

Totty has a cough, so it is settled that Fanny is to take her to Southsea for a change, and they want me to go too. It is extremely inconvenient. There is a G.F.S. meeting which I don't want to leave to Felicia, and a Band of Hope, and no one to take the school library. I can't think why father should insist on my going. I hate Southsea. However, Lylie King has not been well, and Fanny has asked her to come too, and says I must be there to be a companion to her. Of course Lylie can't walk about Southsea by herself, whereas it doesn't matter to me, who am quite old enough and wise enough to take care of myself, as is proved by the entirely dispassionate view I take of Mr. Robert King's conduct. I still feel that he is a young man much to be pitied, and I scorn to resent his calling the *Choir-Boy* a tract. Perhaps some day I might write a novel which should be so powerful in its delineation of character, and so keen in its knowledge of human nature, that it might touch his heart and convert him. That would be returning good for evil indeed.

In order to prove to myself that I am entirely free from all young-ladyish nonsense and foolish sentiment in the matter, and that I have passed through this little experience without a scar, I shall at once throw that dance-card and *all* those ivy leaves into the fire. M.F.

FRANK MARSH'S JOURNAL.

Really, I never thought to take so vivid an interest in Emery affairs. Nor to be awakened to the sense that there was something selfish in my isolation from them by a stranger like Burton King. I have continued to study my fellow-organisms. I make new discoveries which I will not write even here—discoveries, shall I say damaging ones? For all his past is a blank. Certainly I have not confided any of my history to him; but never by the most casual word does he make any reference to his own. I don't know where he passed his youth. I believe he has seen foreign parts; but I don't know how and when. He has no bad habits, of that I am convinced. As to believing that he had been at Milford races and come home drunk, I would as soon believe it of myself. That is not the trouble. Is it because he has eyes like Lylie's that I don't draw the natural conclusion from my observations, or—that drawing it as I do, as I *must*—I feel in his presence that he is a better man than I? I feel ashamed of my own want of earnestness, of my own selfishness. I feel that he has a higher standard than mine, and that he acts upon it.

Bad health? Is bad health a greater drawback to making oneself useful than—— No, I won't write it.

Yesterday evening King came in to see me—he often does—and as I have not been well lately, I was very glad of his company. He was rather silent and abstracted, and presently I asked him what he was thinking about. He started, and said that he was afraid he was not very good company; but that he was worried, because one of his boys had got into a scrape.

'What sort of scrape? Can't your influence get him out of it?'

'Not an uncommon scrape,' he said, looking away out of window. He was trusted with some money by his employer, pretended to lose it, and spent it on a pistol, by which sensible purchase it was traced.'

'Young scamp!' I said.

'Ah, yes, I suppose so! I'm afraid he's too old for a reformatory.'

'Do you think going to prison will hurt him, then? Isn't it better than bad company?'

'It might be—it may be; but he's got to begin fresh? Well, perhaps I *could* help him then.'

'Well,' I said, 'I don't see why you should be so much troubled about it. The nature that can fall into that sort of low temptation must itself be degraded.'

'Yes,' said King, very low, 'degraded—exactly, from something better, so it may rise again. And you don't know the force of "that sort of low temptation."'

Something in his tone made me feel that it was kinder to lead off the subject, and I said, 'That curious book, *Five Years' Penal Servitude*—do you know it?—brings out a point which surprises me.

The author is surely, if not a gentleman, an educated man; and yet as he gains each little rise in the miserable prison life, one sees that it gives him real gratification. Can one imagine oneself caring to be a "teaman," for instance, or currying favour with one's gaolers—proud of their notice?'

King did not answer; but there came over his face a look which I don't know how to describe. He looked sideways at me. Was it suspicion—was it fear in his eyes?

'It—it seems odd,' he said, in a voice not like his own. Then he stopped, and the whole strange look passed away like an evil dream. He looked me full in the face with his open melancholy eyes, and said gravely, 'It strikes me as true to life.'

If a slave, after years of slavery had won his freedom, had risen to the height it demanded of him, might not the look he bore in his old life come sometimes across the redeemed and transfigured features? I am afraid in that case I should be tempted to avoid the slave's quarters. I don't think Burton King would.

I didn't drop the subject, I went on talking about the boys. I hate clerical shop, and parish gossip, take a pride, in fact, in my superiority to the local interests of Emery. In fact, I have been in the habit of thinking that the moment I hear of a 'Sunday School' or a 'district' the subject drops out of my sphere. The words indicate old ladies and fuss. The cottage hospital was different; besides, it is a gratification to me to oppose young Blackstone. H'm, is not that sentiment tinged with 'local interest?' When local interests become personal, the point of view alters—but as King answered my questions I saw that the salvation of these young ruffians was a vital matter to him, and when I asked him if he did not find himself hampered by a system which must excite prejudice in his scholars—he said that he thought those prejudices were felt more *for* young labourers than *by* them, the large popularity of some dissenting organizations might prove this, though of course localities varied.

'It's difficult,' I said, 'to realise vividly the charms of bad cigars and pitch-and-toss on a Sunday afternoon.'

'It's not at all difficult,' he answered, 'to realise the charms of self-indulgence and extravagance and—and gambling. It's the same devil! And the same Deliverer,' he added after a moment. What more might have passed, I can't say—but I had been in pain all through the conversation, and had felt that he kept that odd sort of watch upon me; and now, as sometimes happens to me, I turned very faint, and recollected nothing for a bit but an impression of skill, very superior to the Blackstones,' and of such kindness as a lonely man does not often experience. When I was better, he asked a few questions—the right questions, and I told him—as I could speak, of my old fall when the chalk pit gave way with me, and broke my leg and injured all my left side, so that neither heart nor lungs have ever seemed quite the same since.

I did not need to tell him, for he told me, all I had gone through since, with doctors and their remedies and contrivances. I told him that the last time there had been anything specially amiss, I had had to call in Rufus Blackstone, who made matters worse. Besides, words can't express how I hate his ways; the very sight of him sets all my nerves ajar. King only said then that he had experience enough to see that there was no need to call in anybody—if I would be quiet and stay in bed till he came the next day. I obeyed him to the letter. And when he came again and I was better able to talk, and had more breath, I told him everything as I certainly never told young Blackstone—even to how that fall came between me and certain hopes—gone for ever—and how good-for-nothing I had been ever since. He gave me advice and I took it—I did not ask him for his medical diploma, and he gave no explanation of his medical skill, but when he said that he thought he could do me good I believed him—and he has.

I think of a great many odd things. As King's manner grew unconsciously professional, and for my sake he put off all pretence of not knowing what he was about—I thought of unhappy Undine—that sweetest dream that ever poet imagined—how from pure loving kindness she used the skill that betrayed her origin, though it cost her her good name—all but the soul she had won through love and suffering. Well, I can hold my tongue, I hope, though I do live in Emery St. Lawrence. I was very bad for a bit, the result of east winds and of over fatigue—trying to be too much like other people—but I am better now, and he looks well after me.

There's another reason why I ought to be glad that he knows the whole truth about my health—a reason that I shall not tell him—at least not yet—if ever. But I'll tell you. Why do I feel as if I had been born in the wrong generation, like Browning's man in 'Evelyn Hope.' Not that there is a generation or anything like it between me and 'the red young mouth and the hair's young gold' that *I* worship, in *years*—only in feelings and experiences—and lately I have fancied those eyes less clear and bright. I have thought her less happy. I suppose young girls' troubles are always much of one kind—I have seen her skating and laughing—heard of her dancing with Blackstone. He hates King—can he suspect the truth, and have turned aside from her. *I* shouldn't care if one of her brothers was a murderer and the other the public hangman!

I wonder if Mrs. Lyndhurst would get up a Shakspere reading again. It gives one a chance of meeting her—of hearing her voice. I must see if I can induce her. Those readings certainly raise the tone of society and are very popular.

Ah, I have seen her! I went out for a stroll and I met her walking in the spring sunshine across the field by the Priory; but she *is* changed, and her eyes look like Burton's, as if they were haunted, only merry eyes *could* look so sad.

She stopped and spoke to me, and asked me with the prettiest kindness if I was better. I said, Yes, thanks to her brother, I was much better. She looked pleased at first, and then her face grew scarlet and she turned her eyes away, and seemed uncertain how to answer. Have they noticed that I seek her, and warned her that my health ought to prevent any advance on my part? I turned the subject by praising some white cherry blossoms that hung high in the hedge above our heads.

'Oh, would you like some?' she said, and she sprang up the bank like a child and picked a branch and gave me some, with her old bright innocent look. It was all the wrong way, and only shows how impossible it is for such as *I* to haunt her dreams. Her ideal lover would not have wanted her to pick cherry blossoms for him. But I shall keep them—they are white and young and bright as she is.

RUFUS BLACKSTONE.

June 12.

DEAR SMITH,

Hurrah! there is an opportunity for the most splendid dramatic exposure of this fellow, if you can bring Marks down here on the 20th. I thought you would be able to ferret it all out. Mind you keep it dark; I want it to burst upon the fellow and all his admirers like a thunderclap. It is the best joke I ever thought of. The 20th is the day fixed for their cottage hospital meeting; they have thrown dust into the Earl's eyes in spite of my attempts to warn him, and he has snubbed me pretty considerably about it, I can tell you. So I have no compunction at all. Mind you don't fail me, and we'll smash King into smithereens. It will be a joke to see his face under the process; I would not lose it for worlds.

Yours,

R. BLACKSTONE.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN OF THE RENAISSANCE.

A SKETCH AT PRAGUE, 1495–8.

CHAPTER X.

PHILOSOPHY IN PRISON.

'Let me follow where thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding where thou bleedest,
Die—if dying I may give
Life to one who longs to live.'
—GOLDEN LEGEND.

JEROME FLESSINGER was alone in one of the rooms of the Guild Hall. Being A.M. of the University, he was not, till his trial should take place, at all severely treated. He might have books to prepare his defence, or send to his friends for money. He wrote a line of farewell to Ida; but defence he would not make ready. What was the use? He had contradicted the Rector in a public thesis, and he was known as a disputer. Even were his secret political connections not discovered—and he did not think that they would be, indeed, he had lately severed all—he knew, in the temper of the times, before him was death, the galleys, the mines of Kuttenberg, slavery, or if the 'Inquisitor' were very lenient—banishment for life. Jerome was a brave man morally, but pain, hard as he tried to overcome this, always made him helpless; he was physically a coward, some might say—intensely nervous would be nearer the truth.

He feared death, yet he feared the torture worse, and most of all he feared his own cowardice. He began to read Ida's book, the gem of the Church's devotional literature, the 'Imitation?' But he could not read steadily. He had never seen Ida since the Septuagesima Sunday on which they had parted. As he thought of that last interview he heard a sound; Ida entered in her well-known cloak and thick hood. She took the cloak off deliberately and gave it to the man who entered with her, the gaoler as he might be called. He put it down and waited her commands with great obsequiousness; gold had done its work well.

'You will leave us for an hour together now, and then come to let me out. Do not disturb my cousin then. He has much to think of.'

'Whatever you wish, lady, shall be done,' said the man, going out and leaving them together.

'Ida, you have forgiven me and come to say farewell.'

'Not forgiven you, Jerome; I have nothing to forgive,' she said in

her calm, sweet voice. 'So far as you are concerned I need not say farewell, for you will be far away from this before they come to summon you.'

'How? Ida, do not unhinge my mind again. It has been strangely hard for me to face death.'

'I am in earnest. Look,' she said, removing her hood and veil, 'I have cut my hair; I will put on your master's gown. It is long and thoroughly covers me, tall though I am. You know we were always a little alike in countenance. I stay here, you go out. My trick will not be discovered till to-morrow.'

'You stay here? It will bring danger on you.'

'I am a good daughter of the Church now,' she said, with a brave smile. 'Have no fear for me. You know what to do when you get outside.'

'If I thought there was any danger——'

'Never reason from an *if* in practical philosophy, Jerome; that used to be your lesson to me. I have on two dresses. I slip off this. Now you put it on. You are clumsy! Now, my hood and cloak. There you are! Remember to arrange your veil closely about you and to hold up your dress, so! Now for myself. This is the way you do your hair, wild and tangled over your brows. My face is haggard enough, is it not, for you? My dress comes below the gown. There! Now give me your bonnet. You are Ida, and I am Jerome——'

Jerome had obeyed her directions instinctively; he was entirely under her influence. She was a woman of far higher proportionate calibre to his, and, though till now she had obeyed him throughout her life, her superiority asserted itself in time of stress.

'How ill you look, Ida,' he observed. 'Lady Hildegarde wishes you to go to Teplitz with her. If you do, we might meet in the Rosenberg in October, if I get away safely.'

Ida let him talk, and talked herself as if this plan of hers was a very light matter.

'Remember,' she said at length, 'to weep a little as you go out. You are leaving your betrothed here to die. That is what I told your keeper. Hush, they come, remember you are Ida.'

'Leave me now, dear Ida,' she said, imitating his voice, which was scarcely necessary, as there was a strange family likeness between them both. She was of his height, and her beauty of form being hidden, her short hair tangled round her forehead—Jerome fortunately had no hair on his face at all—in his bonnet and gown, she looked like the scholar, whilst he in her thick veil and hood was perfectly concealed.

'Yes, my love,' she said, acting her part, yet with what the old Greeks called *irony* in her words, 'you can do no more. Give my last farewell to our friends; for though innocent I shall be condemned. Nay, do not try to speak. Kind keeper, see her safely forth, and when I leave this I will give you my last gülder.'

The door was locked upon the real woman, and the pretended Ida went out. Two or three hours passed. Darkness came on. Ida sat in the silence, feeling faint and ill, but with all the glow of a woman's self-sacrifice filling her with peaceful joy. Ida had changed very much in the last few months, since religion had become a real power in her life, and not a philosophical or political system—even Mistress Katherina had noticed a change in her. And now in the darkness she had only sweet and holy thoughts to sustain her.

The keeper entered at length, bringing wine and a pasty, with a light.

'Did the lady reach home safely?' said the captive.

'Safely enough from here; poor thing, she seemed sorely troubled, as I let her go.' The man looked a burly, good-natured fellow, inclined to be talkative.

'Yes,' said Ida, playing her part. 'I suffer for her more than for myself; for what doth the philosopher say, "I have lived when I die, whether it be fourteen, forty, or four-score years?"'

'You are a wise man, master, they say?' said the keeper.

'I can write the Greek, Latin, Italian, and our vulgar tongues, and know all philosophy, practical, efficient, theoretic. Yes, friend, I am a scholar.'

'Then why,' said the man bluntly, 'were you such a fool as to come here? If you know all those languages, aren't there any words in them that have two meanings? If you must disagree with other people, you shouldn't have told them so.'

'But philosophers must tell the truth, my friend. The only crime of which they accuse me is that I am not a priest, and have a Czech Testament.'

'If you are as learned as all that, why couldn't you keep to your Greek and Latin then? The people don't want any learning. What is the good of priests and scholars if a man is to trouble himself about those kind of things?'

'As you remind me, I shall want a priest. Send to Father Ambrosius —at S. Mary's, I mean—say, will you do so?'

'Yes, master.'

'Tell him I wish him to come to me before the trial—at noon, I think? Here is silver. I keep my gold till I go from here, alive or dead. You know that what you do for me will bring you reward.'

'So the lady said; but I can't let my prisoner escape. I am not a cruel man, but I do my duty. I hope you will get off, sir. But the Rector is a determined man, sir; if it had been our Archbishop! But then *he* was half a heretic himself, being excommunicated, was he not?'

'No, friend, according to logic. See. If he were a heretic, outside the church, he could not be excommunicated or put out from it; for that which hath no being cannot be destroyed. They tried to destroy his church membership, wherefore I opine he had it, where-

fore his excommunication proves him to be no heretic. I would reason further: but I feel too ill, my friend.'

'Many a one dies of gaol fever; but there is none in the hall. It's a fine thing to be a scholar and kept here, not in yon sickening hole. Take some wine, sir. You'll need your strength.'

CHAPTER XI.

THE PENANCE.

'Ill she may endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Ill can thy noble mind a-brook
The abject people gazing on thy face,—
But soft, I think, she comes!'
—SHAKSPERE.

WE pass over two days of anxiety and suspense. Ida had said to the household she would be away. Young Gerster was working in the shop, steady, slow and sure. Old Starkza did not seem to miss his daughter. He had really arrived at living entirely in his books. Kudos, who knew Otto's state of mind, never let him go, and got Germanicus to employ him. No news was to be had and, as Kudos told Otto, he would do better to be quite clear of anything that might arouse suspicion, if he wished to help Ida afterwards. However, this morning he let him go towards the Town Hall as if by accident, only stipulating that he (Kudos) should accompany him. As the two men approached the hall, they saw a great crowd, and the windows on the street were filled with heads gazing out. Kudos, with the air of authority which was his naturally now, as a Professor of the University, pressed through the yielding crowd, and they got to the door.

'Speak for me; ask what it is,' said Otto, huskily.

'What is this commotion, good people?' said Kudos. 'Is there war? Have the Turks reached Vienna? or is his Holiness dead?'

One of the men in the town livery answered him respectfully—

'No, saving your honourable presence; the people like to gape, and they have got a show.'

'How so?'

'A woman, sir, is to do penance in the streets for aiding a prisoner, a heretic, to escape.'

'Tell me about it,' said Kudos, giving a coin to the man. He felt Otto's emotion, but both maintained their self-possession outwardly.

'I should have thought you would have heard, Doctor Kudos, seeing the University is in it.'

'We professors have no time for gossip; tell me what this is, since I have seen so much.'

'It's sad enough, illustrissime and you won't let me lose my

place for saying so. I was there'—he pointed to the Hall—'when they brought in a scholar, dressed like you, sir. They talked of putting him to the torture, because he was a heretic. He said no; that Father Ambrose could prove that he was a Callixtine, and had attended mass at S. Mary's all the year. So Father Ambrose said "That is true; the prisoner has attended mass and confessed to me during that time." Then the Rector broke out, "Ambrose, you lie!" There was such a scene; but the priest only said, "I am not a *Dominican*, illustrious Rector." Everyone laughed, for that touched the Rector, but he got furious and said, "That is not Flessinger. It is Ida Starkza. I know her well for an impudent woman." Then she, for it was she, slipped off the gown, and underneath she was dressed like a woman, only her hair was cut. She brushed it back with her hands, and said, as proud as proud could be, "I am Ida Starkza, but a good woman, as all who know me can tell. Jerome Flessinger has escaped. I am no heretic, but a daughter of the Church; therefore I claim my freedom."

'"You see the good father's regard for truth," cried the Rector.

'"What I have said, your excellency, I adhere to," says the father. "The *prisoner* is of my flock."

'There was such a commotion; but the end of it was—this! They said it was a light penalty,' said the man.

As he spoke Ida came out of the Town Hall, guarded, bareheaded, barefooted, carrying a candle in her hand, in a black robe, which exposed her lovely neck and arms and feet to public gaze. She looked like some exquisite piece of marble, more exquisitely and purely beautiful than she had ever done before. She had a far-away look in her eyes, as if she were quite unconscious that, for aiding in Jerome's escape, the malevolent Rector had contrived to obtain the infliction of a punishment, which should, as he hoped, utterly degrade the proud, beautiful, scholarly woman!

Otto's feelings cannot be described. They had got nearer the gate, a little beyond the press kept back by the burgher guard.

'Shameful!' burst from his lips, white with rage and concentrated passion. 'Let me go, Gustavus!'

'You can do no good. Look, she sees us, but will not betray she knows us. She means me to keep you back. Ah! she shudders. Demons in human shape, can you jeer?'

'See the burgher-master looks pitifully at her—who could help it. Ah! Ida, Ida!' he murmured. 'Can you do nothing, Kudos?'

'Nothing, Otto; come away.'

'Away? See, the rough pebbles hurt her feet. Oh, my love!'

'Hush! people are beginning to look at you!'

There was a hum of voices behind. Ida heard nothing. All her thoughts were concentrated in one:—'I said I would give my life for Jerome, can I not sacrifice my pride? Yet it is much, much harder than I thought.'

The noise increased, and a man came running wildly through the crowd, pursued by soldiers. He flung himself down before the burgher-master and cried, 'I give myself up; release her! I am Jerome Flessinger, the heretic!'

Jerome, who had reached a place of comparative safety, had realised or heard of Ida's danger; coming back to save her, he had been recognised by Baiern, who set his pursuers after him. Now the crowd hindered them and let him pass.

'Let me go, Gustavus,' cried Otto, 'or, by Heaven, I will make you!' and he struck his friend so suddenly that the rigid grasp was relaxed, and Otto darted forward just in time to catch Ida as she fainted away.

He supported her for a second or two. It seemed ages, but he only thought of her, not of the sea of eager, curious gazers and the startled authorities. 'Is there no woman here,' he cried indignantly, 'who has courage enough to help an innocent woman?'

Two or three came forward, coarse but kindly, and lifted the unconscious form.

'I suspend the execution of the sentence,' said the burgher-master. 'It will not be carried out to-day.'

'Nor on any other!' said one of the women.

It was so. Ida opened her eyes and light seemed to come over her countenance, as she stretched out her hands to Jerome. Awe fell on the spectators. It was but for a short time—Otto and Kudos were on one side, Jerome at her feet, as she was placed, and supported on the steps of the Hall—the very soldiers paused, and there was the strange silence of a crowd in the presence of death. She looked up with a smile and murmured some words that they could not catch; then came a shudder, the face fell, and Ida Starkza had passed away from all her troubles and struggles.

To her it might be said as to the weary knight:—

'Death comes to set thee free!
Oh! meet him cheerily
As thy true friend:
Then all thy woes shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end!'

* * * * * *

This is only a sketch; but no story can ever be finished in one sense, so we add no more than that Otto, having, through his sister, obtained Jerome's pardon (on which the latter went to the Moravians), left Prague and did not return to it for many years. Then came back to find Kudos, who had thrown aside his youthful name, for in the words of a modern writer, he sought 'rather use than fame.' Yet both were his. His learning was renowned; yet is it not almost greater to be a *teacher*, for it so multiplies the good that a man may do?

Let the curtain fall now on these Children of the Renaissance.

Living, struggling, hoping, fearing, as we do now, but with so few of our aids, and so much against them, there were noble men and women in those dark ages. If some names have flashed a moment from oblivion it is well; for 'that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.' If we have in any way caught something of the earnestness and longings of the loftier spirits we have tried to depict, we will think very tenderly of their faults and short-comings, as they acted up to their light. They knew not, any more than most of us realise now, that they were living in a period of Renaissance from which knowledge should take a wider departure, and of which future ages should reap unknown benefits.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXIV.

1642–1643.

THE SETTING UP OF THE STANDARD.

THINGS had come to a point in England when the sword could alone decide the quarrel. More than two centuries have passed since that unhappy period, and still the feelings which actuated either side are as strong as ever in the descendants of those who fought; nay, so deeply implanted are they, that until comparatively recent times it was well nigh impossible for the one party to do justice to the motives of the other, or to believe any good of the personages on the opposite side. Either the Cavaliers seemed all devoted loyalists to Church and King, chivalrous, honourable and graceful, and the Roundheads all hypocritical, sacrilegious rebels; or else the former party appeared as ferocious debauchees upholding tyranny, and the latter as grave, earnest, far-seeing religious patriots; while the King is again either a persecuted saint and martyr, or a weak, obstinate, perfidious tyrant.

Now the fact was that the Constitution had never been absolutely defined. The checks to the power of the crown had come from the nobility, and their decadence had given supremacy to royalty, as was the case in all the other countries of Europe. The great educated and wealthy middle class that had asserted itself was a novelty, sprung up since feudal times, though its germ had subsisted in the franklin class before the Conquest. It was much stronger than in other countries, because there was no line of demarcation between it and the men of noble birth. Not only were some of the foremost of its leaders sons of peers, but others were really untitled nobles, who anywhere else would have been barons, yet who were undistinguishable from the farmer, lawyer, and merchant aristocracy.

The law, as it had been moulded during the last century, was all in favour of the royal power. Very dim precedents could be found to the contrary, but these and general principles of right and justice were sufficient to make good and conscientious men feel it absolutely right to struggle for the restrictions and immunities they demanded. On the other hand, the King, often unconscious how vexatiously his agents used his powers, felt every concession wrung from him an injury to himself and his successors, and regarded the illegality of the

means used against him as absolving him from the necessity of finally accepting what he had been forced to grant.

He was convinced that the pressure was not from the main body of the English people, but from a small faction among the Commons, backed by the London mob, and that if he could once be free from these, the genuine loyalty of the nation would rally round him, and he could recover his lost ground. That he made promises and gave pledges, which he intended if possible to disregard, is only too certain, and it was this that drove on many in the Parliament to add to their first reasonable demands others which went much further, and were meant to bind the King's hands, and prevent him from revoking everything. At every stage, some conscientious men thought the concessions had gone as far as could be warranted, and went over to the side of the King; Strafford after the Petition of Right, Falkland and Hyde after the abolition of the Star Chamber, and many more after the Great Remonstrance; but the others viewed with alarm and indignation Charles's manifest desire to effect a counter revolution, and these set up claims for which they had not the slightest precedent or authority, and though unwilling to use violence themselves, gladly permitted the terrorism of the mob.

The mob acted under a wild panic. The fires of Smithfield and the Gunpowder Plot, had left a horror and dread of popery. Puritan and Convenanting preachers had taught them to identify the observance of the Prayer-book therewith, and the discipline enforced by Laud and his bishops was supposed to be the beginning of the restoration of Rome with all its terrors, and they therefore were rabid against episcopacy. They were equally afraid, though without apparent cause, of the small garrison in the Tower, and this—together with the inherent love of brawling—made them the tools of the ultra party in the Commons. This party had gone far beyond the question of precedent, and had the fixed desire of establishing their own ideal. What that ideal was, differed in almost every individual; but what most believed was, that the House of Commons ought to have almost all the power of the State, allowing as little as possible to King or Peers; and that the Church ought to be assimilated to the reformed bodies in other countries, Bishops abolished, and the Prayer-book either done away with, or deprived of all that in their eyes savoured of popery.

On the other hand, Charles felt himself to have yielded everything, except the Church and the Militia—which was his only army. He believed the time had come for making a stand, and hoped, when out of reach of coercion by the Commons and their mob, to be able to ascertain the true spirit of the nation at large.

From Huntingdon the King sent a message to Parliament, informing them of his intention to reside at York, and requesting them to make all speed in dealing with the Irish rebellion, adding, that as he had shown his willingness to retract any measure trenching on the

privileges of Parliament, so they would show equal respect to his prerogative, one essential part of which was that no subject could be obliged to obey any enactment to which the King had not given his consent.

This, though an appeal to a fundamental part of the constitution, put the Commons into a rage. They voted that whosoever had advised his departure and the message was an enemy to peace, and might be justly suspected of favouring the Irish rebellion; and that it was a breach of the privilege of Parliament to contradict what that body declared to be the law of the land. Moreover, they voted that the appointment of the Militia officers without the King's sanction was no transgression of the oath of allegiance; the trainbands were taken from the loyal Lord Mayor Gurney and given to their own nominees; and when the citizens of London protested against this breach of their charter, those who signed the petition were committed to prison. So were three loyal members of the House of Commons, Sir Ralph Hopton, Godolphin, and Trelawny. The other royalist members, hopeless of stemming the tide, day by day quitted Westminster for their own estates, or to join the King.

Falkland, Holland, and Hyde had remained in London. Hyde prepared able answers to all the Parliamentary manifestoes and sent them to York, where the King copied them with his own hand at night, and had them printed. They had a great effect, and at the same time counter petitions were poured in. Thirteen English and five Welsh counties sent up petitions in favour of episcopacy and the liturgy. There was a strong one from Kent, Laud's own diocese; one from Somerset signed by 14,350 gentlemen and freeholders, and the Cheshire one, with more than 10,000 signatures, declared that in the Prayer-book 'the famous Church of England, our dear Mother, hath just cause to glory.' Sir Edward Dering, who had been the first to attack the Bishops, now so put himself forward in their defence as to get himself committed to prison! The Kentish petition was suppressed, and Cromwell, informing the House that it was to be presented again, was directed to prevent the danger.

All sense of fairness seemed to be gone; and, on the other hand, loyal gentlemen flocked round Charles at his fine old city of York, where he kept his Court in the Deanery. He was bent on collecting a trustworthy government there. He sent orders to the Lord Keeper Littleton to intimate to Lords Essex and Holland that they must surrender their offices as Chamberlain and Groom of the Stole. Essex was a thorough Puritan, but an honourable man, who would have been faithful to the King as long as he held office. Holland was shifty, and from a courtly flatterer of the Queen, had become the tool of the Commons; but Hyde thought the offence given by such dismissals would be perilous, Littleton shrank from executing the commission, and handed it on to Falkland, who performed it with great regret. Next, the King wished to take the Great Seal from

Littleton. Hyde, however, wrote that the Lord Keeper was loyal at heart, and would probably be persuaded to join the King at York, Seal and all. He had nearly made up his mind to do so, when a bold and hasty gentleman named Eliot arrived requiring the Seal instantly. This man afterwards avouched that he had forced it from the Keeper by pointing a pistol at him; but Littleton himself declared that no intimidation was used. However, the Parliament was enraged with him for the surrender, and he fled in secret to York, where the office was restored to him, but without the trust or favour of the King. Hyde soon followed him, equally in secret, and for some little time remained at a village in York, preparing papers and manifestoes for the King. The Parliament announced that all who took these persons' offices from the King was an enemy to the country, and this was returned by the King declaring that all who received a commission to the Parliament were enemies to the King. The Earl of Northumberland, one of the peers who moderately held with the Parliament, was already High Admiral, but would not act, and there was a struggle between the King, who named Sir John Pennington as Vice-Admiral, and the Commons, who chose the Earl of Warwick, to whom the chief part of the navy adhered, mindful of having been called water-rats.

The King earnestly desired to go to Ireland to put a stop to the horrid cruelties of the Irish on the one side, and of the Lords Justices on the other; and when the Parliament kindly professed to be too careful of his person to let him risk himself there, he declared himself about to raise troops without asking their leave, and of arming them from the arsenal at Hull. Thereupon the Commons sent vessels to bring the stores from thence to the Tower. Charles, hearing this, determined to be beforehand with the ships, and use his personal authority to detain the stores.

The Governor of Hull was Sir John Hotham, who had been a deputy-lieutenant at the time when Sir Thomas Wentworth was Lieutenant of the North. By some intrigue, he had been superseded by an inferior, in spite of the protest of Wentworth that he was perfectly faithful though of a captious temper, and this offence seems to have actuated him at the moment.

On the 22nd of April, Charles sent his young son, James, Duke of York, and his nephew, Charles Louis, the Prince Palatine, to Hull with their attendants, as it was said, to see the town. The next day he set forth on horseback with two or three hundred gentlemen, and when about a mile from the gate, he sent forward to inform the governor that he would dine with him at noon.

Hotham returned for answer that he could not admit such a train agreeably with his charge from Parliament; and begged his Majesty to wait till he could receive their orders. Meanwhile he had the gates closed. There was a curious scene. The gates were shut and guarded by Hotham's men. The Mayor and Town Council were

trying to have them opened—the King was outside, calling for admission; Sir John Hotham on his knees on the ramparts, talking about his oaths to Parliament; the Cavaliers around the King shouting to the garrison 'Kill the traitor!' 'Throw him over'; but the officers were more determined Roundheads than the Governor, and his son in especial, was a very strange tempered person, and they held him fast to his purpose. Every one shrank from shedding the first drop of blood, and Charles reduced his demand to admission for twenty persons besides himself, and this was refused, for, as Hotham wrote, 'if only ten had come in with him, I should no longer have been master of the place.' So the King publicly proclaimed Hotham and his officers guilty of treason, and the two princes having been sent forth by the loyal and indignant folk within, he retreated to Beverley, sending a message to Parliament to demand justice for the outrage.

Of course the Parliament justified Hotham—but thirty-two peers and sixty commons left their seats at Westminster and rode off to York to join their Sovereign.

They were ordered back again, and on their refusal, nine peers were impeached, orders were sent to forbid arming without commands from Parliament, and at the same time the militia were exercised. Moreover, a committee was sent to York to follow the King about, watch him, and report on his proceedings. He ordered them off, but they would not go, and though they were confined to their lodgings, they contrived to send a good deal of news.

Charles summoned a county meeting at York of the gentlemen, to request them to give him a guard. They cheered him and hooted the Commissioners; but at the same time, the freeholders and farmers, who had not been summoned as being less well affected, assembled at the door of the hall of meeting and demanded entrance. Not being able to obtain it, they sent in a protest. Fifty gentlemen signed a refusal of the guard, among them Sir Thomas Fairfax, eldest son of the Yorkshire Lord Fairfax. Afterwards, Charles summoned all to meet together on Heyworth Moor, where more than 40,000 came together on foot and on horseback, their great object being apparently to obviate a civil war. The gentlemen in attendance on Charles perceived that a petition was going round among the assembly, and being signed. It was to deprecate the raising of troops and to implore the King to be reconciled to his Parliament. His friends snatched it away, and tore it up, and there was much confusion and abuse on either hand. A declaration was read, and then the King was hastily riding away to avoid receiving the petition, when Sir Thomas Fairfax struggled up to him and laid the petition on the pommel of his saddle, although the King tried to push him out of the way with his horse. However, the King succeeded in raising a troop of horse volunteer gentlemen, called the Prince of Wales's regiment, and six hundred men were levied for the King's guard.

This the Parliament called levying of war and a breach of trust towards the nation, and in every county there were two sets of commissions for the militia, one from the King, and one from the Parliament. Moreover, the Commons sent nineteen requisitions. The education of the King's children was to be committed to persons of their choice; the Church was to be reformed as they pleased; the whole military force was to be entirely in their hands, and no new peer was to be admitted to the Upper House without their consent. In fact, nothing was left to the Sovereign save his crown and his title.

They then appointed the 10th of June for the muster of their troops, and invited their supporters to bring plate and money to the Guildhall. Wealth was poured in, not only the bullion and jewels of the rich, but poor women brought wedding-rings, thimbles, earrings, all they could give in the enthusiasm of what they believed a sacred cause, while exhortations rang out in all the pulpits. Gurney was deposed from the mayoralty for setting forth the King's proclamation, and the Puritan Isaac Pennington placed in his chair. The King, too, called for plate and money, and the University of Oxford, together with many loyal families, sent him what they could, but so close a watch was kept on the ports that Queen Henrietta durst not send him the money and arms that she had collected. That strange person, Lord Digby, came over from Holland so perfectly disguised as a Frenchman, that his own father, Lord Bristol, did not know him. He nearly succeeded in inducing Sir John Hotham to give up Hull to the King, but this failed, though shortly after, a small vessel from the Queen contrived to run up the Humber, and land an instalment of money, arms and ammunition. Two noble speeches were made to the Commons by Sir Benjamin Rudyerd and Bulstrode Whitelock, entreating them to pause and avoid hurrying the country into the miseries of a civil war, but all in vain, an army was voted, and the Earl of Essex made general-in-chief.

The King made a progress in Yorkshire and the neighbouring counties, where gentlemen flocked to him, many with the old weapons unused since Flodden field. Where the first blood was shed does not seem certain, but one account is, that a party of horse from Northumberland came upon a troop of Parliamentary militia, and following their Border instincts fell upon them, seized their weapons, and burnt a barn in which they had taken shelter. This was about the 22nd of July. Another collision had taken place between the two sets of militia at Leicester, but with no injury to either party. Charles had meantime made the Earl of Lindsey, who had served abroad, general of the foot, but reserved the horse for his nephew, Prince Rupert, who was daily expected. His one unfortunate campaign was supposed to have given him sufficient experience; but in point of fact, no one on either side, except Oliver Cromwell, who had not yet come to the front, was capable of real generalship. Portsmouth was held by Sir George

Goring, a man, who by his grace, ease and readiness contrived to deceive both parties, so that while the Parliament granted him £4,000 for the repair of the fortifications, the Queen sent him £3,000 to buy over the garrison. He had been made lieutenant-general of the Parliamentary army under Essex, but he decided on joining the other party, and when Lord Kimbolton wrote to summon him to his place in the House of Commons, he replied that he doubted the legality of their proceedings, and moreover said that he held Portsmouth from his Majesty, and could not be absent thence without his permission.

This was throwing off the mask, and Sir William Waller was directed to march on Portsmouth by land, and the Earl of Warwick to attack it by sea. All this time Pym, Hampden, and the rest were persuaded that the King was 'so ill-beloved' that he would never be able to raise an army, and thus would be obliged to submit to them on being convinced that the whole country was against him.

They were, however, mistaken. Personal attachment to the King, love of the Church, and sense of loyalty were far stronger than they supposed, and all that was wanted was a central point at which to rally. York and Warrington were thought too far north, and the place finally chosen was Nottingham. In the proclamation, in order to dispel prejudice, Roman Catholics were forbidden to join the royal forces; but in point of fact they came, were welcomed, and did good service. They had no choice in the matter, for the Roundheads would have shown them small toleration, and now commonly called the royal troops Popish and Malignant.

Leaving York, Charles made a progress through several counties, and hoped to secure Coventry; but the gates were closed, and the gentlemen who rode forward to demand an entrance were fired at and wounded. The next evening at Leicester, Charles was joined by his two nephews, Rupert and Maurice, who had crossed from the Texel to Tynemouth with Lord Digby in a vessel lent by the Prince of Orange, but had been delayed by Rupert's horse falling with him. His shoulder was dislocated, but was replaced by a country bone-setter who refused to take more than half the fee the Prince offered him. Arriving at Nottingham, the princes followed their uncle to Leicester, and then Rupert received his charge as general of horse.

On the 22nd of August, 1642, at six o'clock in the evening, the royal standard was raised on the top of one of the towers of Nottingham Castle, after the unfortunate precedent of Richard III. It bore the motto 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' and on the knoll in front of the castle the King caused a proclamation to be read; but just as the herald was about to begin, some alteration occurred to Charles, which he scrawled on the paper laid across his knee, so that the herald had great difficulty in decyphering it, and stumbled in the reading.

It was a wild evening of early autumn (eleven days later than according to present reckoning), and ere long the standard was blown

down. 'Why did you put it there?' said the King. 'It should have been set up in an open space. It looks imprisoned here.' It was taken out into the path, but there the ground was so hard and rocky, that though swords were used to dig a hole to plant it, it could not be fixed deep enough, and six men were obliged to hold it up by turns for the four days that it remained there. About 600 horse had come in, mostly country gentlemen on their hunters, with as many of their sons, brothers, or servants as they could equip. They wore their ordinary dresses, the broad-leaved and plumed hat, the doublet and short cloak. Prince Rupert's cloak was always scarlet, with a broad lace collar, and an embroidered scarf, in which the sword was hung. Some had buff coats and pistols; but weapons, and power of combination were alike wanting. Rupert was not yet twenty-three, but the King was almost obliged to place him in command, because, as had been already experienced, the English gentry were apt to refuse to take orders from one another. His German birth was, however, a great misfortune, for he was disliked as a foreigner, and was credited with bringing in the savagery of the Thirty Years' War, although he had really seen little or nothing of it, having lived in Holland all his life, except for one brief expedition, ending in a long imprisonment. There were a few trained bands, but in such small numbers, that Sir Jacob Astley declared that the parliamentary army, now forming at Nottingham, might easily take the King in his bed.

'What, already,' said Charles, 'before the war is begun?'

He was very sad, grave, and dispirited, and so indeed were all the nobler spirits on his side. Falkland would often sit musing and sighing 'Peace, peace!' and as he, like all the thoughtful and devoted men, were fully aware of the grievous evils of civil war, even though they saw that the time was come for supporting the crown against the aggressions of what had become an insatiable faction.

On the parliamentary side, too, there were many minds. Men, like the grave and melancholy Earl of Essex, or the thoughtful and religious John Hampden, had no desire to overthrow the throne, and had only been driven into taking up arms because they wished to secure what had been gained; and, knowing that the King did not hold himself bound by what had been extorted from him, were resolved on depriving him of all means of revoking his concessions.

Others, of whom Pym was perhaps the type, were absolute republicans at heart; many more had been exasperated by the various exactions that had been made to supply the place of taxation, and the violent hatred of the Church, so diligently fanned by lecturers in almost every town, impelled multitudes to believe the cause a holy one, and to think of themselves as Israel attacking the Canaanites. Among these there were two chief divisions, Presbyterians, such as Essex, who wanted to assimilate the Church to the Kirk in Scotland, and Independents, of whom Cromwell was the ablest.

The expenses were to be paid by sequestering the lands of bishops

and deans. Indeed, Episcopacy, 'root and branch,' had just been abolished by the remnant of the Commons, together with stage plays, and the Londoners had celebrated the edict with illuminations and bonfires.

Essex received orders from Parliament to advance to meet the King, who was coming towards London through Wolverhampton and Birmingham. Neither party seems to have had any clear idea where the other was, till they found themselves on the opposite sides of the Vale of Redhorse in Warwickshire on a cold evening late in October, the royal troops on Edgehill, those of Essex at the village of Keinton. It was said that this evening Rupert was affronted because his uncle, being very weary and in bed, sent him orders through Lord Falkland, instead of giving them in person; but this is improbable, as there is a little affectionate note from Charles to his nephew extant, written at 4 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 23rd of October, on the orders given. At sunrise, Charles stood on the hill with his perspective glass surveying the plain beneath of meadow land narrowing towards Keinton, between hedges and copsewood. The enemy began to appear, like ants swarming on the hill, forming into masses in front of the village.

'I never saw them in a body before,' he said. 'I shall give them battle. God, and the prayers of good men to Him, assist the justice of my cause.'

The troops, however, were quartered at such a distance that all the morning passed by, and there had been time for religious services on either side before all had come in, and the royal troops made their way down the hill, unmolested by Essex. Charles made them a brief address, and brave old Sir Jacob Astley fell on his knees and uttered his brief prayer—'O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me;' then rising, he gave the order, 'March, boys!'

Rupert made his characteristic headlong fiery charge, sweeping all before him. Mandeville and Cholmondely strove in vain to rally their men; Sir Faithful Fortescue deserted and joined the Prince, who gallopped for two miles in pursuit, halting at Keinton, which was full of waggons of stores, most welcome to the hungry Cavaliers, many of whom had not eaten for hours.

The infantry were more fatigued, and had fasted longer, and the horse had left them unsupported. Lord Brooke and Lord Say had fallen on them. Brave Lord Lindsay received a shot through his thigh, and his son, Lord Willoughby, stood over him till both were made prisoners. Sir Edmund Verney, the royal standard-bearer, fell, with his hand grasping the pole, and Essex's secretary, Chambers, was put in charge of the standard, but it was recovered by Captain Smith, who that same evening received knighthood beneath it. The Duke of Richmond and Sir John Colepepper entreated Charles to flee, but he would not hear of so doing, and it was now getting dark. Rupert

and his horse came back to find their expectations damped. The prince would have made another charge, but could not gather his men, and there was no knowing friend and foe apart. Each side thought the battle lost. The King returned to his quarters on the hill, Essex drew off to the distance of nearly a mile, and fires of brushwood were lighted, round which the men sat, while the frost dealt cruelly with the many wounded. Old Lord Lindsay lay in a stable, bleeding to death, and sighing that if ever he survived he would never fight in the same field with boys again. Essex sent doctors, and his own coach for him, but he died on the way to Warwick Castle the next morning.

It is doubtful whether he meant by 'boys,' Prince Rupert or the King's two sons, Charles and James, twelve and ten years old, who were on a hill above the field and had to be guarded at all costs. They were under the care of Dr. Harvey, the same who discovered the fact of the circulation of the blood. He had sat down under a bush with a book, in which he became so much absorbed that he knew nothing of the battle and was dragged out of danger by main force!

The King slept for a short time in his carriage, but at daybreak mounted his horse and viewed the green meadow covered with slain or dying men. No one could advance to their relief without hazarding another battle. Hampden had brought up 3000 men and was urgent to strike a decisive blow; but Essex was dispirited and would not move. Then the King sent a flag of truce by the herald, Clarencieux-King-at-arms, to offer a free pardon to all. He was not allowed to approach the ranks, but Essex conversed with him, and asked a good many questions, ending by promising to refer the matter to Parliament. After three hours thus waiting, Essex drew off his forces towards London, and the Royalists were able to seek their dead and wounded, whose agony had thus been protracted, and sons found fathers, brothers, brothers, often in the hostile ranks.

Rupert and his cavalry rode after the Roundheads, and were able to secure the stores at Keinton, whence the brave Welshmen obtained better weapons.

Meantime, beacons had flashed from hill to hill the tidings that a battle was being fought. The fire at Harrow was seen in London, and by morning came fugitives with tidings of defeat, followed a few hours later by letters from Holles and others claiming the victory.

The Londoners were, however, in great alarm, in spite of Lord Brooke's telling them that the Cavaliers had only slain 200, reckoning country-women, children and dogs, and ordered Essex home to protect them, while Skippon tried to drill the train-bands, and apprentices who enlisted were set free from their indentures. Rupert was for pushing forward to secure London in its first panic, but this was overruled. Charles attacked Banbury, waited at Reading, and let Essex and his army reach London before his own advance.

Negotiations were set on foot, chiefly through the Earl of Northum-

berland, and there was a suspension of arms for two days, but during this time Essex threw a body of men into Brentford, and Charles, viewing this as a breach of the truce, caused them to be attacked. The firing was heard in the House of Lords, and Essex hurried to the scene of action, but the royal party had gained the place, with fifteen pieces of cannon and 500 prisoners, whom the King released after making them take an oath not to serve against him any more. Each side considered the other to have acted treacherously. The troops mustered under Essex, and as he rode along the lines, there was throwing up of caps and crying out of 'Hey for old Robin,' with a remembrance perhaps of his much-loved father. The city dames meantime sent cart-loads of pies and other provisions to their defenders.

Thus the two armies faced one another at Turnham Green, and the Cavaliers kept up their spirits with derisive songs on Lord Ware, who had hid in a saw-pit, as they said, during the battle of Edgehill, and on Brooke's speech,

> 'Farewell, my Lord Brooke, with a hey,
> Farewell, my Lord Brooke, with a ho,'
> He said, 'but first he had got him a rattle,
> That but a hundred fell in battle,
> Besides women, dogs, and such Parliamentary cattle,
> With a hey trolly lolly ho!'

However, the Cavaliers knew that their ammunition was very low, and it was well for them that Essex was not to be persuaded to give the battle that all the idlers in London came out to see. It chanced that 200 of these, seeing a movement in the royal army, rushed back precipitately, and their flight produced such a panic among the train-bands that Essex saw that these were not the stuff to meet high-spirited gentlemen, and he quietly suffered the royal army to draw off towards Oxford.

His men were much better provisioned, armed and accoutred than the royalists, having the national stores and the purses of the Londoners to back them; but display was not the fashion among them. Even the political section had to dress soberly, or there would have been an outcry against them for sharing the 'abomination of love locks' and other vanities of the young Cavaliers; and the religious fanatics wore the gravest colours, except that their badge was an orange scarf, the narrowest bands, the shortest hair, the tallest of steeple-crowned hats, all put on in such a manner that the mere absence of jauntiness, and the lack of plume, scarf, lace collar and cuffs, easily disguised a Cavalier as a Roundhead.

There was something of uniform among them: Hampden's followers wore green; Lord Say's, blue; Lord Brooke's, purple; and Denzil Holles led the Londoners in red. The standard was black with five buff Bibles figured on it, and below them the words in gold, 'God with us.'

Twenty thousand men met at Nottingham under command of Essex, and the aspect of matters looked so bad for the King that the shifty and uncertain Goring sent him word that he could not hold out Portsmouth without relief, and this it was not possible to send, since Lord Hertford had been driven into Dorsetshire and was himself besieged in Sherbourne Castle. Goring gave himself up to debauchery till Waller was at the gates, when he sent proposals to surrender the place, provided he himself were allowed to depart for Holland, threatening to burn the town with wildfire unless his proposals were accepted, and after all, stealing away at night, and leaving his garrison to shift for itself.

It was a great blow to the King, who had raised his standard trusting to Goring; but on the other hand, many troops of nobles and gentry began to join him, and as the western counties were for the most part loyal, he decided on drawing off towards Shrewsbury, while Rupert and his light horse scoured the country round like wildfire, as the Parliamentarians declared. They offered no personal violence, but they seized horses, arms, provisions, and whatever belonged to the hostile party, as munitions of war. A Mrs. Purefoy, whose husband was absent in the Puritan ranks, held out his old manor-house of Caldecott against them, with only one gentleman and eight serving-men, and twelve muskets among them, which the ladies loaded with bullets melted from the pewter plates. At last, however, the place was reduced to surrender, and the Prince complimented highly the brave little garrison, allowing no damage to be done, nor insult offered.

There was a skirmish near Pershore, at a place called Brickfield, where Rupert and his Cavaliers fell on Colonel Sandys, and a troop of Roundheads far out-numbering them, and heavily accoutred in helmet and breast-plate. But the Cavaliers were high-spirited gentlemen, who rode at them as if hunting, and the poor fellows, mostly tradesfolk or labourers, encumbered with their armour, and totally new to war, could not stand against them for a moment, but ran off pell-mell, tumbled into the river and were drowned, or lay helpless in their steel casings. Their Colonel and almost all his officers were killed. Sandys was carried into Worcester, where Rupert sent his chaplain to attend him. The dying man remembered that he had struck Lord Wilmot in the fight, and anxiously asked how he fared. Being told that his wound was trifling, he said, 'I am thankful I have not that blood to answer for!' Indeed, throughout the war, cases of reckless, thoughtless cruelty or rapine were exceptional, though some of course there were committed by the more ferocious fanatics on the one side, and the wilder Cavaliers on the other; but the struggle did not last long enough entirely to demoralise the combatants, and when we contrast this with the wars of France and Germany, we have reason to say, like Philippe de Comines long before, that our wars are merciful. Indeed, the Judges made their circuits

part of the time, and both parties held themselves to be living under, and respecting the Law of England. Indeed, all the proclamations of Parliament still ran in the name of King Charles, and many of the soldiery believed themselves not fighting against him, but to liberate him from ill advisers. Lord Essex himself still had too much feeling for his Sovereign to be willing to take active measures against him, and the levies on either side held themselves to be in arms more for the purpose of showing their strength than of using it. But the raids of the light horse were creating a feeling against the royalists in the country, as Rupert found shortly after his skirmish at Pershore. Dressed as an ordinary country gentleman, he went into an old woman's house, about a mile from Worcester, and asked for food. She said she had nothing but collops and eggs, whereof he ate heartily, and then asked for drink. She answered that she had nothing but small drink, she was a very poor widow, and had none but herself and her son. He asked where her son was. She told him 'Gone to Worcester to hear what news of the Cavaliers, for she heard say (thank Heaven for it) that his Excellency had made them fly from the city, a company of rude knaves they were!' He asked her what she thought of Prince Rupert. 'A plague choke Prince Rupert,' she said, 'he might have kept himself where he was born. This kingdom has been worse ever since he landed.'

A little after Rupert, riding near Essex's army on Dunsmore heath to reconnoitre, found a man with a laden horse and asked what he had there.

'Apples to sell to his Excellency's soldiers,' said the man.

'Why dost thou not go to the King's army?' said the Prince; 'I hear they are generous sparks and will pay double.'

'Oh!' said the fellow, 'they are Cavaliers, and have a mad Prince among them, and never a penny could I get in the whole army.'

The Prince asked the price of his load, and hearing it was ten shillings, bought the whole on the spot, and promised more money for the loan of coat, hat and horse while he sold the apples, leaving his own horse and clothes in charge.

He drove the pack-horse through the camp, selling right and left, and making his observations, and finally restored the loan, telling the man to ask the captains how they liked the fruit Prince Rupert sold them!

At Chester the King found horses, weapons, and ammunition waiting for Lord Leicester to be taken to Ireland, and these were at once seized. Cheshire and Lancashire joined him willingly under the brave James Stanley, Earl of Derby, and when he reached Shrewsbury, the royal forces were far more numerous and better appointed than at Nottingham, though still there was much to be desired, and there was a body of Welshmen with only scythes, flails, and staves. The numbers were, 2,000 cavalry, 6,000 infantry, and

perhaps 1,500 dragoons, and with these he decided on marching southwards towards London.

On the news, the city and Westminster fortified themselves, threw up batteries, and put chains across the streets.

This year, 1642, was concluded by a universal tax on income and property being voted by the Commons, to enable them to continue the war.

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

XVII.

THE MILKY WAY AND THE NEBULÆ.

'And then this new-world lore that takes account
Of tangled star-dust; maps the triple whirl
Of blue, and red and argent worlds that mount
And greet the Irish Earl,
Or float across the tube that Herschel sways,
Like pale-rose chaplets, or like sapphire mist;
Or hang or droop along the heavenly ways
Like scarves of amethyst.'

'HAVE you any idea at all whereabouts we are?' was the question once put to the inefficient skipper of a ship out of her course. 'Yes,' replied that worthy, drawing a chart towards him, 'we must be somewhere hereabouts;' and he laid his hand over a space representing the greater part of the Pacific Ocean. Thanks to the diligent star-gauging of Sir W. and Sir J. Herschel, Otto Struve and Mädler, and to the star charting of Mr. Proctor, we can to-day lay our finger on the celestial sphere, and to a certain extent point out 'where we are.'

Whenever the night is clear and moonless we see spanning some portion of the skies 'that grand gathering of stars, star-clusters, star-clouds, and star-streams, which we call the Galaxy,' or in English, 'Milky Way'—very well named on account of the milky light of its background to the naked eye, and in some parts even the telescope has failed to penetrate and resolve this light into separate stars, probably on account of their small size and great number. The Red Indians call it the 'Pathway of the Ghosts,' because of its faint light; but in tropical countries it is much brighter, and the half seen in the southern hemisphere is brighter than the northern half. The Milky Way occupies nearly a great circle of the heavens; it is divided into two main streams from where the Scorpion's tail crosses it, to where it re-unites near Arided in Cygnus. Besides this, several streams seem to leave it, e.g. one running from Perseus towards the Pleiades; while in Argo the ramifications are almost fan-like. Here and there are dark openings, as the Coalsack in Cygnus, and the Jelly-bag near the Southern Cross. Sir William Herschel thought the general shape of the Galaxy was that of a cloven disc, but many considerations have led astronomers to question this theory, and some think its form is probably spiral, and that we are so situated in it as to see distinctly one spiral division, the solar system being situated in the brightest

part, very near the place where this division occurs, not far from Alpha Centauri. Be this as it may, thus much is certain. The Milky Way is that system in the stellar universe to which the sun belongs, and it surrounds us on all sides.

Besides the Milky Way, we find two other regions rich in star clusters and nebulæ; and these lie in quite opposite directions. One, known as 'the Nebulous Region in Virgo,' extends through that constellation, and in a band on each side of her, from the Great Bear to the Centaur. The other includes Andromeda, Pegasus, and the Fishes. There are also the Magellan clouds near the South Pole.

When we examine the depths of the Milky Way, we are first struck with the number of the very brightest lucid stars which lie along and within it. Plunged in it, or so close as to form part of the system, are the bright stars Betelgeux, Procyon, Capella, Algol, four of Cassiopeia's bright stars, Arided, Altair, Antares, the Pointers to the Cross, the glorious Cross itself, several bright stars in Argo and Canis, including Sirius. A goodly number truly for a circle of the heavens, which, of the 360° of the sphere, occupies on an average 15° or 16° of width; never much over 30°, and in one place barely 6°. These brighter lights, it is now believed, are actually larger and brighter, not merely nearer to us.

Next we discern a large number of smaller lucid stars, all on a milky background; and with a small telescope we find that fainter stars still are thickly strewn wherever we gaze, except in the regions called Coalsacks or Jelly-bags. In some parts large telescopes bring more and more stars to view till they reach a perfectly dark background. In other places, even the best instruments show a milky light beyond their gauging powers. As better telescopes are made, it is possible that the whole of this milky light will be resolved into separate stars.

Now the fact that all magnitudes of stars are *richly* strewn along the Milky Way, is shown by Mr. Proctor to mean that they are all in some sense associated with each other, and therefore do not lie at such inconceivable distances as would be the case if we imagined the minute stars—well nigh star-dust—to be really as large as the brightest. For bright stars to look like the dim ones, they must be removed to such enormous distances as to destroy all idea of association.

We must not conclude that in all star-clusters, the mass of stars would seem no nearer to a spectator within the group, than our Milky Way. For in the regular spherical *nebulæ* (as they are called, though really star-clouds), they must be far nearer. To preserve that globular form they must lie within certain distances, to enable gravity to act from one star to another, as it evidently does. We can also tell relatively how much more distant the furthest stars are from us than the nearest. If a bead a quarter of an inch across is held a foot off the eye, then, as there are twelve inches in a foot, the

furthest part of the bead is more distant than the nearest, by a 48th part of its whole distance from us, i.e. the bead's width is a 48th of its distance. Now if that bead, when so held seems of the same size as any more distant globular object; that object is in width a 48th part of its distance, and if we held the bead a yard off, and other objects, from a ball to a planet, had the same apparent width, then we should know that ball or star was in width a 144th part of its distance, for there are 144 quarter inches in a yard. Suppose the bead a foot off *looked* the same size as a ball on a church spire—if we knew the ball's size, we could calculate the distance. Say it was four feet wide, then 4+48=192 feet, or 64 yards off. Again, if some great globular object which we knew to be three miles off, were just hidden by our bead at a yard off, we should divide the distance by 144, and learn that it was 110 feet, or 36⅔ yards across. But if size and distance were alike unknown, still if our bead at a foot covered it, it must, if a star-cluster, have all its stars within a space the 48th part of that which separates it from us; and if the bead at a yard off covered it, they must lie with the 144th part of its distance. From these considerations we can tell that the stars in globular clusters lie nearer each other than those of the Milky Way.

This argument dealt a death-blow to the idea that *all* nebulæ are star-clouds, only not resolved because our telescopes are not strong enough. For if so, then *all* the irresolvable nebulæ must lie at inconceivably greater distances than the resolvable ones. Yet these irresolvable clouds often contain several or many separate stars, which could hardly be associated with the irresolvable parts if these are taken to lie at such huge distances. Before quite leaving the Milky Way, we must observe on the beauty of the grouping of its stars seen even in a small telescope. Sometimes they seem like beads strung in curves or spirals, the very colours recurring in a sort of order. Here they look like festoons of coloured lamps in a feast of lanterns—there as sprays of jewels scattered over the field of the telescope.

Turning to the nebulæ, it is well to begin by saying that spectrum analysis has placed it beyond a doubt that many irresolvable nebulæ (i.e. clouds which no telescope can turn into stars), are *not* star-groups, however remote, but are composed of what we have vaguely called "nebulous matter." There is nothing solid or liquid in their composition,—solely gases, and sometimes only one. Therefore their light is unlike that of the sun and stars. Even those nebulæ which exhibit bright points are not necessarily studded with stars, the brightness being due to dense gaseous bodies within them.

It is most difficult to imagine what these extraordinary bodies are good for. As yet, spectroscopic evidence forbids the idea that they are suns in process of formation. In some cases they are composed of such very simple materials that the wonder is how they continue to exist as a whole. Most likely they rotate, but this is not certain, and the motion, owing to their light materials, would be very slow.

Some of them are chiefly composed of nitrogen, a colourless, scentless, tasteless gas, which forms the largest part of our air—a very uninteresting, harmless material, yet capable, in combination with other elements of forming the deadliest poisons, the most dangerous explosives,—as nitroglycerine, the foundation of dynamite.

Since the above discovery, there has not been time to sort out the true and false nebulæ among the 5,000 and upwards that are known. In giving examples of the various forms of Nebula, we should remember that, upon the whole, a nebula of regular form is likely to be a star cluster; one of irregular form *may* be a gaseous cloud. Nebulæ of symmetrical form are globular, elliptical, annular, or spiral.

The *Globular* need only be mentioned, as their features have been dealt with.

The Elliptical may be flatter circular clusters seen edgewise.

The *Annular* Nebulæ are quite different. Instead of a condensation of light towards the centre, this part is wholly or partially dark with a ring of light. The Annular Nebula in the Lyre, near Vega, is the most curious instance. In Lord Rosse's telescope it shows a ring of nebulous light, studded along the inner and outer edges with rows of bright points like jewels. The outer edge has a fringe of jets flying outwards, while in the darkness within, but not touching the ring, are several bands of light.

One of the most remarkable *Spiral* Nebulæ is the great Whirlpool Nebula in Canes Venatici. It does remind one of some drawing of the Maelstrom. From a bright central vortex, long spiral streamers seem to whirl on the surface of the sky. *Seem*, we say,—for of course no such motion is observed, but the whirling attitude suggests it, as a picture might. These streamers, getting fainter, disappear gradually outwards; but, stranger than all, a few, prolonged in the direction of the longer diameter of the Nebula, work themselves round again into a second bright vortex, which is perhaps a globular Nebula, connected with the spiral. The whole Nebula is studded with stars.

The Nebulæ of irregular form can hardly be classified. The dumb-bell in Vulpecula is a good example of one preserving a certain regularity. Sir John Herschel gave this name to two bright Nebulæ, connected by a band, and surrounded by an oval nebulous cloud. Lord Rosse showed that its form is less regular, but very wonderful. A great part of its light comes from glowing gas, and though that light has perhaps taken hundreds of years to reach us, we know surely that just three gases are concerned in conveying the light-message; these are hydrogen, nitrogen, and a third which does not correspond with any known gas.

Some Nebulæ are much more irregular, as that round the variable star, Eta Argus, which resembles a light cloud with brighter and dimmer markings, and no more definite form than the light cirro-cumulus clouds which float across our sky.

The place of the great Nebula in Orion, called sometimes the 'Fish-mouth Nebula,' can just be seen by the naked eye round the star θ in Orion's sword. This is a system of seven stars, and the splendid Nebula lies around them. It consists of a combination of very bright rectangular masses, from which spread long streamers and light clouds, becoming fainter till they melt into the dark background. One streamer resembles a snout or trunk sticking from the Fish-mouth. A great part of this Nebula is resolved into stars, but Struve, Secchi, and others decide that there is nebulous matter continually agitated 'like the surface of the sea,' and ever changing in form.

'The Great Nebula in Andromeda' is celebrated as one of the earliest examined (by Simon Marius in 1612). It is an irregular whitish cloud, with two dark channels, and more than one bright point. It gives star-light, and therefore it was known that it must contain stars. But on the 1st of September this year (1885) a telegram from Dr. Hartwig at Dorpat, requested observers to examine a strange variation in this Nebula. In a night or two it was found that a new star had come to light, either in the cloud, or in a straight line between it and us. The latter very improbable alternative was disposed of by evidence that the New Star showed the same spectrum as the Nebula, and that they are physically united. The star's place is a little way from the old nucleus, and it reached the eighth magnitude. By the 9th it had sunk to about the seventh magnitude; and whether it will continue to dwindle like Nova Cygni, or whether it will rise and fall again, like Eta Argus, is at the time we write, uncertain.

There are the so-called *Planetary* Nebulæ, which seem to have a flat disc of even brightness, till telescopes of high power show objects not unlike annular and elliptical Nebulæ. The picture of a curious one in Ursa Major, as seen in Lord Rosse's telescope, is chiefly like a death's head. Several curves of light mark the outline with dark spaces between, especially two black caverns like the orbits of the eyes. But out of the very midst of each cavern there gleams a point of light like a ghastly twinkling eye.

Nebulæ sometimes occur in groups, as in the Coma Berenices; while the Magellan Clouds are wonderful combinations of stars, star-clusters, and Nebulæ proper. These two great groups, which never set in the latitude of Cape Town, may be seen whenever the moon is not very bright. We know from the apparent diameter of the Great Cloud, viz., twelve times that of the moon's disc, that if we divide the whole distance between us and it into ten portions, then the Cloud would occupy about one of those portions,—the dim nebulæ being no further from us than the comparatively bright stars,—and therefore there is a physical connection between its 46 star-groups, 291 nebulæ, and just twice as many separate stars.

In concluding the description of the physical universe, a short space should be devoted to that usually dull subject—the Laws of

Nature. If anyone cares to see them treated without dullness, he cannot do better than study two inexpensive little S. P. C. K. books, *The Origin of the Laws of Nature*, by Sir E. Beckett, intended for educated persons, and *A Chapter of Science, or what is a Law of Nature?* by J. Stuart, intended for working men, but most instructive for all. From these and similar studies we learn that a so-called Law of Nature, is only *our* way of expressing that certain things occur in Nature regularly; and then having given our best consideration to the subject, we find such and such causes would account for what we see regularly happening. Perhaps it would have been better if we had not called our own ideas 'Laws of Nature.' They are more or less well-demonstrated theories. But the word Law suggests a Law-giver, and also something which ought not to be broken, even if it could be.

Of course there are Laws of Nature, everlasting and binding; they are made by an Ever-living Law-giver with power to enforce what He has ordered. These are the only Laws of which we can say,

> 'Laws which never shall be broken,
> For their guidance He hath made.'

But those laws are unknown to us as yet; in this sense also 'we see through a glass darkly.' Still, when looking into the world of Nature, we see certain things occur, and assigning reasons, call them 'Laws of Nature,' there is no harm done, if we do not forget that *these* laws could be broken, for they have not an all-wise law-giver. Nay, a Law of Nature may be proved utterly false. That the heavens moved round the earth in their spheres was a Law of Nature founded on keen observation. That doctrine of cycles was only man's expression of what he saw, and has been set aside because we have found a better theory, that of gravitation, which explains a great many more things, and so far as we can see, does not contradict *any* observed fact. Still, though there is no doubt we have hit on an improved form of expressing what we see, God has undiscovered laws beyond Gravity; for since it will not account for all His works, we are sure that though we have guessed well, we have not guessed all.

Gravity does not explain in the least why light and heat reach us, nor how they come to pass. Neither does it explain Electricity, nor certain chemical operations. They act according to other laws. Those concerning light and heat were misunderstood by Sir Isaac Newton; possibly we still misunderstand them. For the most widely received opinion now is that they are not transmitted from one place to another, but are 'a state of things' depending on the motions of a certain invisible, frictionless medium called Æther, which pervades all space. But though this is a very convenient theory, no scientific man will venture to say we have the slightest direct proof that this æther exists at all.

Sir E. Beckett well points out that we should not speak of the necessary consequences of a law, as laws themselves. All Kepler's Laws were rightly called so in his time, for their cause was not then known.

Kepler's Laws are, 1st. That the Planets move in ellipses with the Sun in the focus.

2nd. That they describe equal areas in equal times.

3rd. That the squares of the periodic times vary as the cubes of the mean distances.

Now to take the second of these laws. Kepler noticed that when any Planet is at the further end of the ellipse from the Sun, it moves slower, and so travels a shorter distance in a month than at the near end, where it journeys quicker. And he found an exact proportion between the space and time. If you draw two lines from the Sun to the Planet at the beginning and end of a month, at the furthest, those two lines would be long ones, but the line joining them, *i.e.*, the bit of orbit travelled over in the month, would be a short one. If again you draw the lines from the Sun to the Planet at its nearest, those two lines would be shorter than the first two, but the line joining them would be longer, for the Planet travels faster there. And if you cut out these two triangles in paper, one would be exactly as large as the other, though their shapes would be different. That was then called a Law of Nature, and Kepler received the name of the 'Law-giver of the Heavens.' Then came Galileo, a contemporary of Kepler, and said, 'Things *are* so, but why?' And he laid down this Law of Force, 'That things do not stop or vary their movement unless some force acts on them to make them do so.' This in a way explains all Kepler's laws, but observe, it does not tell us *what* force changes the rate of a Planet's motion from slow to quick, and back again. For that we had to wait for Newton, and he showed that if we accept Gravity as a force, it is a necessary consequence that it acts more strongly close at hand, and weakens as the distance increases, which is why Planets move slower when further from their centre of gravity. As with this, so with all Kepler's Laws; they are direct consequences of the Law of Gravity, which may itself be a consequence of some higher law.

Stuart points out the four steps in the formation of a Law of Nature: 1st. Observation. 2nd. Theory. 3rd. Analysis. 4th. Experiment. This was not the method of the ancients, who made the Theories first, and fitted the facts on them afterwards. But led by inductive reasoning we begin by noticing and jotting down all we can find out about our subject. Next we sift out the useful facts and form the best theory we can to account for them. After which we pick our theory to bits, and say '*if* this theory is good, such and such results must follow.' Lastly, we test our theory by experiments, to see whether these results do follow.

As an illustration:—A man is anxious to obtain a rare plant, of

which he only knows that it grows on a ruined wall in a wood, in such a neighbourhood. Well—first, he collects all that botanists have said of it, and he observes the neighbourhood with his eyes and in charts, noting down all likely spots—all recorded woods and ruins. Then he sits down and carefully sifts his facts, and rejects three or four woods as too modern and others as having no ruins; also all ruins not in woods, unless a wood used to be there. Finally, as the plant likes damp, he selects a wood with a river, where ruined walls are said to abound. But the wood proves to be very large. So he begins to pull his theory to pieces. 'If this is the wood I ought to come upon bog flowers, for so and so states he found my plant near a bed of asphodel. Another writer spoke of crossing a Roman trench and following a watercourse. If I can find trench, watercourse, and asphodel, I am right.' He now makes a few experimental excursions, and on one side of the wood spies a trench, which he follows till it is crossed by a watercourse. He ascends this, and led by a patch of asphodel, looks up and beholds a rising bank, crowned with an old wall, and the rare plant is found.

The discovery of the Laws of Nature was gradual, the processes sometimes occurring almost together, but, roughly speaking, the following were the great gatherers of facts and observations, some of them being theorists too. Copernicus, who, towards the end of a long life of quiet observation in his Canonry at Frauenberg in Prussia, formed a theory that the Earth and Planets move round the Sun in circles. Tycho Brahé, an impetuous Dane, who made, nevertheless, most patient observations, and formed the Rodolphine tables. Kepler, a laborious, enthusiastic German, who picked up and sorted Brahé's observations, and analysed Copernicus' theory, experimentalising till he turned the circles into ellipses. His history is most touching and edifying. He was so very patient through years of blunders, all which he records, believing, like Faraday, that 'nothing is more adverse to accuracy than fixity of opinion,' or with George Herbert, 'He stands not surely that never slips.' Next Galileo poured a flood of new observations on the world, which were as so many experiments to prove the theory of Copernicus and Kepler; moreover, he deduced the theory of the Laws of Force. Theories culminated in Newton of course, who did little else, and has left nothing to those who come after him but to analyse and test his work. Space would fail to give even a list of the long line of astronomers who have nobly carried on this method. Indeed, the Science of Astronomy could hardly be more delightfully studied than by reading the lives and works of successive Astronomers. So many have been men of lofty aim and noble life, grand and simple, that one must believe the study of the material heavens has power to lead the heart upwards, and that where it has failed to do so, the heart must be perverse indeed.

Let us try to sum up. God rules the Universe by Laws of Nature, given by Himself.

We do not know those Laws; but if we ever understand them, here or hereafter, we shall know that all His works, ordinary, supernatural and miraculous, are the necessary consequence of those all-sufficient Laws.

Meantime we have observed a few of His Works, and understood a small part of them, and discovered that certain rules account for all ordinary manifestations of Nature. We call these rules also 'Laws of Nature.'

But these Laws are not unchangeable, being only our way of expressing what we see; and if we *see* only a part, how can we *understand* the whole?

The telescope first, and the spectroscope since, have widened our observing powers, and therefore we have reached higher in expressing the working of Nature.

But the theories or laws we have thus attained were at work long before we knew them. Hence we must believe there are higher laws still at work, of which we know nothing, and possibly may never know here, for as our powers of observing are limited, so are our powers of theorizing.

And these Laws of which we are ignorant in whole or in part, are the true Laws of Nature by which He who made the Universe perpetually upholds it. *These* Laws would account for all things.

Therefore, to call any Work of God impossible, even those we call miracles or so-called 'suspensions of the Laws of Nature,' is unscientific, for it practically asserts there is no further progress possible—we know all we can.

But true science believes that to the end we shall probably progress further and further in learning 'the wondrous works of Him who is perfect in knowledge.'

And yet there will be a beyond. Do even the Cherubim know all? Even the spirits of knowledge veil their faces before the mystery of Divine Knowledge.

> 'And still for ever yawns before our eyes,
> An UTMOST that is veiled,'

will probably be true even when much of the veil is lifted, even when 'the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the seas.' Until then, it is a matter of faith that 'the Law of the Lord is perfect;' and with reverence we may look as far within the veil as we can, while our prayer must ever be:

> 'Intellectum da mihi et vivam.'

BOG-OAK.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XXI.

THE EXHORTATIONS.

Susan. The Exhortations come next, but one very seldom hears them.

Aunt Anne. Where Celebrations are weekly the notice of the time is not needed, except for festivals or week-days or on unusual occasions.

S. And they are very long. Too long to come after a sermon.

A. Most likely they were meant as homilies to take the place of a sermon.

S. Is there any precedent for them?

A. There seem to have been some short exhortations in mediæval Prayer-books, according to Mr. Blunt; but on account of the great ignorance of clergy and people alike at the time of the Reformation, it was thought expedient to preface most of our services with these explanations and exhortations. The original of the first was set forth in 1549, when a great effort was beginning to bring the laity to more frequent Communion.

S. I thought there were daily Masses?

A. So there were, but very rare Communions, except at Easter. The presence of the people at a Mass was required, but on ordinary occasions, not for reception, but for adoration.

S. Surely it was not so in primitive times?

A. No; but love had grown cold, and thus fear increased, and the slackness that set in was tolerated till it became the rule, and people were permitted to think it sufficient for the most part to worship before the Host. This Exhortation, as you see, meets that custom by explaining that this Holy Sacrament was not only given as a remembrance, but to be our Spiritual Food and *sustenance*, implying constant and regular support.

S. Meritorious Cross and Passion—that word meritorious means more than it does in common language, and refers to our Blessed Lord's merits as in the end of the Collects, winning all good and giving it to us.

A. Just so. This first Exhortation is very little altered from the original one, which began, 'Dear friends, and those especially of whose souls I have charge.' It speaks of coming in the marriage-garment required in Holy Scripture, and then exhorts to reconciliation and repentance—leaving out the warning about Judas—to be given in the Exhortation at the time of Communion.

S. Reconciliation is, of course, in the spirit of our Lord's saying, 'Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift.' (Matt. vi.)

A. Yes. Nothing has ever been more strongly impressed on the conscience of the Church than the deadly crime of coming to the Holy Feast without being in charity with all men, and while nourishing hatred and envy.

S. Or with an unrepented sin, so that there follows the invitation: in case the conscience cannot be quieted, to come to our own priest, or to some other discreet and learned minister, to open his grief, that he may receive the benefit of absolution.

A. Thus there can be no question but that private confession and absolution are thus sanctioned by the Church of England. The point on which persons are not agreed is whether recourse should be had to the priest only in distress of mind, when the conscience cannot be quieted. And here I will read you the conclusion of the old exhortation, going on from, 'All scruple and doubtfulness.' 'Requiring such as shall be satisfied with a general confession not to be offended with them that doth use, to their further satisfying, the auricular and secret confession to the priest, nor those also which think needful or convenient for the quietness of their own consciences particularly to open their sins to the priest, to be offended with them which are satisfied with their humble confession to God, and the general confession to the Church; but in all these things to follow and keep the rule of charity, and every man to be satisfied with his own conscience, not judging other men's minds or acts, where he hath no warrant of God's word for the same.'

S. I am sure that rule is as much needed now as in King Edward's time. But where did you say the part about Judas came in?

A. After the Exhortation that stands third in our present book. It is in the first book; it was not read by the priest till after the Consecration and his own Communion. After reading that Exhortation, he paused and continued, 'If any man here be an open blasphemer, adulterer, or be in malice—' and the rest, now incorporated with the week's notice, but then a solemn adjuration to those immediately about to communicate. There was first the general discourse on the benefit of worthy receiving, and the perils of unworthy comers. Then a pause, and the warning, then the invitation to the faithful—'Ye that do truly,' &c.

S. That is all which is generally read?

A. Yes, since Convocation permitted the omission of these invitations, for there are difficulties besides their length in the way of reading them. You know there are doubts in the minds of many of our best commentators, whether Judas did actually receive the First Communion.

S. I always believed he did, because of this Exhortation saying so. I thought that was the authority of the Church?

A. I do not think we can quite call an exhortation written by one or more bishops of a single branch, the authority of the Church, or believe it settles a matter of fact. If you examine the Gospels, you will see that it is not made certain there. St. Luke is the only one of the first three Evangelists who mentions the institution *before* the conversation about our Lord's betrayal. St. Matthew and St. Mark put the prediction and enquiry first, and St. John completes that subject by saying, 'Judas, having received the sop, went out.' Now the sop was not the Bread of the Holy Communion, but one of the thin Passover cakes of unleavened bread, dipped in the bowl of vinegar that stood in the middle of the table and handed to Judas, after the Eastern fashion of distinguishing a companion at a meal.

S. But St. John says Satan entered into Judas after the sop?

A. That is the expression adopted by the framers of this exhortation, but it would rather seem that St. John meant that after the token of favour from our Lord, coupled with the suspicions Judas perceived, his last doubts and scruples were entirely mastered by Satan, and he gave himself up to malignity. Observe, too, that it was *at* supper that the conversation took place, ending with his departure, and *after* supper that the Institution of the Holy Communion took place.

S. I see that it is so.

A. You had better look at the full argument in Isaac Williams' *Holy Week*, where you will find the views which the Fathers took on the subject, and see that the fact is too uncertain to be decidedly assumed. This warning, as you see, was removed from its original place, just before the invitation to the faithful to receive, and put into the exhortation at the week's notice, and at the same time (1550) another exhortation was added to be read on the previous Sunday, when there is slackness in coming. It is said to be written by Martin Bucer.

S. It is very powerful.

A. And very fit to be read with any person who hesitates about coming. There is something very touching in the pleading of the ingratitude of neglecting such bounty.

S. Then comes the vigorous exhortation, very powerful and vehement. It is like a short sermon on the parable of the Marriage Supper.

A. There was at first another paragraph admonishing persons not to 'stand by as gazers and lookers on them that communicate, and be not partakers of the same yourselves. For what thing can that be accounted else than a farther contempt and unkindness unto God? Truly it is great unthankfulness to say "Nay" when ye be called, but the fault is much greater when ye stand by.'

S. I suppose that was what people did who had been used to attend Mass?

A. And the Reformers, especially Bucer, wished to dwell entirely on the Feast, not on the Oblation. Therefore they discouraged, if they did not forbid, all attendance except to communicate.

S. But when was this part omitted?

A. After the Restoration. In Bishop Cosin's book it is marked out in the ink used by Sancroft.

S. The nonjuring Archbishop?

A. Yes; he was then secretary to the revision committee.

S. I suppose it was done because the custom of being present without communicating was entirely gone out?

A. Moreover, the condemnation of the practice was felt to be much too strong—considering that attendance at the Holy Eucharist is the accustomed service of the Eastern and Western Church, even without communicating.

S. I was going to ask what you think right about that, and when is the proper time to go out of church without communicating? Did not the primitive Christians always receive?

A. I believe they did, if in full communion; but besides these, there were present at the services lapsed Christians, penitents, and catechumens, and those still wavering but listening.

S. You mean learners, unbaptised?

A. Yes. After the gospel and sermon, or instruction, a deacon proclaimed, 'Let none of the hearers nor unbelievers stay.' This dismissed all but the decided catechumens, whose names were actually given in for baptism, to whom it was then proclaimed, 'Pray, ye catechumens, and let all the faithful pray.' Prayers were offered for them, then the bishop blessed them, and the deacon said, 'Catechumens, go in peace,' upon which they went.

S. And the penitents?

A. One set of these were not allowed to enter the church and were called mourners; another was the hearers, who were dismissed with the unbelievers. A third class, who had been for some time giving evidence of patient repentance, went up to the bishop, prostrated themselves, and were blessed with the laying on of hands, then departed, while the fourth, who were nearly restored, remained the whole time, though without communicating. The deacon then proclaimed, 'Mothers, take your children to yourselves,' as though the little ones, who had been allowed to stand down or roam about, were to be kept specially quiet, when the more sacred part of the service began.

S. The children were not sent away?

A. No; in those early times they communicated. In the Eastern Church, a baby receives the Holy Eucharist immediately on its baptism.

S. In the Roman Catholic Church, the First Communion does not come till about the same age as with us?

A. Yes; the Western Church came to think it a matter of reverence and expediency to defer the admission till there is some ripening of understanding and formation of character.

S. But the Roman Catholic children go to Mass as ours go to church in the morning.

A. Yes; you know it is peculiar to our branch of the Church to have the old conventual Hours formed into matins and evensong, and made the staple service for those who are not prepared to communicate. In the other two great branches of the Church, the Commemorative Sacrifice remains as the popular service, the worshippers either taking part in the Liturgy or going on with their own devotions as to the Saviour then specially present among them.

S. But when did they leave off the constant habit of communicating?

A. I do not think it is quite known when it ceased to be a matter of course that those not specially excluded should communicate, but as the discipline decayed, there would be some who had not come fasting, some who held themselves too full of worldly business, some who knew they ought to be penitents—though they would not be so—and the clergy, dreading profanation, would not press the matter, provided the chief seasons were thus observed.

S. What do you think of remaining now without receiving?

A. Individually, I should not do so, except when the Holy Eucharist is the completion of some great office of the Church, involving a good deal of bustle before and after. Those who feel strongly that they ought to receive fasting, and have been prevented, can very suitably remain, and take part in the worship. But I do not like such attendance to be almost substituted for constant reception, or for mattins. In the first place, there is clear command to receive, and primitive practice to show that attendance is not the only point. Besides, our beautiful Psalms, Prayers, Litanies and Lessons, should surely not be neglected. It seems to me a dangerous, self-pleasing thing to think Sunday worship over by attending a High Celebration—nay, or even by reception at an early one—if there is neglect of prayer, praise, and the Holy Word afterwards.

S. And you would not have children brought to 'gaze,' as the old exhortation says.

A. Certainly not; only in very exceptional cases; and with children under immediate preparation for their first Communion. I know some excellent people declare that their experience has proved it the best training for children to be present; but on the other hand I know others whose experience has been the reverse; and I do believe that in ordinary cases, it is much better that there should be no familiarity to lessen the reverence and awe of the Sacred Mystery when they are admitted to receive.

S. The pause to let them go away, and the other non-communicants,

may be either after or before the Offertery and Prayer for the Church Militant.

A. The first book directed that 'those that mind to receive' should remain 'in the quire,' the others departing from it. And in some cathedrals, it has continued to be the custom that the communicants should here move up into the choir.

S. Then if it be read at all, follows the third Exhortation.

A. It used to be read between the Priest's own reception and that of the people—and then followed the warning about Judas, now in the first Exhortation, and a pause was made for any conscience-stricken hinderer or blasphemer of God's Word to depart. The earlier part is very excellent, being an expansion of St. Paul's counsel in the 10th of the First Epistle to the Corinthians; but the writer does not seem to have understood that the very strong language that follows was meant by the Apostle to condemn the excesses that were taking place at Corinth, at the Agape or Love-feast which followed the Communion.

S. You said people brought their provisions to the place of meeting and ate them after communicating?

A. Yes; and thus the richer sometimes feasted, and in the very sight of the hungry, continuing, in fact, the customs that had followed heathen sacrifices. The Jews, you remember, always made sending portions to the poor a part of their peace-offering and thank-offering feast. The strong displeasure of St. Paul, and his words about divers diseases and sundry kinds of death, are held by the best commentators to relate to these revellers.

S. But the receiving unworthily is a fatal peril.

A. Yes; there is a fine sermon of Dr. Pusey's on the peril of receiving, and the deadness of not receiving. You see these strong exhortations on self-examination and self-preparation were felt needful when compulsory private confession was disused, and each person not guilty of notorious sin, became his own judge of his state of preparation.

S. I see. I have heard that the Scotch do what they call 'fencing the tables' by strong and severe sermons.

A. Exactly so, and this was meant as a continual sermon for the purpose. And all, except that one bit, is exceedingly beautiful, showing how we are by this blessed Sacrament, 'One with Christ, and Christ with us.' It is an excellent text as it were to use in instructing for a first Communion.

S. Then follows the last 'Ye that do truly.'

A. The Invitation, intended to summon the actual communicants up into the chancel. I have been in a church where at this summons as many as there was room for actually approached the rail, and remained kneeling there till after their own Communion. Mr. Blunt says there was a vernacular invitation here in mediæval liturgies, but he does not give it.

S. It just answers to the last answer in the catechism?

A. Yes; and Mr. Palmer in 'Origines Liturgicæ,' says, 'the preparation of the people in ancient liturgies was generally of three kinds, first the preparation of repentance, secondly of faith, thirdly of charity.'

S. I see we have faith shown in the repetition of the Nicene creed, Repentance in the Confession, and how about Charity? 'Are in love and charity with your neighbours,' it says.

A. Yes, as reminding us of that great requisite. Formerly, in literal fulfilment of St. Paul's words, 'Greet ye one another with an holy kiss' (11 Cor. xiii. 12), an actual kiss was passed round. The priest kissed the Altar, and then the deacon, who conveyed the kiss to the people, the men being all on one side, the women on the other; but after the eleventh century, the celebrant only kissed the clergy, and a tablet with a sacred picture on it, called the *Osculatorium Pacis* or *Pax*, was handed round among the congregation, who all kissed that instead of one another.

S. Yes, I have heard of a Pax among the old inventories of the property of churches.

A. We must take this appeal to our love and charity to our neighbours as supplying its place and continuing the deacon's summons in St. James' Liturgy. 'Draw near with the fear of God, with faith and with charity.' In Edward's first book, however, it was preceded with these beautiful words, which I have kept for the last. 'Christ our Paschal Lamb is offered up for us once for all, when He bore our sins on His Body upon the Cross; for He is the very Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, wherefore let us keep a joyful and holy feast unto the Lord.'

S. 'Draw near with faith,' is from the invitation in the Epistle to the Hebrews. 'Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. (Heb. x. 22.)

A. The words were inserted by Bishop Cosin, to teach us that, outwardly we draw near to the Altar in the holiest part of the church; spiritually, we trust, to the Holiest above, before the Mercy-seat of God.

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XX.—THE TEMPEST.*

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THERE seems to be no more generally accepted recipe for reviving flagging energies and spirits than a change of air, but often a physical change of air is less wanted than a mental one, to freshen the mind, if possible, by a plunge among ideas and thoughts entirely different from those of everyday life. We would not say that Shakspere's energies show signs of having flagged among his visions of hero and heroine, king and warrior bold, but at one time, he certainly changed his mental surroundings for a while, and made an excursion into one of those 'realms of gold' of which he alone possessed the key, and so gave us *The Tempest*. It is not by any means a return to the bright fairy world of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, perhaps even Shakspere could not re-enter those portals when once he had left them behind him; but the land to which he carries us now is as completely a region of imagination remote from the matter of fact world. Not that it is therefore an inhuman world, alien to our sympathies, or that one touch of the commonplace would destroy it. On the contrary, though Shakspere's creation is as light and airy as any soap bubble, it is strong enough to bear contact with the coarsest realities without suffering the least injury. The roughness of Stephano and Caliban never makes Ariel less credible. Still more remarkable, this poetic creation has survived the exertions of the most prosaic of critics, trying to explain it! The worthy souls have exhausted themselves in striving to discover the precise latitude and longitude of Prospero's enchanted realm, gravely setting to work with ruler, compass, and chart to make out a course from Tunis to Naples, and swearing that the island must be there. It never seems to enter their excellent heads that the Prince of poets had a scrap of imagination, or could venture a step beyond literal fact. But would it not rather mar than improve the ideal completeness of *The Tempest* if we knew for certain that Shakspere had any real island in his mind, either the Bermudas or Lampedusa, or any other actual place? For pity's sake, let us keep it as Shakspere's land, unprofanable by any other foot. Perhaps our good critics would not trouble themselves, and

* This is inserted out of its order by special request, with a view to the coming examinations.

us, so much with this craze for verifying everything, if Shakspere had not a mysterious habit of apparently knowing pretty nearly everything, and being generally right in all his details. For instance, in this very first scene of *The Tempest*, sailors say that his nautical terms are perfectly correct, and if the orders given are considered as following each other as the storm increases, they represent thoroughly good seamanship, according to the sixteenth century. Yet Shakspere was a born landsman, we have no *proof* that he was ever at sea (though some think he may have made a voyage to Italy), and the sea love, the 'vague devotion With the freedom and the motion, With the roll and roar of the ocean,' is one of the few characteristically English feelings to which he does not give expression. Clearly, therefore, he possessed the rare art of using the experiences of other people, no less skilfully than his own.

When the play begins, the magic storm is affecting those exposed to it just as any ordinary one would have done, for none of those supernatural appearances seem to have yet begun, which are afterwards so vividly described by Ariel. The sailors are only beginning to lose heart as the peril seems to increase, but the passengers have long given themselves up for lost. How naturally the boatswain's annoyance comes out when the landsmen come interrupting him, even for King Alonso he has the scantiest courtesy, and for the courtiers none at all. He is a thorough sailor himself, doubtless having many counterparts in Her Majesty's navy at the present moment, inured to danger, fearless in the face of death, but furious when interfered with in his duty, and not over nice in his language on such occasions. Alonso and his friends are undeniably horribly frightened, for which we need not blame them, as they would probably have faced perils on land coolly enough. Evidently it is difficult for them to understand how the sea could possibly take the liberty of drowning people of so much consideration, and the harangue of the blunt boatswain startles them extremely. The effect of fear on their different natures is worth noticing. Alonso, as if stupified by it, simply goes back to his cabin as he is requested to do. The two whose consciences are the most guilty, Sebastian and Antonio, bluster and rage and scold other people, while Gonzalo, quaint philosopher, not ashamed to own to being frightened, has still a humourous way of looking at things, and a touch of drollery even in his resignation to fate. He takes much encouragement from his conviction that the boatswain is born to be hanged, and at the worst he can still mutter, 'The wills above be done; but I would fain die a dry death.'

All this noise and clash of the elements, through which the characters of the play are only seen in glimpses, makes a strong contrast to the repose of the fairy isle upon which we enter in the next scene. Though the wild waters are still roaring round the enchanted shore, the master of it sits calm and unruffled, knowing

that all this tumult is only in appearance, and that nothing is really perishing in the uproar. We have been told, till we are tired of hearing it, that Prospero represents Shakspere himself in his mature wisdom, regarding all his surroundings as instruments of his power, but resolving to lay that power down, and so forth. It is a comfort, that like most Shaksperëan theories, we need believe no more of this than we like, and if we hold, on the contrary, that Shakspere liked his fellow-creatures too much ever to think of them as tools, and never dreamt of refraining from writing whenever he felt disposed to write, no one can prove that we are wrong. This seeking after second meanings in Shakspere's people has often the effect of spoiling our appreciation of the characters as they are depicted, and some of these so-called interpretations of *The Tempest* are miracles of perverse ingenuity and misapplied labour. When we have thoroughly taken in all that Shakspere actually says about his people, it will be time enough to begin speculating on what he may have meant beside. It is rather unfair on Prospero, for instance, to set him up as a type and personification of wisdom and excellence, for he is human after all, and his defects jar on us, if he is exalted in this way. At the same time, it is quite true that the characters in this play are rather more typical than in the others, and therefore a little, a very little, loss of real flesh and blood. The exiled Duke of Milan sits before his modest home, serene in the consciousness of power, for he is a true enchanter, not a commonplace conjuror, still less an impostor. He has gained his power by long and painful search and study, and by that alone. No unholy compact with the powers of evil weighs on his conscience, he may have paid dearly for his wisdom, but it has cost no unlawful sacrifice. On the whole, too, he seems to have used it for good. How far, during his twelve years of exile, Prospero might have used his magic arts, had he been so minded, to recover his dukedom and punish his enemies, is nowhere explained; but there is no craving for revenge about him, and he waits with patience till his hour comes round. The retrospect of his troubles and wrongs does not excite him to vehement indignation, while he yet sees the full villainy of which he was the victim. His one exclamation of grief is over the indignity which Milan suffered in becoming tributary. But there is a curious point in Prospero's account of himself; he seems to think that he was quite justified in neglecting all his princely duties for his pet studies, and, indeed, he rather prides himself on the seclusion in which he lived in Milan, leaving Antonio all the work to do. It is not surprising that Antonio got tired of this arrangement, and desired to become the duke in reality, since he had all the trouble of the situation. Just in the same way, the duke in *Measure for Measure* shirks and leaves them to his brother, and never seems conscious of his failing. The other defect in Prospero which injures the stately beauty of his character, is a certain suspiciousness, perhaps born of his deep wrongs, perhaps caused by the necessity of keeping a

close watch over his attendant spirits, who were never to be quite trusted by the enchanter who held them in thrall. He does not seem to have full confidence even in sweet Miranda, and suspects her most needlessly of going to sleep when she is listening hard with both her pretty ears. Again he cannot leave her in peace to follow her innocent instincts with her young lover. Perhaps most fathers are inclined to distrust any one who comes and falls in love with one of their young daughters, and would say that Prospero was quite right to hold Ferdinand at arm's length for a bit; but what was the use of Prospero's wisdom if he could not see whether the prince was to be trusted or not; and if he was, where was the good of tormenting the couple who were falling in love so pleasantly and happily while they were let alone? It is just Polonius over again, teaching Ophelia to distrust Hamlet against the voice of her heart, and we expect something better from Prospero. Apart from this failing, the exile's love for his daughter is most tender and beautiful, he both loves her and is proud of her; her baby presence brought him through his worst trial, and to care for her happiness is his one object. Truly it might well be so, for nothing could be purer or fairer than this flower of early girlhood. From the circumstances of her life, Miranda's character has had little room to develop itself, and besides, she is in her very earliest bloom when she appears on the scene. What she displays is therefore rather the promise of a perfect womanhood than its fulfilment, though Ferdinand thinks her quite perfect already. We first see the delicate girlish creature clinging to her father, and looking out over the raging sea. Except 'in the dark backward and abysm of time' other human beings have never been known to her; but her gentle breast is full of pity and sympathy for the poor souls whom she believes she has seen perish in the sea. Their cry goes through her heart, and she longs to save them. Still her firm faith in Prospero makes her promptly credit his assurance of their safety even against her own senses. Though so utterly inexperienced, Miranda is not to be called ignorant. Her education has fitted her to take in the full significance of her father's history when he relates it to her, as shown by her intelligent questions and remarks, while her tender sympathies fix regretfully on the trouble she must have been to him in her helpless infancy. All Miranda's feelings come out without any other check than a certain awe of Prospero, with her all is natural and spontaneous, and, as we might expect from a creature whose sole intercourse has been with an unusually high mind, all her impulses and ideas are refined and graceful. Her simplicity and unconventionality never make her less of a natural lady. Apparently, Miranda has not much to do with the subjects of Prospero's airy realm. Ariel is generally invisible to her, and when her father needs to converse with him, he finds it convenient to put her off to sleep. And now floats in that 'fine apparition, dainty Ariel.' How anything so etherial ever could be acted by a human being without being hope-

lessly spoilt, is a mystery. He is as distinct from dear, rollicking, laughter loving Puck, as Puck is from a banshee, Ariel is a spirit not a fairy. Yet he has some sort of body capable of feeling pain, else how could Sycorax have shut him into the pine-tree so cruelly? He has not the true fairy's impish delight in mischief, but he takes some satisfaction in deluding people too. We think Prospero belies him, in calling him 'mere air' incapable of feeling; for Ariel can be moved to something like pity, and cares whether Prospero loves him or not. But the sprite's real desire is for liberty. He works hard and zealously for Prospero, and is eager to please him; but he does want to be free after all. How charming he is in his little fit of the sulks when he thinks himself aggrieved! Need Prospero have been so sharp with him in calling up all those old stories about Sycorax and Ariel's former sufferings, and even threatening to renew them? For Ariel's complaints had been very mild, and a promise of liberty sends him skimming off to do Prospero's pleasure. There is undoubted affection between them despite Prospero's peremptoriness, for he does love and value the dainty creature, most charming of pets, on whom he lavishes caressing names, when he has not to scold him.

After Ariel has flitted away, his exact opposite emerges on the scene, a creature all earth as Ariel is all air, only sharing with him a common subjection to Prospero. Even in this they are as different as possible, for one must note the contrast between Ariel's willing service and perfect execution of each command, and Caliban's forced and reluctant labour. We are told that Caliban represents Shakspere's idea of a savage, formed from what he had heard of the reports of the Elizabethan explorers in the New World, and even that Prospero's treatment of Caliban exemplifies his theory of the proper treatment of aborigines. It may be nearer the truth to say that he thought Caliban a *possibility* among savages, not their normal state. For Caliban is not merely a brutal human being, but something of a monster, a creature out of nature, with a diabolical element in him. He is not only degraded but depraved, hating everything good with the hatred of an essentially evil nature, which turns every good gift into a means of harm. He learns to speak, and only uses it to curse. If Prospero seems harsh with him, we must remember that he has tried the opposite course of treatment unsuccessfully. Henceforward nothing but sheer terror of his master has any effect on the savage, until the taste of Stephano's wine reveals possibilities of delight to him, undreamt of before. Yet Caliban has something to say for himself. From his point of view, he is simply aggrieved by the arrival of Prospero with his superior power, first trying to educate and improve him, and then taking away from him everything he cares about, and keeping him from everything he wishes to do. One can't help having a sort of feeling for the poor creature on this score. Caliban has no particular wish for real freedom; if he could only get rid of Prospero, and of having any work to do, he would be quite

content to have another master in his place, only of the sort which he admires. He has not the sense or cunning to hide from Prospero his spite and hate against him, though dreading all the time the consequences of irritating the stern enchanter.

Meantime Ariel is gently bringing the young hero of the story to meet with Miranda. In his own way, Ferdinand is as much a type as any of the rest, just the right sort of generous and loyal hearted youth who ought to woo Miranda, not a wonder of learning or talent possibly, but bright, brave and loving, with a single hearted honesty, capable of understanding hers. Naturally the mysterious storm leaves the young prince a good deal confused, for he not only believes himself the sole survivor of the wreck, but all the accompaniments of the tempest tend to bewilder and perplex him. As he sits musing and grieving for his dearly loved father, Ariel's lovely music begins to steal to him over the water, soothing his grief and enchaining his senses. No wonder he follows after it, and something of musical cadences comes into his own speech as he is drawn on by the harmonious spell. All Ariel's little songs are bewitching, but none more than "Full fathom five"; it sounds like the rise and fall of little waves. With its strange, faint-echoing burden, it completes Ferdinand's perplexity, and shows him that he has entered an enchanted world; but the greatest marvel of all looks out at him between Miranda's long lashes. Her first and most natural idea is to take him for one of the spirits who, as she knows, haunt the island, and as Ferdinand is quite as disposed to believe her something beyond nature, the two stand looking innocently into each other's eyes with mutual admiration. It is useless for Prospero to try to disparage the new arrival to Miranda, the girl's heart is beginning to awake, and she holds to her own faith in spite of him. As Ferdinand finds out that his goddess is human and even speaks his language, his delight and astonishment keep full pace with hers, and but that such smooth and easy wooing is undramatic, and but for Prospero's desire to be a minor Providence and put unnecessary stumbling-blocks in the lover's way, very few more words would be needed between them. However, Prospero does interfere and tyrannise with his magic power, and we can hardly regret it, as it puts the fair couple into the most charming relations possible, eliciting Miranda's pity and sympathy, and Ferdinand's devotion and endurance, while she pleads for him, and he feels nothing unbearable which lets him see her sometimes. Even his absolute helplessness in Prospero's hands, hardest of all things to bear, becomes light to him in Miranda's neighbourhood.

But the storm and wreck were for other purposes than to throw Ferdinand and Miranda together, as there were other people concerned in it less innocent than the youthful lovers. The opening of the second Act shows us King Alonso and his party, safely landed from the wreck indeed, but otherwise disconsolate. The King is

utterly crushed by the loss of Ferdinand, and unable to credit the possibility of his having been saved. This stunned and broken condition prevents our seeing much of Alonso's general character, and of his former life we only know the Milan intrigue. Still we should say there is some good in him, for his conscience is aroused even before Ariel comes to proclaim his crime, and his grief for his beloved son is intensified by his feeling the loss as a just retribution. His brother Sebastian and Antonio are of different mould. Neither their danger nor escape, nor the supposed loss of their comrades make any impression in their hard and shallow minds. The usual melodramatic villain was never one of Shakspere's favourite characters. He seems to think that villainy is oftener perpetrated by these ordinary sort of people, commonplace enough, only perfectly selfish and callous, who would go on making flippant little jokes when other people's hearts are breaking. There is a touch of dignity about Alonso's absorbing grief, but the 'brace of lords' have no sense of it, they are utterly mean and contemptible. We may notice that Antonio never repents even when pardoned by Prospero. Sebastian coolly accepts his young nephew's death, and proposes to defraud his niece, sealing the affair by a double murder, with the least possible show of reluctance, and only displays some emotion when Prospero intimates his knowledge of his intentions. The essential vulgarity of Sebastian's nature is perfectly displayed by his reproaching unhappy Alonso with Claribel's marriage, as the cause of their troubles, the shipwreck and the deaths of Ferdinand and the rest. The hateful 'I told you so' was never better illustrated. By the way Antonio indulges in a wonderful flight of fancy when persuading Sebastian of the impossibility of Claribel's return to Naples. If it took a lifetime to get to Tunis, how had the King and Prince of Naples undertaken such a journey? According to Ferdinand, Antonio also had a son with him on board, but we hear nothing else of him, unless he may be identified with Francisco. The last of the party is the redeeming point about it, excellent old Gonzalo. In some respects he reminds us of our old Lafeu in *All's Well that Ends Well*, though less witty and more inclined to prose and gossip, for he has the same honest and faithful nature and unfailing kindness of heart. Whether doing his best for Prospero in his extremity, and providing the unhappy man with supplies for both mind and body, or cheering up Alonso as well as he can (that he fails is not his fault), or defending him from the designs of the conspirators, Gonzalo is always the same good soul. He would seem to be given to theories of government, and amuses himself fancying out an imaginary commonwealth; but being more bent on arousing Alonso from his melancholy than on making his plan logically complete, it gets slightly self-contradictory, a defect quickly perceived by the idle wits of Sebastian and Antonio. This passage is also well-known as illustrating Shakspere's fashion of introducing pieces of other people's writing into his own if they happened to suit him.

Gonzalo's commonweath is taken almost literally out of one of Montaigne's Essays, which describes an imaginary nation of cannibals. Again Ariel's music comes floating through the air, but on these dull ears it only produces a desire for sleep, and by Sebastian and Antonio it is quite unheard. Antonio has now an opportunity of suggesting to Sebastian the murder of Alonso, apparently thinking that Sebastian would suit him better as King of Naples than his brother. It has been objected to this part of the story, that for men cast on a desert island which they have no prospect of leaving, to be occupied in such a design, is somewhat absurd. At present at least, they are all on one level. But it may be remarked that they all talk as if they were sure to get home some day, they have so brought their own world with them that they act as if Naples and Milan were round the next corner. Antonio certainly shows art in bringing Sebastian up to the determination of destroying his brother, not indeed that much persuasion is necessary after Sebastian has once entertained the idea. Everything seems absolutely safe and easy to them as they stand whispering together, while the unconscious sleepers lie helpless; but at the very climax of expectation Ariel rises up at Gonzalo's ear to breathe his warning song, his airy form contrasting with the rugged old sleeper. As Gonzalo rouses up, Sebastian certainly is quick at inventing his lying excuses, and Antonio in supporting them, but we judge that Gonzalo does not believe a word of it all. He will not commit himself, yet he is sure something is wrong, and by no means credits that the sentinels had their swords drawn for any good purpose.

Now we turn to another division of the shipwrecked wanderers (Act 2, Scene 2) and a lower level of life. Poor Caliban has such a bad time of it between the actual tormentings of Prospero's goblins and his fears of what they may do next, that when something unknown appears before him, he at once concludes that it is one of the spirits in a new and alarming shape. Truly the motley attired figure now wandering by the shore, might have startled better brains than Caliban's, for who would expect to meet a jester in this desolate scene? At present, however, Trinculo is off duty, and not fooling more than is natural to him, and specially desirous of finding some shelter from the impending rain. But Caliban's motionless figure attracts his curiosity, and he sniffs round the shapeless form like an inquisitive little dog. We should like to know what sort of creature to look at Shakspeare conceived Caliban to be, by-the-way, and why every one on first seeing him takes him for a fish? Trinculo's sudden hit at English sightseers must always have told at this point, it comes so unexpectedly. Now his extreme need of shelter urges him to make use of Caliban's loose garment, and a queer enough heap they must make, huddled up together. The next comer, Stephano, is extremely puzzled by them, as, bottle in hand, he strolls along the shore, especially when this extraordinary complication of arms and legs begins to speak

with his language. But Stephano has a practical end in view, in his benevolent efforts to 'recover the monster' with his wine. This, of course, Caliban has no idea of, here at last is a pleasure which he can thoroughly appreciate, something that seems to him divine and celestial, fallen from the moon at least. Stephano's courage nearly fails him before he gets the monster resolved into its component parts, and discovers his comrade Trinculo to be one of them, but when he has achieved this, he finds himself the object of Caliban's savage admiration, and is quite equal to the occasion. Trinculo, in a spirit of jealousy, scoffs feebly at the monster's folly, yet he thinks it well to be friends with Stephano, who has proved to be so well provided with creature comforts. The effect of the wine on Caliban's unaccustomed brain breaks down his habitual terror of Prospero, so he recklesaly deserts his old service, and goes off with his new master.

After all this conspiracy, attempted murder, and drunkenness, we need something pleasant, and so the third Act takes us back to Prospero's cell, where we find our young prince gallantly making the best of his uncomfortable position, and lightening his unwonted labours by thoughts of Miranda and her sweetness. She would not have been the true girl she is if she had not managed to come and cheer him up, and consequently we see her stepping over the rough logs which she heartily wishes burnt up out of Ferdinand's way. Fancy her little white hands trying to relieve him of his burden, gravely assuring him that it would not hurt her in the least! She would so much like to help him, and of course, the result is, that Ferdinand forgets logs and Prospero's orders in talking to her, entirely and completely, as who might not? Ferdinand's passionate admiration does not discompose Miranda, because it is the counterpart of her new-born feeling for him. In her crystal clear sincerity she tells him that she has never seen any one else, but that she cannot imagine how any one else could be better than he is, nor could she desire any other companion. We owe Prospero rather a grudge because some of his injunctions cross her mind at this point, and check her confidences. What did he mean by giving orders which he must have intended her to disobey? Ferdinand is a gentleman as well as a prince, so he never lets Miranda guess that there is anything unusual in her frankness with him; on the contrary, he hastens to justify her confidence, by pouring out his devotion, eliciting her half-surprised, half-delighted exclamation '*Do* you love me?' Perhaps because the question is not often put by a woman to her lover, Ferdinand answers her all the more solemnly, that he not only loves, but prizes and honours her more than all else in the world. Then for the first time, a sudden tremor of shyness comes over the girl half-frightened at what she has done, and happy tears rush to her eyes; but she struggles with her emotion, and speaks out in the strength of 'plain and holy innocence,' and so their hearts and hands are plighted.

Prospero, looking on unseen, has the grace to appreciate the rare beauty of their affection and to rejoice at it, and the sense now, to let them have their way without more interference. Another matter will shortly demand his attention. Prospero has one of the tendencies of high-minded people, not sufficiently considering the power of doing mischief possessed by inferiors in wisdom. Doubtless Prospero would have thought it absurd to be afraid of any harm which Caliban could do him, and yet the half human creature in his brutal cunning might easily have triumphed over his deep wisdom. The next scene (Act 3, Scene 2) exhibits Caliban as a conspirator, and indeed his allies have not greatly the advantage of him in point of brains, as Stephano has more or less drowned his, and Trinculo only cares to make jokes, whereby he manages to offend both the others. As he truly remarks, the island state is but tottering. Still Stephano, as the owner of the wine butt, has a decided ascendancy, and chooses to patronise Caliban and receive his homage. At this stage of affairs Ariel either comes in by accident, or is sent to look after the wanderers, at any rate he mixes in the conversation unseen by them all, and he leads them into fine confusion, rather unluckily for Trinculo. In spite of this, Caliban manages to impart his simple but effective plan for destroying first, Prospero's power, then himself, and then securing Miranda to Stephano. The drunken butler is quite willing to attempt it, though we suspect that his courage would have evaporated when it came to the point. How the rough revellers are startled when the tune of the catch they are trying to sing suddenly rings out in the air above them! Like the other strangers, their impulse is to follow the sounds, and the invisible musician leads them a pretty dance and lands them in a pool. Ariel is kept pretty busy just now, as, besides thus taking charge of Caliban and his associates, he has to look after Alonso and his party, and help Prospero besides, so he may claim some credit for his zealous service. Alonso with his companions, both faithful and treacherous, have been prosecuting their vain search for Ferdinand till Gonzalo's old limbs will no longer answer the demands of his vigorous spirit, and we find him forced to stop and rest (Act 3, Scene 3). Alonso's faint hopes of ever again seeing his son have disappeared and he is sinking into perfect despair, but his treacherous brother and friend are still holding to their villainous purpose and only await an opportunity of carrying it out. This is the point at which Prospero thinks it well to intervene by means of Ariel and his companion spirits to terrify his enemies. It strikes one that all these scenic effects, Ariel as a harpy, the magic banquet disappearing 'with a quaint device,' and so on, must rather have taxed the simple stage appliances of the Shaksperian theatre, though the audiences of that day were less precise and exacting than those of ours, and helped out all defects with their imaginations. There is poetical justice in mocking with the sight of food, the men who had left Prospero and Miranda to starve. When they have been startled

into attention, Ariel delivers the message with which he is charged with unmistakable clearness and tremendous effect. The terrific figure, with its floating locks and sweeping wings, is hardly more alarming than the sentence it utters, the slow death coming on the guilty ones, only to be averted (and here comes in the special beauty and meaning of the play) by hearty repentance and aminded lives. Here is the aim of Prospero's vengence, the object for which he is striving with his old enemies, but they are, as yet, incapable of receiving the hope held out to them. The memory of their long past deeds of cruel treachery, thus awfully recalled to them, only awakens horror and frenzy in their guilty minds. Gonzalo with his clear conscience can behold all these marvels without consternation, and while recognising the cause of the despair of the three can take steps to prevent their being injured in their madness.

While Prospero can thus overpower his foes with his magic arts, he has gentler uses of them for his friends, and he has now adopted Ferdinand into the number of the latter and ended his troubles. Still, it seems impossible for Prospero fully to trust anybody. He likes Ferdinand, and is willing to give him Miranda, but between his anxious care for her and his inveterate distrust, he mixes a good deal of suspicion with his generosity. The fairy masque now exhibited by him to the lovers, though charming in itself, does certainly somewhat stop the action of the play, and one wonders how Prospero has leisure for such 'vanities' as he calls them, considering the crisis which is approaching. He does admit afterwards that he had quite forgotten about Caliban and his plot.

As the spirit representatives of Iris and Ceres rise up before Ferdinand and Miranda, they bring with them visions, each of the kingdom of the other, which happily do not fade as the spirits vanish. Iris' musical times call up a whole series of pictures of Ceres' realm, not only the scene most generally associated with her, the waving fields of harvest, but the wide upland pasture, the banked-in stream with its spring flowers, the trimmed vineyard, even the bare beach whence the fresh air blows. And Ceres in return paints two of the prettiest scenes connected with the rainbow, thirsty flowers rejoicing under a gentle dropping rain, and the bright bow lying across thick wood and open down. Then comes stately Juno to unite her blessings with those of Ceres on the young pair whose pure affection has baffled the malicious intentions of Venus and Cupid. But this is not enough, both land and water must unite to celebrate this occasion, and therefore the nymphs from the streams, and the reapers from the fields come to crown the festivity. Those of Shakspere's audience who loved spectacle, music, and dancing, would not complain that he never gratified their tastes. Suddenly, just when the grace of the pageant holds all our senses captive, the voice of the enchanter sounds across it, breaking the spell, and the spirits sadly depart. The material world in the form of Caliban is coming

in, and these fair visions must give place to it. All this is naturally a little confusing to Ferdinand, who is hardly accustomed yet to supernatural company. Yet as Prospero tells him in his famous speech, these spirits, whose bodily forms have melted into air, only illustrate what is to happen one day to the whole creation, and all the works of man when they shall likewise vanish, leaving no trace behind. The whole passage is a magnificent expansion of St. Peter's phrase, 'Seeing that these things shall be dissolved.' Close following this thought comes the sense of our dreamlike life, and the sleep which completes its term. But notice that he calls it sleep, not death, and sleep implies awakening, as the spirits still lived on though their bodily forms were gone. So many conclusions as to Shakspere's faith have been founded on this passage, that it is well to see clearly what he really does make Prospero say, and then it is interesting to compare it with the saying of another apostle, 'Your life . . . is even a vapour which appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away.'

Those deep-reaching thoughts are dangerous to Prospero's composure when it is highly necessary that he should preserve it; he has to make an effort to regain it, and it is also expedient to send away the lovers, as their presence would be superfluous in the ensuing scene. Possibly the request was not unwelcome to them. What entertainment just then could give them so much pleasure as talking to each other with nobody by to give them good advice? It does not take Prospero long to be ready for Caliban and his mates whom Ariel had safely lodged in the mud. Curiously enough, Prospero seems to think little or nothing of the offence of the strangers who have thus conspired against him; all his indignation is concentrated on Caliban on whom he has wasted so many pains. The unlucky plotters arrive soaked and mired, forming a strange contrast to the vision of beauty which lately occupied the same scene. Caliban has all the trouble in the world to keep the others to the point; the force of his savage determination makes him the real leader of the enterprise, for his nominal masters are led away by every trifle. This levity of purpose perplexes and enrages Caliban as much as the humours of the mob did Jack Cade in something similar circumstances, for he sees the precious moments slipping by, and dreads discovery and Prospero's vengeance, while Trinculo and Stephano are joking and fooling over their shining plunder. In the midst of their folly the spirit hounds are upon them, urged on by the voices of the invisible Prospero and Ariel, and casting them into an agony of terror and confusion, something like the feeling of being chased in a dream. When to this are added the pinches of Prospero's goblins, the trio are in bad case indeed.

The interval of time between the end of the fourth Act and the opening of the fifth is the briefest possible, only sufficient to allow Prospero to assume his magic robes, for the point is rapidly drawing

near, which he has fixed for the termination of his own labours and those of Ariel. Caliban being now disposed of, and Miranda happy with Ferdinand, Prospero can now turn his undivided attention to King Alonso and his companions. These are now in such a miserable condition that even Ariel is moved to pity them, a circumstance which strikes Prospero with some surprise, and convinces him that he has done enough and may now forgive. There is nothing feeble or sentimental about his pardon; he does not pretend to soften away the crimes committed against him, but he takes part with his 'nobler reason' the heart's logic, and resolves against vengeance. While Ariel fetches the prisoners from the grove where they are spell-bound, Prospero makes his last invocation of the powers by whose aid he has worked so long. Here again we notice that his helpers are no 'midnight, black, and secret hags,' nor Hecate with her deluding spells, but the race which, if not absolutely spirits of good, are certainly not spirits of ill, the denizens of all fair and sweet natural scenes, the elves of wood and hill and seabeach, the merry dancers who make fairy-rings and raise mushrooms, these have been Prospero's helpers by whose aid he has done such wonderful deeds. Here Shakspere glances back to his earlier fairy world, etherealised out of English country beliefs and traditions, and immortalised for all time. But guiltless as Prospero's art has been, he seems to have had enough of it now; perhaps he feels that it is not well to play at being Providence in the world of men which he is now re-entering, and his magic therefore is best renounced before it does harm. He still needs a little of Ariel's service before he can dismiss him to freedom, and presently the zealous sprite returns, bringing with him the now frantic Alonso and the rest. Gonzalo and the two younger members of the party retain their senses and loyally follow the distracted three, but they are confused and terrified to the last degree by all the unaccountable things which they see and hear. As each man steps over the line of Prospero's magic circle, all power of motion leaves him, and thus the whole group remain fixed while Prospero addresses each of the principals in turn. Apparently they can hear him though not see him, at least they do not recognise him, while the spell is slowly dissolving, and his solemn voice goes on. Prospero is moved by poor Gonzalo's distress, though meaning to relieve it directly, but his deepest emotion is naturally stirred by the sight of Antonio. The tie of brotherhood had never been annihilated for Prospero, it had intensified the sense of the wrong done him, and he felt less the loss of his dukedom than that it was his flesh and blood, his own brother,

> 'that entertained ambition
> Expelled remorse and nature,'

and is still the same hard-hearted intriguer. The charm breaks but slowly, and to help the recognition which he desires;

Prospero resumes the costume of his former life, while dainty Ariel sings round him in the gaiety of his little heart at getting back his liberty to enjoy himself in his own way. Gonzalo is the first to recover his speech, but the worthy old man's philosophy has broken down under these terrors, and his only wish is to get away from this fearful country. As Alonso's brain clears he sees before him the man whom he so foully wronged, and has long believed dead, yet living and bidding him welcome. We must believe that Alonso's troubles have really brought him to repentance, as Prospero seems quite satisfied with him, and we may notice the high-bred courtesy with which the Duke of Milan treats the King of Naples when once they are reconciled. He is far more cordial to him than to the other two. Though he pardons both, he judges it well to let them see that he knows of their purposed treachery to Alonso, and might reveal it if they did not behave decently in future. All that Alonso has endured has in no way blunted his grief over Ferdinand, it comes back with his returning wits, and Prospero's remarks on the subject must sound a little unsympathetic to the poor King, in spite of his assertions that he too had lost a child in the late tempest. But in a moment the riddle is solved by the opening door of the cell and the pretty sight displayed within. Miranda's delight with the beautiful new world, and the goodly creatures in it sounds strangely when one remembers that half these goodly creatures had plotted her own death, but it is the natural outcry of her innocent heart, overflowing with happiness. The union of the lovers gives the seal to the reconciliation of Prospero and Alonso, and the next business is to get home to Italy as soon as possible. Hereupon arrive the master and boatswain to announce the safety of the ship, restored to her proper state by Ariel's exertions. How Gonzalo enjoys his triumph in having prophesied that the boatswain would not drown. It is doubtful whether Alonso would have thought to enquire after his jester and butler, unless Prospero had produced them, cured, we may hope, of attempting robbery and murder, by their cramped and sore condition, in the same way as Caliban recognises the real nature of the drunkard whom he has worshipped. What *did* become of Caliban when Prospero went away, we should like to know? Was he left to dig pignuts and snare marmosets in undisturbed and savage peace? but no light is thrown on these questions.

With fair breezes wafting it on, the ship of Prospero's fortunes disappears below the horizon, leaving nothing behind but the sweet echoes of his parting words, whose playful entreaty for indulgence sounds so quaintly from the lately all powerful enchanter.

We must say a word about the source of the story, though this cannot be pointed out with anything like the certainty which we have in most of the other plays. It is possible to find out whence Shakspere got a name or an allusion. An account of a wreck in the Bermudas, called '*The discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle*

of Divels,' by Silveston Jourdain, would suggest the 'still vexed Bernoothes.' The name Setebos is found in Eden's *History of Travaille*, and in the '*Tragedy of Darius*,' written by the Earl of Sterling, is a passage not unlike 'The cloud-capped towers,' &c. But we cannot put our finger on any other story and say positively that Shakspere borrowed from it for *The Tempest*. Yet it is curious to find that a German dramatist, Jacob Ayrer, who died in 1605, wrote a play called '*The fair Sidea*,' which closely resembles the story of Ferdinand and Miranda, even to the incident of the logs, and the frank offer of her hand by the heroine of the tale to her father's prisoner. Whether this drama and *The Tempest* are both versions of some common original, or whether somehow or other Shakspere got hold of the outlines of *Sidea* and wrote his play upon it, the critics cannot precisely settle, though they are pretty well agreed that *Sidea* could not possibly have been copied from *The Tempest*. English actors are known to have visited Nürnberg where Ayrer lived, before 1610, and it would have been easy for one of them on his return to relate to Shakspere enough of the story of *Sidea* to supply his imagination with a text. As we know, he did not require very much in the way of story to set him working. He made his play by what he brought to it, the colour, life, movement, and reality he supplied, so it hardly mattered to him what were the originals which served him as pegs. The dry bones took life when he touched them.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

IN MEMORIAM.

(D. H., JUNE 15, 1885.)

I.

WERE it not well to sleep before we die,
  In that unconsciousness to pass away,
And, on awaking, for the blue-arched sky,
  Behold the dawn of everlasting Day?

II.

That as we came into this wondrous earth
  Not knowing how, nor why, nor when, nor whence,
So, in our other and immortal birth,
  Unfelt the pang, we might unbind us hence.

III.

That, as our infancy could not rejoice
  With those who hailed our earthly course begun,
So neither might we answer to the voice
  Of loving friends who wail to see it done.

IV.

Ulysses watched 'mid perils of the deep
  Long years while seeking for his much-loved isle,
His comrades bore him to its shore asleep,—
  His wish fulfilled he knew not for a while.

V.

And we, like him, through mists and blinding foam,
  Oft strain our eyes to see our guiding star,
And long to reach our port and heavenly home,
  And know not whether it be near or far.

VI.

Were we not happy then, like him, to gain
  The precious Haven of our hopes and fears,
Not noting how the worn-out cables strain,
  Nor feeling on our cheek the last salt tears?

VII.

Like pilgrims lying down at noon to rest
  Near that fair City's gates we toiled to win,
Waking amazed to stand amid the blest,
  For while we slumbered angels bore us in.

VIII.

Were it not better, when we reach the door
  Which leads from time into eternity,
With undimmed consciousness to turn once more,
  The awful beauty of that pass to see?

IX.

To feel, like him of old, our fetters fall,
  To hear, like him, our prison-gates divide,
Walk forth, like him, obedient to the call,
  One greater than the Angel for our Guide:

X.

To hear, as friendly grasp grew faint and cold,
  And earthly whispers farther from our ear,
The heavenly voice: 'Mine Arm can still uphold,
  Shrink not from these dark waters, *I* am near:'

XI.

To mark earth's lights grow dim before our eye,
  And earthly prospects dwindle to a span;
Yet gazing up, with Stephen, steadfastly,
  Discern the vision of the Son of Man?

E. J. H.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER.'

Spider. Have you seen the new set of Christian Knowledge books?

Arachne. Yes, they are a capital set this time, but as we have not much time I will only try to classify them for you.

S. Begin with the small children, please.

A. There are all the little books—not quite up to Mrs. Ewing's mark, indeed, but still very charming, called *Every-day Fables*, with delightful pictures and stories going a little too deep for small children.

S. And for the school children?

A. For little boys there are *Dandy*, a dog story, *Tim Yardley's Yarn*, with mischief enough in it to make them laugh; and *The Two Friends*, prettily illustrated, but not so good as the other two. And for those bigger boys who are wild for sea stories there is a charming one called *The Fate of the Black Swan.* Also *Nimrod Nunn* is a soldierly story, but not quite so much from the point of view that boys appreciate. *Goëtz Jäger's Son* would interest boys and girls.

S. But it is really cruel to have given it a name they cannot possibly pronounce!

A. The Oliver Children and *Foolish Dora* are nice little tales of children of gentlefolks. *A Bright Farthing* and *A Little Place* are fit for elder schoolgirls, or G. F. S. candidates. *Faithful* and *Broken Hearts are Still* might serve for the more rural readers of the G. S. F. library, and so would *Two Ways of Looking at It*, and *The Mill in the Valley*, both very well written tales, full of interest. There are two books turning on some of the difficult questions of labour and capital and the like—*A Nineteenth Century Hero* and *Bound with a Chain.* A little book named *Jesse Dearlove* is about a young lad who thinks himself a poet and is undeceived. *A Wider World* is the opening out of interest in missions. *A Last Hope* is the only historical tale this time, and is about that grievous siege of Toulon which ended so horribly. *A Great Revenge* is a high-minded story, and there are besides a very clever little book called *Toads and Diamonds*, and best of all the set, are *A Woman of Business* and *Cairnforth and Sons*—both tales of a superior order, *Cairnforth* not quite for the school-room, though the best of all.

Notices to Correspondents.

Appeals.

Home for Ladies of Infirm Health, Summertown, Oxford.—Madam, May we ask you to generously tax your benevolence by inserting an appeal from us on behalf of our 'Home for Ladies of Infirm Health.' Though all our inmates are *ladies* (for we have neither rooms nor funds for a second class) yet there is not a single one capable of paying more than half her support, and often, as at the present time, not even that.

It is true we do occasionally come across more wealthy patients able to render assistance to their less fortunate sisters in Christ, but these, as a rule, are only casual cases, who come in for a time for rest and care, and then return to their own homes, and are therefore not to be depended upon in respect to permanent income. Hence the whole burden of the Home depends on the private incomes of the ladies who work it, and this is a very severe strain on them, and more than they can sometimes well bear. They are greatly in need of funds at this present time to meet their September payments.

If some of your kind readers, who have enough and to spare, would send us a cheque or two—or if others less affluent would only spare a few stamps, we should be very grateful, for letters come in daily asking for admission, and we have admitted all we can on our own resources. The Vicar of Summertown is our Chaplain, and we are working with the sanction of the Bishop of the diocese.

Any information required, we shall be happy to furnish.

Another thing greatly needed is a Bath-chair for the use of the more infirm invalids—for this we should be glad of a few subscriptions. I am, Madam, yours, &c.,

Sarah How, *Secretary.*

Sea-Shell and Children's Scrap-Book Missions.—These missions give enjoyment and amusement to sick children in the hospitals, and in the homes of the poor of London, by presenting to each a box of sea-shells gathered by the more fortunate boys and girls who visit, or reside at the seaside; and collect all kinds of small pictures, Christmas, New Year's, and other cards, to make into scrap-books, which are likewise given to sick or poor children. The following are a few of the ways by which these missions may be helped:—By collecting shells and sea-weed when at the seaside. By sending donations for the purchase of suitable boxes in which the shells can be sent to the poor sick children, and books for the scrap-albums. By collecting subscriptions from friends to defray the cost of printing, postages, and incidental expenses. By sending text-cards for the

ornamentation of the boxes. By painting cards for the boxes and scrap-books. By sending circulars to persons residing at the seaside. By placing circulars in shop windows and other prominent positions. By interesting friends who reside at the seaside. By sending empty cigar-boxes, in which to place the shells. By ornamenting match-boxes, or making bags in which to place the very small shells. By filling scrap-books. By sending all kinds of small pictures, coloured scraps, text-cards, &c., for the scrap-books. By working and contributing articles for the annual sale.

Ladies and children under proper supervision, will find the making of scrap-books a very pleasant occupation. A specimen of the 'post-card-album' will be sent to any lady, who will make them up for the mission, upon receipt of three stamps. It is particularly requested that the names and addresses of contributors be given to enable the secretary to send an acknowledgment. Anonymous donations and parcels are welcome, but it is more pleasant to know from whom they come. Carriage of parcels should in all cases be prepaid—the parcel-post is very convenient for small parcels. All communications and parcels should be addressed to the Secretary, Sea-Shell Mission, 26 Tunstall Road, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

There are several portraits of Lady Rachel Russell at Woburn Abbey; one in extreme age. Admission to public 11 to 3 on Fridays, application to be made ten days in advance to secure it, to Thomas Benson, Esq., Park Farm Office, Woburn, Beds. A. C. D.

The picture of Lord W. Russell's trial is at Woburn Abbey, and the walking stick he used on the scaffold.

A. L. would be glad if any of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* could tell her where the following quotation comes from—

> 'We learn the mystery of life in Jesus dying,
> The victory of life in Jesus dead.'

Also, what are the meanings of the names of the angels Michael, Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael, Zobiachel, Anael and Orifel, and whether they all have symbols, if so, what they are?

The Seven Archangels, as given in Mrs. Jamieson's Sacred and Legendary Art, are Michael (who is like to God), with Sword and Scales; Gabriel (God is my Strength), the Annunciation Lily; Raphael (the Medicine of God), Pilgrim's Staff and Gourd; Uriel (the Light of God), a Roll and Book; Chaumel, a cup and staff, as the strengthening Angel at Gethsemane; Jophiel, a Flaming Sword; Zadkiel, Abraham's Sacrificial Knife. ED.

L. M. F. will be grateful if any reader of *Monthly Packet* can tell her where these lines are from,

> 'The dead are like the stars by day
> Withdrawn from mortal eye,
> Yet not extinct, they hold their way,
> In glory thro' the sky.
> Spirits from bondage thus set free
> Vanish amidst immensity
> Where human thought, and human sight
> Fails to pursue their trackless flight.'

Can any reader tell me where I can get the music and rest of the words of 'Alas, how easily things go wrong.' I believe it to be unpublished.

Can any of your readers give me some information about 'S. Florian'? He is represented on the outside walls of many houses in the Austrian Tirol, pouring water from a bucket on a building in flames. Neither Alban Butler's nor Baring Gould's *Lives of the Saints* has any mention of him. S. S. CUTHBERT, Clewer.

J. A.—Could any reader tell me where to find the following lines, and the author of them?

'I looked behind to see my past,
And lo! it had gone before.'

C. A. wishes to know where

'If death were nothing and naught after death,'

is to be found.

CHRISTIANS AWAKE.

As there are no Spider Answers this month, we give the two best translations of the hymn, 'Christians Awake,' by V. I. and G. A. J. Have any of the others studied the rules of French poetry?

Nassau.—Painstaking, but the versification halts sadly. Many inversions, grammatically allowable in English, are not permitted in French.

Titania.—Four lines correct as regards prosody and expression. Ideas of rhyme peculiar.

St. Clair.—*One* line fulfils the requirements of French versification.

Vendredi.—Versification should be adapted to language, not language to versification.

Miss H. K.—Rhythm of French decasyllables misapprehended.

M. C. D.—Metre mistaken. Accents and rhymes faulty. Some of the lines untranslatable—false concords, harsh inversions.

Firenze.—The syllables formed by *e mute* ignored. Cæsura not always in the right place.

Assuntina.—M. E. L., August 1885, with music. C. M. C., more study needed of French poetry and grammar. B. K.; B. M.; M. E. R.; S. L.; M. L.; A. L. F.; A. H. C. D. M.; C. C. C. March Hare. All have much to learn.

Anyone who wishes to have the poem returned, marked with corrections, should send stamps to the Editor.

CANTIQUE DE NOËL.

I.

Éveillez-vous! Chantez avec ferveur,
'Salut au jour où naquit le Sauveur!'
Louez, Chrétiens, l'amour mystérieux,
Qu'ont célébré les esprits bienheureux,
Qui les premiers d'en haut ont témoigné
D'un Dieu fait homme et d'une Vierge né.

II.

Puis aux bergers, veillant aux champs, de nuit,
Sur leur troupeau, le héraut saint a dit,—
'Bonheur à vous, bergers—ne craignez pas—
Joie et bonheur à chacun ici bas!
S'est accompli l'espoir d'un Rédempteur,
Car en ce jour est né le Christ Seingeur.'

III.

Soudain après ont retenti les cieux
D'un beau cantique, un chant mystérieux;
'Alléluia!' dit le céleste chœur,
Gloire et louange à l'amour rédempteur.
Oui; 'gloire à Dieu'—c'est ce qu'on a chanté—
'Paix sur la terre, et bonne volonté!'

IV.

A Bethléhem, les bergers éclairés
Vont contempler ces mystères sacrés;
Dans une crèche on voit le Sauveur doux,
Avec la Vierge, et Joseph son époux.
Puis, ces bergers, remplis de sainte ardeur,
Sont revenus, adorant le Seigneur.

V.

Et nous aussi, louons la charité
Du Dieu-sauveur envers l'humanité;
Suivons l'Enfant, de la crèche à la croix,
Qui de nos maux a porté tout le poids;
Sur Ses chers pas marchons, jusqu'au retour
Du bel état de notre premier jour.

VI.

Ah! puissions-nous, un jour, avec tous ceux
Dont le triomphe est parfait et joyeux,
Voir cet Enfant, aujourd'hui nouveau-né,
De majesté, de gloire, environné;
Par Lui sauvés, puissions-nous à jamais
Du Roi des cieux célébrer les bienfaits!

V. I.

JE VOUS ANNONCE UNE GRANDE JOIE.

Chrétiens, debout, voici le jour heureux,
Le jour où le Seigneur nous vint des cieux;
Adorez donc ce mystère touchant,
Que les Anges célèbrent par leur chant;
Ce sont leurs voix qui nous ont proclamé
Le Dieu vivant, le Fils tant adoré.

Puis, aux bergers, l'Ange en un chant joyeux
Annonça la venue du Roi des cieux;
'Je vous apporte une joie salutaire,
Pour vous et pour les peuples de la terre;
Dieu envers vous son serment a gardé,
Le Christ sauveur aujourd'hui vous est né.'

Lorsqu'il eut dit, le chœur divin chanta
Des chants de joie, inconnus jusque là;
D'Alléluias tout le ciel retentit;
Bientôt cet hymne saint on entendit:
'Gloire au Seigneur qui veille ainsi sur nous
Paix sur la terre,* bon vouloir pour tous.'

A Bethléhem, les bergers accourant
Adorent là, l'amour du Tout-Puissant;
Puis ils s'en vont, louant Dieu à leur tour;
Leurs cœurs sont enflammés d'un saint amour;
Ils vont à tous, annonçant le bonheur,
Eux, les premiers apôtres du Seigneur.

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* The insertion of *et* here would make the line scan; but *vouloir* is not the right expression, nor is *nous* in the preceding line, considering who is speaking.

Oh! puissions-nous garder dans notre cœur
L'amour de Dieu, qui donne un Rédempteur.
Suivons l'enfant qui porta notre blâmle
De l'humble étaîble, à la croix infâmle;
Imitons-le, soutenus par sa grâcle,
Afin, qu'un jour au ciel nous prenions placle.

Là, rachetés, parmi l'armée des Anlges,
Nous ferons part* des glorieusles phalangles.
Celui qui naît en ce jour de bonheur,
A nos yeux dévoilera sa splendeur.
Ainsi sauvés, nous chanterons joyeux,
Un cantique éternel au Roi des cieux!

G. A. J.

For a first attempt, which it probably is, this is by no means bad. But you have not quite mastered your prosody. The French decasyllabic line must be in this form: ∪–|∪–‖∪–|∪–|∪–|. The double lines indicate the place of the cæsura. This is invariable. *E.g.*, the line,

'A Bethléhem ‖ les bergers accourant'

is unexceptionable. But such a line as this:

'Leurs cœurs sont enflammés d'un saint amour'

will not do at all. Observe, also, that the cæsura must not follow a weak syllable, as *le* (lines 2 and 29), or come where there is no kind of pause in the sense (line 10).

Again, a hiatus, as 'Dieu envers,' 'étable à,' &c., is forbidden. In the latter example the final 'e' would have to be elided. 'Armée' and 'venue' you have treated as dissyllables, which cannot be done, except when, the next word beginning with a vowel, the 'e' mute is elided.

'Glorieuses' must be scanned as a word of four syllables; you have treated it as a trisyllable.

Your rhymes are generally good. But in four places you have given a superfluous syllable. No doubt the genius of French poetry demands that, as a rule, *masculine* and *feminine* rhymes, as they are called, should be used in due proportion, *i.e.*, at more or less regular intervals, a rule which you have not observed. In this particular competition, however, the lines *must* be all of one length to suit the music of the hymn, which will not tolerate the added syllable, or *quasi*-syllable, of the *feminine* termination.

Correction.—Two correspondents tell us that the Bidding Prayer is followed by the Lord's Prayer, and is used not only at Oxford, but in the sermons in the nave of Lincoln Cathedral, also that the formula of fellows of colleges is 'More especially am I bound to pray for the memory,' of the founder (no great improvement in sense, by-the-bye, for how can a memory be prayed for?).

* Faire part = *to impart* or *announce*, not *to form part of*.

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DECEMBER, 1885.

MADAME'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ROSE GARDEN,' 'CONTRADICTIONS,' &c.

XII.

NIGHT.

MARCELLE'S exhaustion of body and mind was the result, not so much of her last encounter with her grandmother, as of the long strain which she had endured, and of the strong emotions which had swept tumultuously over her heart the summer through. They were of the kind which tear and rend, and feeling somehow as if she had come out of a battering storm, she pressed her hands convulsively to her head, and sat down on the bed to collect her thoughts, and to try to find out, if that were possible, what the whirl, and the vague impression that there was something for her to do, meant.

Clear recollection did not come at once. What reached her was a dull fancy that Sybille was outside and calling to her for help because Lambert was separated from her, and she was conscious of a sort of smile crossing her face at the oddness of the idea that she should be the one to bring them together again. Certainly Sybille's faith played strange pranks with her reason. Then she found herself listening for horse-hoofs on the terrace outside. Lambert was coming home, and she would see him again—a pain which seemed to wait in ambush behind this assurance, she resolutely turned her back upon.

But such expedients do not last long, and pain is pretty sure to get the better of us as soon as we become aware of its presence. Marcelle's trembling hands fell helplessly on her lap and lay there, her eyes stared before her, unconscious of the small familiar objects which indeed the darkness was rapidly shrouding, and remembrance came back, first in detached words of her grandmother's speaking, and then in stronger waves, only too rapid in their rush, since remembrance meant so much. It seemed to her, though this was only fancy, that all the house was strangely silent. Silence meant a

great wrong, she must break it, she must go to Lambert when he returned.

She trembled still more before this resolution, trembled so much that she was frightened for herself, for there had been a time when she had scarcely known fear, and the new sensation was as bewildering as it was painful. But the impulse having reached, at once took possession of her, and she got up and walked unsteadily to the door.

It was locked.

At first she thought she had not pushed back her own inner bolt far enough, and pressed it impatiently, shaking the door with violence. It did not, however, yield, and she realized that, by a simple expedient, her grandmother had prevented interference on her part. Her first thought was relief. Since she could do nothing, the matter was put out of her hands, and with this came the dim, sweet notion that, as her grandmother had suggested, Lambert might yet be hers. So sweet was it that she sighed softly, and knelt down by the window with something like a smile parting her lips at the rapturous fancy. The window was a little open, the rain which had threatened all day was falling now, and the strong wind beat it in upon Marcelle's dress and hair. It was nothing.

What recalled her to pain? She never knew. Perhaps it was the distant sound of a little song, sung in a young girlish voice, feeble but sweet. It reached her through the open window, and she understood that Sybille was singing with a happy heart, dreaming no doubt of Lambert. What would become of Sybille if she lost him? She remembered some words of Dr. Vallette's, 'Love has given her life. And now her hand would bring possible desolation.

Why would that thought recur? What could she do, when all means of setting a great wrong right had been taken from her? She moved uneasily, then sprang up, and flung the window open wide, and leaned out, listening if she could hear the sound of Lambert's horse. So leaning and so listening, her eye fell upon the same creeper which at its further extremity, battered and bruised, struck against her grandmother's window. Here its stems were thick and closely interlaced, and it appeared to her that by the help of a little projection below, she might manage to reach the ground.

She put the idea away from her more than once. It was a dangerous attempt; far from courting death, the young life beating in her veins dreaded it, and she shrank with terror from the thought of lying there at the foot, a ghastly, indistinguishable heap. But the feeling that she had to do this thing grew on her and took possession so strongly, that almost mechanically she began to make her preparations.

They were not many. Poor Marcelle had no possessions to distribute, nor last messages to leave. There was no one—she thought bitterly—even to care a little what happened to her. But, I think, if she had known it, in that heroic resolve, in that willing-

ness to give herself, there was the proof of His Presence, whose Love is everlasting. And if she failed to pray, her actions were unconscious prayer, and went straight to His Feet.

She re-bolted the door, wrote two lines about the bank, addressed them to be given only to M. Solignac, and pinned them prominently on the front of her dress. If anything happened there was no reason that her grandmother should be the first to discover her, it might be Dr. Vallette, or Marius, or—Lambert himself. And then she took the little necklet which she had flung into the drawer that day, and fastened it round her neck under her dress—tenderly. Surely she might wear it now, for the last time. And if he saw it, he might think what he would. Thoughts do not hurt the dead.

Once when she was a child, and for some offence Madame Merillon had condemned her to bread and water, and locked her into her room, she had clambered down a yard or two, but, her heart failing her, had scrambled back again in terror. Now—come what might—she must go on, and yet it seemed higher than it had seemed then, and how she did it she never knew. If the night had been still, the scraping and rustling must have betrayed her, but the fierce wind rushing down from the mountains, beating at the windows, and banging a loose shutter, covered all lesser noises. Sometimes she hung, as it were, between heaven and earth, before she found again a precarious foothold, and her clothes were torn, and her hands bleeding when she reached the ground. But reach it she did.

There for a moment she paused, and looked at a window through the shutters and chinks of which a cheerful light shone out. There, warm, happy, hopeful, was Sybille; out in the dark night, with a dumb sorrow clasping her heart, was she herself, poor unloved Marcelle. Must it be always so—outside, in the cold? With a sigh she turned away to go—as she felt—deeper into the darkness.

She walked across the garden, careless whether her grandmother saw her or not, as, once out, she had no fear of being compelled to return. But, indeed, she was soon lost in the shadows which almost stretched from end to end, and even swallowed up the black lines of the yew hedges, with their fantastic curves.

Her plan was to get out of the garden by the footholds she had contrived for her own use, and to wait for M. Solignac's coming on the terrace. He was a daring rider, and his horse had learnt the way through the terraces so cleverly that there was less danger than for another, otherwise few men would attempt that path at night. If —and that seemed possible—anything prevented him from returning that evening, Marcelle could do no more, and her heart throbbed with dreary joy at the thought. Fate would be too strong for her.

She clambered down to the terrace almost mechanically; the rain was falling thickly, but of this she was scarcely conscious, although it drove against her with all the force of the wind. She only thought now and then, 'It is a wild night for him,' and, afraid that her

sudden appearance on the terrace might frighten the horse, she went on to where it widened out into the little *place*, and leant against the solitary cypress which rose from its centre. She had been there but a short time, though to her it appeared an hour, when she heard the sound of horse-hoofs on the terrace.

M. Solignac, meanwhile, riding back from Grasse, found a strange exhilaration in the wind and storm. They had met him fiercely along the road, sweeping wildly down from the Saut du Loup and other ravines, gusts which would beat down the grain, and batter the young grapes, and destroy the roses. The peasants listened with dismay, such a tempest at this time of year was a misfortune as rare as it was ominous, and Lambert himself, when he thought about it, knew that it meant heavy losses. But that night fear of loss had no power to affect him, a glow in his heart burnt up all that was cold, or anxious or threatening; he thought of his little Sybille, the delicate blossom he had won. He knew that she was waiting for and expecting him. He had had a few high words with Mademoiselle Jeanne, who was secretly relieved that he was not going to marry the granddaughter of her enemy, yet found it necessary to protest against the introduction into the family of a young, unknown girl. It all mattered little enough to Lambert. He had caught a gleam of light from one of the windows of the old house as he rode up between the olives, and it pleased him to imagine that there Sybille was on the watch. He had no thought of another heart braving death itself to come to his rescue; no care for her who stood in the chill wet darkness waiting for him. How should he? It is the history of hearts—roses here, thorns there, cruel thorns that tear and rend. Yet once One chose the thorns for His Crown—thorns, not roses.

He was not sorry to find himself on the terrace, and near home. But just at that moment the rush of wind and rain swept so fiercely upon him, that his brave little horse found it difficult to face. He jumped off, passed the bridle over his arm, and walked at his head, encouraging him. As he got to the wider space already mentioned, he was somewhat startled to see a dark figure advancing towards him through the gloom. As the figure approached, it startled him infinitely more to see that it was Marcelle.

'My cousin!' he exclaimed, some instinct leading him to use the words. 'You here!'

'Yes,' she said, and stopped suddenly, though she had so much to say. She had thought a good deal of the terms in which she could best clothe her information, but either the waiting, or the meeting, or the storm, had confused her, for she could think of nothing, could not even remember what it was she had come to tell him. Lambert touched her dress and looked at her uneasily; he began to fear she was mad.

'You are soaked by the rain,' he said, using a grave authoritative voice. 'Come into the house and get dry clothes at once.'

Marcelle passed her hand across her eyes.

'Have patience!' she said faintly, 'there is something——'

Her voice sounded to herself as if it came from a distance. It was, indeed, so weak that he was forced to stoop forward to catch the words. They gave him an immediate fear.

'Something, something wrong with Sybille?' he exclaimed. 'For God's sake, Marcelle, tell me what it is!'

He caught her wrist as he spoke, and held it with an unconscious strength of grasp which hurt her cruelly. But words hurt most.

'Let me go,' she said hoarsely. 'I know nothing of your Sybille. What have I to do with her?'

The strangeness of her speech passed over him. It had quieted his fears, and he cared for little else, cared little comparatively to see her out in the driving rain, and this she knew—in her heart's depths, and in all its bitterness. She turned a little away from him and went on—

'I have come out to tell you something about your money.'

'That was very good of you,' said Lambert lightly. 'You should have waited, though, to see me in the house. Does it press so much, my cousin?'

'Judge for yourself,' said Marcelle with coldness. What did it matter if he never knew what she had dared for him. Let him take it as a thing of course, and let her keep her poor bleeding hands out of sight. She paused for one second, then went on hurriedly, 'You intend placing your money in M. Duboy's Bank at Marseilles?'

'I do,' M. Solignac returned. He was struck with a sudden sense of uneasiness.

'To-morrow?'

'To-morrow, unless it has been already done. To tell you the truth, it may be there to-night.'

Marcelle's head sank on her chest, her hands interlaced themselves nervously. Was fate then working for her? She did not hear his 'What does all this mean?' until he repeated it more peremptorily.

'The bank is unsafe,' she murmured.

'Impossible!'

'It is true.'

'Who has told you?—your grandmother?'

She bowed her head.

'She sent you to warn me? Then she means that there is not a moment to lose?'

'Not a moment.'

'She gave no advice?—said nothing of what I should do?'

'Nothing.'

She could see his face in the darkness—white; his voice was agitated.

'Tell her then that I go at once to telegraph. But, Marcelle, I cannot leave you here; let me take you to the house.'

She laughed; even at that moment her laugh struck him as strange.

'Do you think I cannot find my way? Go, go!'

'The storm is terrible.'

'Go. You know that there is not an instant to waste, and yet you linger.'

He stood irresolute, looking towards the house.

'Sybille, she knows nothing?'

Marcelle was silent, until he repeated the question, and then she cried out passionately—

'I can tell you nothing about your Sybille.'

'Dear Marcelle, keep all this from her; she cannot bear the rough things of life,' said Lambert pleadingly. He did not know that every word fell like a stab. 'She needs such careful watching.'

'Are you going?' Marcelle asked desperately.

'Yes, I am going, though I cannot endure to leave her. Still, it is for her sake as much as my own; and I know that I leave her in good hands. You are right, I must not be selfish. Come, my good little Pasha, you did not expect to have to go over your ground again. Adieu, my cousin, go and change your things, thank Madame Merillon, and—be good to Sybille.'

She stood motionless, but he had not gone many yards when he heard her voice behind him.

'Lambert!'

'Marcelle?'

'The night is too bad; you cannot ride down in this storm.'

'Have no fear,' he called cheerily back; 'we shall take good care of ourselves, Pasha and I. Go back into the house.'

That was all. She stood staring into the darkness under the olives, as if some miracle could lift the pall of darkness and show him to her once again. The rain smote fiercely against her face, the wild wind swept the trees with a roar of anger; it was all desolate, hopeless. She had done her work, and the excitement which carried her through the danger ended, a wretched re-action took hold of her, body and mind. She had thought of him so much that, for his sake, she had risked her life, and his thoughts had been all of Sybille. So long as she was safely sheltered within, it mattered little that she should be out in the storm. Marcelle wondered bitterly what he would have felt if it had been Sybille whom he had met, drenched, battered, on the terrace. To what heights of heroism would not the woman he loved have been exalted, while the poor woman who loved him was left to go on her way unnoticed. She was conscious of the unreason, the injustice of her argument, but what woman in love is just? And it seemed to Marcelle's sick heart that something should have led him to fling a word of tenderness to her, for though she was proud, the armour of pride is apt to fail us at the most critical moments, dropping off and leaving us defenceless.

She stood, therefore, for a long time looking into the darkness where he had disappeared, with a passionate longing to call him back. It was enough for a time to shut out any consciousness of her own position, but by degrees physical suffering began to get the upper hand of mental, the chill of her wet clothing struck her; she shivered, and looked helplessly round. What could she do? Where should she go? She might rouse Marius or his mother, and find shelter in their cottage, but she hated the idea of the questions she would have to answer, and she had, moreover, a keen dislike to repass the spot where she had stood with Lambert. She felt as if an additional pain might be lying in wait for her there. Yet instinct prompted her to hide herself somewhere. It was then that she thought of the Madonna's Grove, where the cypresses grew tall and thick enough for protection, and she had an impression that from what she had done there she deserved well of the Madonna, and might expect her favour.

So she struggled—not without difficulty, for her strength had strangely failed—up the ivy-covered walls, and moved mechanically under the trees towards the tower. Familiar objects seemed unfamiliar. She started violently once when something gleamed before her, but it was only one of the dilapidated statues which stood by the side of the walk. The white tower itself gave her a momentary fear; she had an unreal, ghostly feeling about herself, her drenched garments, her wind-blown hair. Every now and then the wind, getting the better of the clouds, dashed them aside, and let a streak of moonlight through. These thin flashes of light bewildered her. One came just as she reached the grove; it fell directly upon the Madonna on her pedestal, and seemed to poor Marcelle to bring out the most threatening aspect of the figure, and the frowning weather-stains on the face. This was not the welcome she expected, and she stood for a moment struck with dismay, almost despair. How could she crouch at the pedestal of this forbidding figure? Poor Marcelle! She looked drearily round—tired, worn, drenched, longing—for some shelter into which she might creep. There was nothing—nothing but the great cypresses rising gloomily, a blacker darkness, into the night. It was a poor protection, but she felt she could seek no further, and at the foot of one of the largest sank down exhausted.

XIII.

THE SECRETS OF THE NIGHT.

NIGHT was not long at that season of the year, but this night had been so wild and so disastrous that the morning had a longer struggle than was usual before it could prevail. Pale irresolute gleamings first appeared along the eastern sky behind the mountains. As these

strengthened, the heavy curtain of rain-cloud, which seemed placed there to blot out these beginnings, lost something of its density, lifted a little, and grew filmy and tattered along the lower edge, until it hung there like smoke. And meanwhile, behind this vapourish veil, the glad light strengthened, and bathed the higher heavens in the clear delicate colour for which earth has no name; a few little far-away clouds tipped with rose-colour, and out of the reach of the wild currents of the storm, lay peacefully waiting for the greater glory which was at hand. Without disturbance, with the strong silence of irresistible power, this glory grew. All the earth was transfigured; the poor whipped vines raised themselves, the olives, which but now stood sullen and grey, caught a thousand silvery lights, until all their wet leaves sparkled. The roses, it is true, were battered out of colour and shape, and lay scattered under their bushes, but already buds were pushing forward in their place, answering to the call of the sun, giving back hopeful promises; the air was sweet and fresh. All the wonderful joy of young life awoke and found some way of showing its gladness; night, storm, fear was over; in the clear shining after rain earth took up her daily parable, and hope triumphed.

Dr. Vallette was an early riser. He liked these first hours of the day the best of all the twenty-four; he said once there was nothing better for keeping men's faith strong, and certainly his own was vigorous. On this night he had passed some restless hours, disturbed by the roar of the wind in the old chimneys, for on such a height there was little to break its violence. After daybreak he slept a little, and dreamt of Sybille and Lambert; then, as the sun shone in at his windows, he felt irresistibly impelled to rise and go into the garden, so as to be in the midst of the beauty before the rest of the world was about. He dressed quickly, flung open his window, and went softly down the stairs lest he should awaken the others.

'Though if Lambert were half a lover,' he said to himself, smiling, 'he, at any rate, should be out already, carving his mistress's name on the tree trunks, and sighing for happiness. My little Sybille!'

He had a fancy to climb the tower, and did so. There, more than elsewhere, he was struck with the extraordinary freshness, joy, and beauty of all about him. The mountains were clear and delicately coloured, the sea, tenderly blue, laughed and sparkled under the sun's rays, birds chirped gladly, the man's kind simple heart echoed back the song of thankfulness. He turned his back upon the dark cypresses, which had no attraction for him, and gazed out over the broad and beautiful country—corn, olives, and vineyards. After a time he looked at the house, thinking of those he loved. The windows were closed, except Marcelle's, which was wide open. He wondered if the girl were already up, for in such a storm she could hardly have kept it open through the night. Something fluttered below it, caught on a branch of the creeper. It was a bit of her dress, torn out in her

perilous descent, but it told him no tale of flight, and he was thinking of nothing less. He looked at Madame Merillon's window, next to her granddaughter's, and jealously closed, and as he looked a pained expression passed across his eyes. Unsuspecting, as he was, of evil, ready, as he was, to think the best, he could not but be conscious of something antagonistic, something baleful in the old woman. There were times in which he had been inclined to wish that they had never come to Castelbianco—times, too, when he had felt Marcelle an enigma. But he liked Marcelle, and would gladly have done her a kindness. Adélaïde and she, unfortunately, did not get on, but Sybille was loved by every one, and when Sybille had married her cousin, something happier than her present lot might be arranged for Marcelle.

The doctor enjoyed the tower, and the morning, and his own contented thoughts, and he stayed up there a long time. When at last he came down he went to the house, and standing under Lambert's window, threw some bits of turf against it to attract his notice. In this, for reasons which we know, he failed, and turned away with a shrug of his shoulders and a smile at the sound sleep of the young. Then he began to look about him in order to see whether the storm had done damage among the trees.

It was not much. A good many small twigs had been torn off, and one larger branch rent from its stem, had, in falling, struck one of the weather-beaten and mutilated statues which stood about at intervals, and shivered it to atoms. The physician walked up and examined it with interest; from the remaining fragments he made out that it *was* a badly executed little statue of Fortune, bandage and all. '*Absit omen*,' said Dr. Vallette smiling; 'but if it is an omen, let Fortune go! We can spare her better than that small fellow with the bow and arrows, perched on yonder pedestal. The storm has done nothing to him—not so much as damaged one impertinent little feather. I shall send Lambert here to pay him his respects, and to scrape some of the green stains from his face. But after all,' he continued, 'they are insignificant, the sun shoots in between the trees, and the place is cheerful enough for Dan Cupid not to be hipped. The little rascal laughs at the idea. The really melancholy place here is the Madonna's Grove, and even on such a morning as this I believe it would be as black and cheerless as night.'

Once having got into his thoughts, it seemed as if the grove insisted upon remaining there, though the doctor pished and pshawed over the fancy. Coming round upon the black cypresses, they formed such an immediate contrast to all the other glad things, they rose so gloomily and with such unyielding defiance against the sky, that he looked at them with wonder, and could have thought there was something animate and intentional in their attitude, and that they desired to offer a puritanical protest against the outburst of joy around them. 'Nevertheless, my friends,' said the doctor with a smile, 'it is too

strong for you.' Generally he turned away from these gloomy shades, but this morning an impulse moved him to enter, if only for the sake of enjoying their discomfiture. 'Yes, it is too strong for you,' he continued, marching up to one of the giants. 'Shake yourself as you will, the rain drops still cling to you, and presently the sun will shine on them and change them all into diamonds. Why are you so surly, making believe to be hiding dark secrets from us? The storm is over; be reasonable, and enjoy yourselves like the rest of the world.' Then he looked round and smiled more broadly at the great pots, and at Marcelle's poor little attempts at adornment. 'What draws the child to this unwholesome spot?' he said, but as he said it a sudden sense of uneasiness made him grave. It was not natural, it was not fitting. The good doctor held a distinct theory that the young should have happiness and sunshine about them, such happiness and such sunshine as had always encircled Sybille; he was ready enough in his kindness of heart to carry on his theory for Marcelle's benefit, only some natures require deeper draughts than others before they will be satisfied, and again, circumstances are often stubborn foes to theories. According to Dr. Vallette the cypress grove on that fair summer morning ought to have smiled with the rest. Yet it frowned.

He walked round it dissatisfied with this mute opposition. If Castelbianco were his he would cut down the cypresses, and let the light of heaven in upon the spot. Yet he did the old trees an injustice. For as he looked curiously from side to side, something caught his eye, which struck him like a blow, he saw a darkness on the ground, a poor pale face lying back against one of the great gnarled trunks. The next moment he was kneeling by her side.

'Why, Mademoiselle Marcelle!' cried the physician in his first amazement. But in an instant his amazement was thrust back, and his professional instincts came to the rescue. He felt her dress, it was dripping, he felt her heart, and looked alarmed. Then he noticed a piece of writing pinned to the front of her dress, so saturated with rain as to be almost unintelligible. 'Tell Lambert . . . Dub . . . bank . . . nsafe.'

Dr. Vallette passed his hand across his eyes. What did it all mean? Some further complication, some threat to his child's happiness seemed at once to menace him. But whether this were so or not his first duty was to Marcelle. He must have her conveyed into the house, and he was not strong enough to carry her himself; he was rising to seek assistance when he heard steps passing along the terrace, and a man's voice singing one of the old sad Provençal songs. He ran close to the wall and cried 'Marius!'

The singing stopped, the voice answered 'Monsieur?'

'You are wanted here. Come as quickly as possible.'

He heard Marius running round, presently he clambered up the

wall where Marcelle found an entrance, and in another minute was at the spot. When he saw the girl he turned pale.

'Has mademoiselle hurt herself?' he asked.

'I know nothing,' said the doctor briefly. 'I can find no injury. I found her here, and it seems to me she must have spent the night here.'

'Has that old hag locked her out of doors?' said Marius fiercely.

Dr. Vallette was uneasy and impatient.

'I tell you I know nothing,' he repeated. 'Lift her up—so—that is right. Now to the nearest door.' The next moment he put a question. 'Have you seen M. Solignac this morning?'

'M. Solignac has not returned.'

'How do you know?' asked the physician briefly.

'Because his horse is not in the stable. Besides, I should have heard him.'

'Ah!' said the other. It appeared to him that the mystery only deepened, for Lambert had spoken unquestioningly of his intention to return to Castelbianco on the previous evening. Marius was the next to speak.

'Monsieur!'

'Well?'

'With your permission we will take Mademoiselle upstairs by the back way, and if I might suggest something——'

'Suggest away, my friend.'

'You will send old Apollinaïse for Madame Vallette or one of the young ladies. It is not to our madame that you must look for nursing.'

'They shall be fetched.'

'Monsieur!'

'Go on.'

'She is not—very ill, is she?'

'How can I say? See for yourself—take care of that corner—if she has been lying under a tree through such a night as this last, is that likely to be a trifling matter? And what took her there, Heaven knows!' added Dr. Vallette, under his breath. 'Here, Apollinaïse, Mademoiselle Marcelle is ill! We must get her into her room at once. Go up before us, if you please.'

The old woman, grumbling and muttering, obeyed; but for the younger man's strong arms there would have been some difficulty in carrying Marcelle up the narrow winding stairs; as it was, they carried her tenderly and pityingly. At the door of her room Apollinaïse was fumbling with the handle.

'Her door is locked,' she said.

'Unlock it then,' said the doctor.

'Monsieur, I have done so; but it is also fastened within.'

The two men looked at each other.

'Heavens, more mysteries!' exclaimed Dr. Vallette impatiently.

He was considering his daughter; Marius was only thinking of Marcelle.

'There is no room here fit for mademoiselle,' he said. 'Allow me to carry her to one of yours, monsieur, while you go before and prepare Madame Vallette.'

The doctor nodded and hurried away. The young man, looking down upon Marcelle's white face, felt his heart thrilled with indignant pity, and was following, when Apollinaïse laid her thin finger on his arm, and walked by his side.

'Té! How did she get out, then?' she asked.

'Who locked her door?' he returned angrily. 'Some one will have to answer for all this.'

'Bah! You are a fool, Marius, if you are setting yourself against madame. Beware! She has a long arm.'

'Long arm or short,' cried the young man angrily, 'I care nothing. But Mademoiselle Marcelle shall not be treated like this, I swear! Go back and tell her so, if you will!'

'Tell her yourself, if she does not hear you,' said the old woman sharply. And she turned away muttering, 'She has a long arm.'

Hurrying towards him along a narrow passage, Marius met Madame Vallette and her daughter Adélaïde. The former wrung her hands when she saw his burden.

'Gracious Heavens,' she exclaimed, 'what has happened! Will no one explain?'

'Hush!' said Adélaïde, putting herself before her. She was very pale, but she had her senses about her. 'Bring her here—into my room,' she added.

'Where is that old woman? We must have hot blankets, dry clothes,' said Dr. Vallette, reappearing.

'I will get them,' said Adélaïde.

Marius went into the passage and waited. Something else might be wanted, and he might fetch it, and meanwhile the pity and indignation in his heart surged dangerously. He had read Marcelle's secret, he hated Lambert, though he might have hated him yet more if he had married Marcelle; and without having seen the bit of writing, which indeed Dr. Vallette had slipped into his own pocket, he connected him somehow with the mystery of that night. Madame Merillon was to blame, no doubt, but she was a woman, and the young fellow wanted some one stronger on whom to vent his anger. His honest eyes were bright with tears for Marcelle. Was she dead? Had all her hard struggle ended in the cruel storm? Was there nothing for her in this world which was making such a brave show outside, but disappointment, harshness, death?

He heard a soft hurrying footstep, it was Sybille.

'Tell me, tell me!' she cried in a troubled whisper. 'They will not answer my questions, they say that it is nothing, that I shall hear by-and-by. What is it?'

'They are right—it is nothing,' said Marius bitterly. 'With poor Mademoiselle Marcelle it has always been nothing. What are her sufferings to any of you?'

Sybille drew back a step, but she looked at him steadily.

'You are unjust, but you mean something. What do you mean?'

'How should I tell you, mademoiselle? You can ask others.'

She still looked at him, pale but resolute.

'Where is M. Solignac?'

Marius gave her an uneasy glance.

'He did not return last night.'

'You are mistaken. I heard his horse.'

'It is not in the stable then,' said the young man doggedly. 'Besides, mademoiselle, he would have called to me.'

Sybille did not insist. She was leaning against the wall with her cheek resting on her hand, so that Marius could not see much of her face, what was visible was as white as the wall. She put another question.

'What accident has happened to Mademoiselle Marcelle?'

He lifted his shoulders and opened his hands.

'You do not know? Where, then, did my father find her?'

'Mademoiselle, in the Madonna's Grove.'

'And why did he not take her to her own room?'

Marius grew more uneasy. 'Yours are better and more airy,' he said.

'But that was not the reason,' said Sybille, looking at him. 'What was it?'

'We could not open the door, for one thing, then,' he said reluctantly.

'Ah,' she said, considering. 'Yet she must have gone out?'

'So it appears.'

'How?'

He did not answer. When she repeated her question, he replied sullenly again that he did not know. Sybille was silent for a few moments, then she said—

'I will tell you. By the window.'

'That, mademoiselle, is impossible!' said Marius hastily.

'Nevertheless, it is true. Come with me and we can see.'

She went along the passage with quick soft steps, Marius, drawn by some irresistible feeling, followed. Passing Marcelle's door presently she tried the lock, in vain, then she started, for some one came behind her. But it was only old Apollinaïse grumbling with a blanket over her arm.

'Fine times,' she muttered, 'when everybody must be master. When madame comes out she will soon put an end to it. Hot blankets, indeed!'

'And where is madame?' asked Marius bluntly.

She looked over her shoulder at Sybille who was studying the door, and answered him in a whisper—

'It is strange. She will not unbolt her door.'

'Tell her that mademoiselle is ill.'

The old woman glanced at him contemptuously.

'Mademoiselle! Tell her rather that the wood has been sold for a franc less the cart load! Mademoiselle!'

Sybille left the passage and went down the old stairs, he followed. She went straight to the ground beneath Marcelle's window, and after a moment's scrutiny pointed silently to Marius. The creeper was broken and torn as if by a weight, half-way up still fluttered the morsel of Marcelle's dress.

'You see,' she said slowly.

'Yes, mademoiselle, I see.'

Sybille's voice was quiet, Marius's troubled, indignant. He was ready to fight to the death for Marcelle, who was being judged, but he did not know what to say or how to defend her, since he could explain nothing of the mystery even to himself, and could only feel a profound pity. For a minute these two stood silent, the next Sybille's face dropped on her hands, 'Oh, my poor Marcelle!' she said under her breath, but Marius caught the words.

'Mademoiselle!' he cried eagerly, 'you love her?'

She did not speak, she moved her head.

'And you do not doubt her? In spite of all that seems so strange, you do not doubt her?'

Again it was only a mute sign, but he understood.

'Ah!' he exclaimed in triumph, 'you are good, you are true, and you are wise! See here, mademoiselle, I know no more than you do, but I would wager my life that Mademoiselle Marcelle did not risk her own for anything she would be ashamed to look you in the face and own. I, who have known her all these years, would stake my life upon it. She loves you and you may trust her, however unhappy she may be.'

Sybille lifted her face. It looked as if she had passed through an illness.

'Ah,' she whispered, 'but she is unhappy, and—I never knew it!'

There was a misery in the words which went to the young fellow's heart.

'Mademoiselle,' he said simply, 'a good many of us are unhappy. They say that by-and-by things will be made straight.'

'The rough places smooth,' said Sybille, as if to herself. Then she put out her hand to the young man. 'Yes, I think so too, but, perhaps, not here. Now let us go and see what we can do for her.'

They were met at the top of the stairs by Dr. Vallette, looking perplexed and worried; he opened his eyes for a moment at sight of Sybille, but had too much on his mind to question her as to where she had been. He had been hammering at Madame Merillon's door without being able to make any one hear.

'All these mysterious locked doors on such a day as this!' he said impatiently. 'Marius, I shall take the responsibility and force Madame Merillon's lock. Apollinaïse will have it that she does not choose to answer, but that is ridiculous: at any rate, she must accept the consequences. Have you tools? Can you do it?'

'I will fetch something if you insist, M. le docteur,' said the young man slowly. Even he, now that the moment had come, felt something not unlike fear. Madame Merillon's personality was strong. But he turned away, and then returned. 'Only a word. How is mademoiselle?'

'Ill enough for her grandmother to be told,' said the physician gravely. 'Make haste, my friend!'

Marius had no more thought for any one but Marcelle. He hurried to his cottage, caught up his tools and came back. Sybille had vanished, her father was standing at the door in deep thought, old Apollinaïse hovered near, terror painted on her countenance.

'She will never forgive you!' she cried out to Marius, lifting her hands, 'Never!'

'Open!' said the physician sternly.

At the first sound of the crashing wood, Apollinaïse thrust her hands to her ears and retreated. It was not a difficult task, for though the lock was strong the framework was crazy. In a few minutes the two men stood inside.

'There is no one!' said Marius, looking round.

The other's eye was keener. He pointed silently to a dark corner of the darkened room, where, between the bed and the wall, he saw the corner of a dress. The two men looked at each other and approached. A portion of one of the planks of the flooring had been lifted up and displayed a gaping hole—empty. By the side of this hole lay Madame Merillon, stretched along the ground, and—as their eyes told them at once—dead. Clutched in her hand was a leathern bag, probably taken from the hole, and a few golden coins had fallen out of the loosened neck of this bag, and lay upon the floor around her unheeded.

XIV.

MADEMOISELLE JEANNE TO THE RESCUE.

A HOT day at Grasse is one of those unmistakable facts about which there can be no doubt. The town, lying on the front of the violet-tinted mountains which shelter it from the north, is so placed as to catch each ray of the sun, and the summer strength of that sun can only be conceived by those who have felt its fervour. Under it the earth cracks, the colours on which it falls dazzle the eye, the shadows are black with an audacity of contrast. On this particular day, however, in spite of the glowing heat, and in consequence of the storm of

the night before, there was a delicious feeling of freshness in the air. The dust which had whitened everything near the uphill road from the station, lying thick on aloes and eucalyptus and pepper-trees, was washed away, vines tossed themselves from iron balconies, scarlet flowers burnt in the dark depths of open windows, the narrow streets with their tall houses, their archways, their crooked stone steps, their uneven pavements, now looked as picturesque as sun and shadow, with bright bits of colour flung here and there, could make them. There were not so many people about as there would be later, it is true; towards evening the whole town would be in the streets or congregated in the little *place* under the trees, while at this hour the washerwomen had gone home from the fountain, and no one cared to loiter outside M. Cours' shop, or to watch the omnibus crawling up the road to the inn; the church was locked, and the sacristan was dozing in a shady corner of his little court—still, the sun and the shadows and the gladness of colours which spread everywhere, kept all gloom away, and if a little sleepiness prevailed, it was no more than suggested a pleasant promise of renewed vigour.

Mademoiselle Jeanne had so far fallen under its influence that she had taken a piece of fine darning into the garden, and had twice been astonished to find that her spectacles, instead of being where she had placed them, on her nose, had by some mysterious and unknown process, tumbled from that position into her lap. Feeling herself a little injured by such conduct, she, after replacing them for the third time, laid down her work, and, gazing at the white house with the green *persiennes* and the roses clambering gaily over it, composed herself for meditation, while Chou-Chou snored loudly by her side. She succeeded so well in this attempt, as to become absolutely blind and deaf to what was passing round her, and Madeloun, the *bonne*, standing before her, had twice called her by name, before she lifted her head with a startled—

'But what, then?'

'What? Eh, mademoiselle may well ask what, since it is certain wonderful things will never cease to happen! Here is some one from Castelbianco to ask for M. Lambert, and old Madame Merillon, the miser, is dead, and mademoiselle, her granddaughter, is dying.'

It was noticeable that on this day, for the first time, and henceforth, the people called Madame Merillon—the miser.

'But what, then!' repeated Mademoiselle Jeanne, rising to her full height and lifting her hands. 'It is impossible!'

'That is what I said mademoiselle would be sure to say; but it is true, nevertheless,' returned Madeloun, nodding her head with the satisfaction of a bringer of astonishing news. 'Marius Lemaître is at the door himself, ready to tear the place down for M. Lambert.'

'M. Lambert! But he is at Castelbianco,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne emphatically.

'So I said; but it seems we were all mistaken, and that he has

never returned there since he left yesterday afternoon. Holy Virgin, mademoiselle, do you suppose the storm swept him away? With these very eyes I saw him set off along the road.'

Mademoiselle Jeanne sat down suddenly in the seat from which she had risen.

'You are an imbecile, you Madeloun,' she said testily. 'Send the man here.'

But there was little to be found from questioning Marius. He disliked the whole clan of Solignacs, and now that madame was dead, a sort of chivalrous feeling made him class himself on her side. The dead have a strange sovereignty. Then as to M. Lambert, he was in a blind rage with him, and he answered Mademoiselle Jeanne's questions curtly.

'Yes, Mademoiselle Marcelle was ill, very ill; he did not know what was the matter, how should he? Perhaps a chill, perhaps a fever. And madame had been found dead in her room; he did not know what had been the matter with her, either, how should he? Dr. Vallette required M. Solignac, that was why he came; if mademoiselle would tell him where he was likely to be, he would go and search, for he wanted to be back.'

Mademoiselle had not an idea. Mademoiselle's own belief was that M. Lambert had returned to Castelbianco in the thick of the storm the night before. It was possible that some accident might have occurred; but then the chances were a hundred to one that any accident would have been brought to light before this. She was disposed to return to the dreadful events at Castelbianco. Marius wanted to get over the object of his errand; but Mademoiselle Jeanne contrived to ask so many questions that she managed to obtain a fair idea of the state of things. Then she dismissed Marius, who had some necessary notices to give, and her next step was to send to the hotel for a carriage. She had determined to go herself to Castelbianco. The account had raised not only something of remorse and pity, but her passion for doctoring; and, convinced that there would be nothing in the house fit for a sick person, she set Madeloun to work to pack in all sorts of delicacies with which Marcelle might be tempted, taking a boy with her to carry them up the long ascent to the house.

There was something heroic in Mademoiselle Jeanne's climb of this ascent in the heat of the day. The sun struck so fiercely on the arid soil that, although it was seamed and channelled by the rain of the night before, all moisture had been completely sucked out of it, and it looked as dry as a desert. Neither tree nor a bush gave shelter until the olives at the top were reached, and by that time Mademoiselle Jeanne was hotter than she had ever been in her life. The shade was sufficiently inviting, but she trudged resolutely on, only pushing back her bonnet and exposing her round grey head with curious effect, so that when Doctor Vallette, passing quickly by the entrance door, saw

this strange gaunt figure standing in the full light, he stood still in amazement. Before he had recovered himself she advanced.

'Good day, Doctor Vallette, for Doctor Vallette you must be. I am Mademoiselle Jeanne Solignac, the aunt of Lambert Solignac, who is proposing to marry your daughter. He is not at Grasse, and I can tell you nothing about him; young men do not consult their elders in these days, which are certainly not days of wisdom. No doubt he will turn up. Meanwhile you wish to know why I am here? It is to take charge of Marcelle Boissy. That unfortunate woman who is dead always called herself our cousin; it was a far away cousinship, Heaven knows; but at any rate I am more of her cousin than you are. So I am come to nurse her, and that lazy boy who has taken advantage of the heat to linger behind, will be here some time or other, I suppose, with the things I had put up for her.'

'You are very good, mademoiselle——' began Dr. Vallette doubtfully.

She interrupted him.

'Ah, you think perhaps that I know nothing about the business. There you are mistaken, my good sir; and, as a physician, you should be able to look a little beyond externals. I thought so,' she added, marching up to a small mirror and regarding herself. Then she deliberately untied her bonnet, pulled it on, and turned sharply to him. 'There,' she said, 'is that better, M. le docteur?'

Dr. Vallette smiled.

'You wrong me,' he returned. 'I was hesitating for the reason which makes me hesitate still. Does Mademoiselle Marcelle know you sufficiently well to see you without agitation?'

'Question for question. Is she conscious?'

'Not at present.'

'That was what I understood. Let me go to her, and when she becomes conscious, we shall see. You know very well that you want somebody. Who was going to sit up with her to-night?'

'I.'

'Then you may go to bed, for I undertake the office,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne triumphantly.

The doctor smiled. He had to own that she was right, and there was something in this strange woman which inspired confidence. He hoped this might not turn out another complication, for complications seemed to be springing up quickly and perplexingly; but he could only do what seemed best for the moment. He was turning to go upstairs when she checked him.

'A nurse should know something of the malady. Is it fever?'

'She is in a high fever at present.'

'How did it begin?'

Dr. Vallette was silent. Then he said—

'You must nurse without understanding, mademoiselle. Mademoiselle Marcelle was somehow exposed to last night's rain; she was

unconscious when I found her, and she has not recovered her senses since. Her grandmother, who might have explained matters, has died, apparently from apoplexy; but we shall have an enquiry. M. Solignac is absent; and there you have all I know.'

His tone expressed more anxiety than his words. Mademoiselle Jeanne made no comment beyond asking who was with Marcelle.

'My daughter Adélaïde. She is a good nurse. Here is the room. Enter.'

The bright outer light was shaded, for the *persiennes* were closed. Marcelle was lying on the bed, her large eyes wide open; she was talking rapidly, excitedly, without cessation. The first word they distinguished was 'Lambert.'

'There is no change?' said the physician, with a glance at his daughter.

'None. Everything the same.'

Adélaïde was pale; she looked frightened. Mademoiselle Jeanne installed herself at the bedside.

'Now you may go,' she said. 'I see the position at a glance.'

Dr. Vallette felt as if he had no choice. After all, Mademoiselle Solignac had the best right to be there; his wife was nervous, Sybille must at all costs be kept out of hearing of this delirium, and Adélaïde was young and inexperienced. There was much, very much on his own hands. He sent his daughter out of the room, and briefly explained what remedies he was using. Marius was to bring others. Then he said gravely, and in a low voice—

'I need scarcely remark, mademoiselle, that M. Solignac's absence is in the highest degree inconvenient. Can you give me no possible clue to his whereabouts?'

'Not I. He was coming to Castelbianco when he left us last evening; but young men are giddy-pated, and I suppose he changed his mind. Some one will hear soon, and meanwhile you must act for yourself. It was apoplexy, was it?'

He nodded.

Mademoiselle Jeanne's sharp eyes had been scrutinising the room.

'Is this really the girl's?' she asked. 'It seems to me better furnished than her grandmother would have suffered her to have.'

'No; it is my daughter's. I suppose you had better know that her own room was locked—inside and out.'

Mademoiselle Jeanne gave a significant 'Hum!'

'It is all perplexing,' said Dr. Vallette, turning away.

'Well, go and unriddle your perplexities,' said the other cheerfully. 'Meanwhile, I am responsible here. And you had better see what that little rascal of a boy has brought, before old Apollinaïse gets hold of it. There are orange-flowers, I know, for *tisane*.'

Left to herself, Mademoiselle Jeanne took off her bonnet and tied on a large black silk apron, which she extracted from a capacious pocket. Marcelle, turning her head rapidly from side to side,

appeared to watch these movements, of which, however, no word gave a sign that she was conscious. Mademoiselle Jeanne, on her side, regarded her patient with interest; she was really glad to give her kindly feelings so much scope that she could pity the girl, and moreover, she always liked those who were dependent upon her. Now that the grandmother was gone, there was no one whom she thought it necessary to abuse—nay, she was half-disposed to blame Lambert as she listened to the disjointed ramblings.

'I must see him and tell him—no one shall stop me—not you, grandmother! Hark, here he comes! But there is always something between us—the wind blows so hard, and the rain—Oh, he will not come! oh, what shall I do? The Madonna looks so stern, she will not help us. There is Sybille's voice; don't let her come—don't—don't! All that money in the bank—all that, just out of reach—make haste, make haste, Lambert——'

'Now what has the child got on her brain?' reflected Mademoiselle Jeanne, half aloud. 'I dare say, before the night is over, I shall have made something of it; but one thing is certain, there is a little too much about Lambert in her talk for any one but Lambert's aunt to hear. So she has lost her heart to him, poor child! That much it is easy to make out. I dare say he was to blame—men generally are. Not but what it is the women who first make them fools, and then suffer for it. And of course, living here in this out-of-the-way place and seeing no one, the first man that comes in her way she spies the wings cropping out from his shoulder-blades in no time. Oh, that foolish old woman! So this is what she got with all her scheming; and what she leaves behind her is the gold she never enjoyed, and a child with a broken heart.'

'Lambert, Lambert!'

'Hush, you poor child; Lambert will come soon enough—only too soon, I dare say, without your calling for him in that piteous way.'

She took Marcelle's hot hand in hers, and noticed that it was scratched and hurt; so was the other.

'Oh,' she said, a light breaking in upon her, 'so the door was locked, and she escaped through the window. I wonder if it was high. I wonder why she did it. I should really like a few minutes' conversation with somebody who might know the facts of the case, and what all this bother is about, for it seems serious. Is Mademoiselle Sybille, my niece that is to be, mixed up with it, I wonder? Hush, my child, Lambert is quite safe and well—Heaven forgive me for making unwarranted assertions! Yes, yes, I know all about it—Heaven forgive me again! The bank once more—what on earth can she have to do with a bank? However—yes, it is all right as to the bank—oh, there was plenty of time; no one was too late—it is very certain that Père Gaspard will give me absolution for all these falsehoods if I ask him; but I shan't trouble myself about them, since they are decidedly part of my duty as a nurse. Your grandmother

so angry? Well, I dare say she was; but she will not be angry with you any more, and that, at least, I can say with a clear conscience. Is she there—looking at us? Heavens, child, no! What a start you gave me! Standing over there? No, to be sure not! What, you'll not be convinced? Come, then, we'll try other means'—and Mademoiselle Jeanne, rising up, administered a vigorous pull to the white window-curtains. 'There, that's better,' she continued, coming back, and noticing a fleeting look of relief in the dark eyes. 'I only wish I could dispose of this mysterious bank in the same fashion.'

Marcelle had a good nurse. For spite of her oddities and angularities, Mademoiselle Jeanne possessed a real talent for soothing sick fancies. It was impossible for Dr. Vallette, notwithstanding his many anxieties, to help smiling at the extraordinary manner in which she made herself up for her night watch; but for all his amusement, he recognised the value of his helper, and knew that Marcelle was safe in her charge. Safe, that is, so far as human care was concerned; but her illness was of a very acute and dangerous nature, its peril probably arising no less from the great mental strain and anxiety she had gone through, than from the night's exposure. Dr. Vallette came in and out during the night, always to find Mademoiselle Jeanne watchful, capable, and in her element, always, alas, too, allowing a deeper gravity to gather in his eyes, as he looked at her patient, flushed, breathing laboriously, and never ceasing her rapid delirious talk. He said once in a low voice—

'I am afraid it will go ill with her.'

Mademoiselle Jeanne answered, 'I fear so. Evidently something has troubled her exceedingly.'

She looked at Dr. Vallette as she spoke, and he said quickly, 'Evidently. But what that something is, I know no more than you.'

'Apparently it has to do with a bank.'

'So I perceive,' he said. 'What can a girl like that know about a bank? Her grandmother treated her as a child, and M. Solignac——' He paused.

Mademoiselle Jeanne was silent; but there is a sort of silence which may be characterised as dry.

'Well,' he went on with an effort, 'M. Solignac is your nephew, mademoiselle; can you throw any light upon this complication?'

'Ah! Is there a complication?'

'Is there not?' he answered impatiently. 'Bah! we are not children, you and I, we can see that there is some disturbance at work. Is M. Solignac at the bottom of it?'

The other sat upright, and smoothed her apron with her strong thin hand.

'I know absolutely nothing,' she returned. 'He is to marry your daughter, is he not?'

'I should have said so yesterday,' said the physician gravely. His own thoughts said with a sharp throb of anguish, 'My little Sybille,

are we going to break your heart?' He went on aloud, looking at Marcelle, 'But now I say we must know more.'

'You need not fear your knowledge of my nephew,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne proudly.

'I do not,' said the doctor with a sigh; 'it is his own want of knowledge that I fear.'

'Of what?'

'Of his heart, mademoiselle.'

The two were silent. Not a sound broke the extreme, almost depressing quietude of a night in the country; nothing was left of the rush and turmoil of the night before. Dr. Vallette, restless and unhappy, walked to the window, and holding back the blind, looked out. The stars were shining brightly out of blue immeasurable depths, just below the Milky Way the three stars of the Eagle smote the darkness like a sword. There were desolate spaces in the sky, where this darkness seemed to have got the dominion, other parts were lit with soft radiance from unseen sources, and others again thickly sown with minute sparkles of light. Far away on the horizon a brighter gleam revealed a lighthouse—there lay the never sleeping sea. But the earth seemed asleep. There was not so much as a glimmer from one of the hamlets which lay perched on their hills, not a feature in the rich and luxuriant plain stood out from the misty shadows and disclosed itself. The vast suggestiveness of the unseen, the intense stillness which rests everywhere—here is the secret of the solemnity of night, and it is when we let this sink into our soul that we feel its mighty teaching, and know that we, too, belong to the Infinite and the Eternal.

'And she stands on the threshold,' murmured Dr. Vallette, coming back and looking at Marcelle.

XV.

LIFE OR DEATH?

On the threshold. It was true. When morning came, cool, fresh, and invigorating, and a breeze rustled through the olives and shook the ripening berries, and the reapers were busy at the corn, and the tender and beautiful lights sparkled with gladness of birth, Mademoiselle Jeanne stood and looked sadly at the poor face, still so flushed, and listened to the poor changed voice, which rang its piteous changes over and over again, and never showed that rest had come, or fear been lifted off. Dr. Vallette stood and looked also.

'She is no better,' he said in a low voice.

'You mean to say that she is worse?'

'Yes,' he said. 'Worse. Mademoiselle, at nine o'clock my daughter Adélaïde shall relieve you, and you must lie down.'

'No one will relieve me,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne decidedly.

'Gracious goodness, doctor, women of my age are tough enough to spare a few nights' sleep! Why, I sat up three with Chou-Chou. Poor Chou-Chou, how miserable he must be without me! You have not heard from my nephew?'

'Marius will go for the letters by-and-by,' he said gravely.

'And the funeral?'

'Is for this morning. Monsieur your brother will be present, and I telegraphed yesterday for her lawyer from Avignon. I can do no more. It is a miserable business.'

And so that morning a strange little procession—for death and its belongings are always strange to us, however familiar—trooped down the terraces under the olives, and stumbled along the rugged path, and wound picturesquely over the open ground where, in the spring, the red anemones and narcissus were sprinkled—a short strange procession, the priest chanting, the great candles pale in the sunlight, and dropping unnoticed, with no one to gather up the wax, the coffin, carried by Marius and four or five other men, and for the only mourners, Dr. Vallette, M. Pierre Solignac, the lawyer, and old Apollinaïse. Unloved, uncared for, a dreary funeral, in spite of the sunshine and the summer.

When they were gone, Mademoiselle Jeanne heard a knock at the door, and went to open it. There stood a young girl, very pale, with fair hair and innocent blue eyes, yet with a look of resolution which seemed to contradict the childishness of the face. She carried a tray, on which was a tumbler of light claret and water, bread and butter, and an omelette, and said at once—

'I have brought your *déjeuner*. Pray let me come in, and see Marcelle.'

'You——' began Mademoiselle Jeanne.

'Yes; I am Sybille Vallette.'

'I thought so,' said the other hastily. 'No, no, my child, only nurses are admitted here; I cannot permit it.'

She would have shut the door, but that Sybille prevented her.

'Dear Mademoiselle Jeanne,' she said imploringly, 'you must not say no. I will be as still as a mouse, and Marcelle will not mind.'

'As to that, she will not know,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne imprudently.

'See then!' continued the girl in the same tone, 'what harm can it do for me to look at her? It is for me that you fear?' she added boldly, fixing her eyes on the other.

'Well,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne, confused, 'the sick-room is not the place for young creatures like you, and the poor thing does not know what she is saying. No, no, you must go away.'

But Sybille continued as if she had not spoken.

'I can tell you what she is saying, she is calling continually for—M. Solignac.'

'How do you know?' asked Mademoiselle Jeanne amazed.

'By my own heart,' said Sybille under her breath; but the words did not reach her questioner. She looked up and smiled irresistibly. 'Oh, I know now you will let me in?'

'I am an old fool, I believe,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne. She stood aside and let her pass.

Marcelle did not recognise this new-comer. Lambert himself might have stood at the bottom of her bed and gazed at her, without recalling her spirit from that strange border-land to which it had fled. It is often a merciful refuge. But to those who look on, it is always terrible. Sybille was very pale when she came into the room, but when she turned to Mademoiselle Jeanne at last, she was white as death itself, and trembling violently.

'Certainly I was an old fool,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne remorsefully; 'you must stay no longer.'

Sybille paid no heed. She said in a whisper, 'Oh, I did not think she was like this! Poor Marcelle, poor Marcelle! If M. Solignac comes back and sees her so ill it will kill him.'

Before answering, Mademoiselle Jeanne changed the rags that were laid on Marcelle's hot head, dipping them in fresh cool lotions. Then she came back, and put her hand on Sybille's.

'Child,' she said, 'you do not know what you say. Lambert is your promised husband.'

The girl drew back a little, and turned away her head.

'I know now,' she said, steadying her voice bravely. 'I did not know then.'

'What is all this mystery?' said the other impatiently.

'Ah, mademoiselle, do you want me to tell you?' There was a ring of agony in Sybille's voice. 'Do you not see that they love each other?'

'Each other!' The words were full of amazement. She had read Marcelle's secret, had Lambert one like it also? 'Each other? Why, then——?'

She paused. Sybille, looking at her, said sadly—

'Why are things as they are? Oh, I do not know, perhaps because he was good and honourable, and perhaps, oh, I hope it was so!—he did not quite know his own heart. I suppose it is a shame and a disgrace for me to tell you this—it does not matter, I think it is you who must set it right—my father thought he loved me, my dear father, he fancies every one must do that! and when he spoke to me I—I—thought that if it were so, I should be very happy, and so, he went to him and said something, I don't know what, but it was after that that M. Lambert proposed himself for my husband.'

'Well?' Mademoiselle Jeanne's question was brief, but her manner was not unkindly. It meant, 'What is wrong in that?' Just then, her wandering senses having perhaps caught the name, Marcelle's voice repeated—

'Lambert! Lambert! Will he never come!'

'Oh, my God!' murmured Sybille. It was only a murmur, but it was full of anguish. Mademoiselle Jeanne looked at her compassionately.

'You poor children!' she said; 'it is evident that one must suffer. Hush, you must say no more here. I have done wrong in allowing you to speak so much.'

But Sybille persisted.

'No, you were right. I felt I must say those words.'

Perhaps, few words as they were, she felt that only there, in the room with the sick girl, in the room with, it might be, another and more awful Presence, could she say them. Only a few words—yet wrapped in them lay the tragedy of a heart. Her lips turned white, her eyes seemed to change, to darken, to burn, she held by the railing at the bottom of the bed, because she trembled so much that she needed the support. She was a soft tremulous little thing, whom every one petted. This was her first experience of the hardness of life, its rough edges, its hot ploughshares, yet she did not flinch.

'Will you try to put it right?' she whispered.

'I will try,' said the other hesitatingly. In her own heart she thought that Death, who mends or mars after his own absolute fashion, would set it right. She sent Sybille away, and the girl, exhausted with her effort, was not averse from leaving. Mademoiselle Jeanne ate her breakfast after a very uncomfortable manner, with difficulty persuaded Marcelle to take her medicine, and going to the window lifted a corner of the blind and looked out.

Far away among the rich patches of verdure massed in the plain she could see the yellow walls of the hamlet to which they had carried Madame Merillon, the sun glowed, all the distance was steeped in hot haze. As her eye fell nearer on the garden, with its odd spiral yew hedges creeping through it, she saw a man come out of the house, and stand looking up at the windows in apparent perplexity. It was M. Solignac, and when he saw her, it was evidently without recognizing her, for he nodded with satisfaction and came into the house and straight to the door of the room. She opened the door and laid her finger on her lips, and his face, on discovering that it was his aunt, was sufficiently perplexed to cause her a grim amusement. But she stopped his exclamation.

'Hush!' she said. 'I can't come out to you. A great deal has happened, and Marcelle, who is ill in this room, must not hear your voice.'

'Marcelle—ill!' he exclaimed. He made a hasty step to the door, but she motioned him back.

'Would you kill her?' she said peremptorily. 'I tell you she must not even hear your voice.'

'But ill! where are the rest? Who can tell me? Where is Madame Merillon?'

Mademoiselle Jeanne stared at him; how could she answer

'Madame Merillon is being buried'? She said helplessly, 'It is as I told you, a great deal has happened. You will not find Madame Merillon.'

'Is she ill also?' said the young man with a short laugh. He could not understand what it all meant.

'She is dead,' said his aunt solemnly. Lambert stept back.

'Dead, and Marcelle ill! Aunt Jeanne, what does it mean? I shall see Marcelle.'

She pushed him back.

'Are you mad? Would you kill her?'

'But she is calling me?'

And indeed at that moment they heard the poor hoarse voice, 'Lambert! Lambert!'

He put Mademoiselle Jeanne on one side. 'Marcelle, I am here!'

'Oh, Heaven forgive me!' cried Mademoiselle Jeanne, throwing up her hands; 'if she knows him it will kill her.'

For the first moment she did not know whether indeed some gleam of recognition had not flashed upon the wandering mind. Lambert was kneeling by the side of the bed, one hot hand clasped in both his own, and she had her large eyes turned upon him. There was no comprehension in their glance, but there was less terror, and the sharp and piteous entreaty seemed to have died out of her voice. It rang in his own as he turned to Mademoiselle Jeanne.

'How long has she been like this? Since that night?'

She nodded.

'And it was for me! Oh, Marcelle, Marcelle!'

'You are not to agitate her,' said his aunt severely.

'What are you giving her?' he demanded, jumping up. 'Do you know she is in a high fever?'

'Certainly. There are Dr. Vallette's remedies. And the orange flower *tisane*.'

He took them quickly up, laid them down, and stood considering, still with her hand in his. Then he said, 'We are used to fevers in Africa, it is possible that I know more about them than Dr. Vallette. There is a drug——'

He paused.

'Well—have you got it?'

'Yes, in my room.'

'Give it to Dr. Vallette.'

'No. If I give it I shall take the responsibility.'

'Do you mean there is danger?'

'A certain amount.'

'I shall not allow it,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne sternly. 'Whatever is done must be done by proper channels.' But it was evident that her nephew was not regarding her words; Marcelle began again to murmur uneasily, and to turn her head from side to side. He

watched thoughtfully, and then turned round with the air of a man who had made up his mind.

'I shall give it,' he said.

'Lambert!'

'I shall give it. Do you not see that she is very ill?'

'Yes, but——'

'I tell you that it is the one chance.'

Mademoiselle Jeanne was silent. It was true that her hopes had been hourly diminishing; but she could not believe that a young man like her nephew was capable of judging independently in such a serious matter. She guaged experience by age, and never realised that he had seen ten times as much of the world as she herself. What she did begin to realise—helplessly—was that he was a man, with a stronger will than her own, which would not be gainsaid. But she was woman enough not to allow this knowledge to stand in the way of her expostulations, and when he came back from his search and began to mix with water a few grains of a brown powdery substance, she heaped them upon him. It was presumptuous, inexcusable. Was it likely that his horrid heathen remedies were so good as those which Dr. Vallette, with all his experience, had prescribed? Was it likely that what agreed with savages would agree with Marcelle. For her part she wished that having stayed away and made them all uncomfortable, he had remained altogether. And as to what Dr. Vallette would say on his return she would not attempt to conceive it. It is possible that M. Solignac did not hear these reproaches. His face showed that he was conscious of the gravity of his act. He was fully aware that danger as well as healing lurked in the drug, that the natives treated it as a last resource, that if it did not cure, it might hasten death. And it was his hand which must incur this awful responsibility. For a minute it seemed impossible. The sound of her voice feebly imploring 'Lambert, Lambert,' had told him something which he had never guessed—how or why he did not know; but he began to understand, too, that for his sake she had brought this death upon herself. All sorts of things floated before his eyes, visions of swamps, beautiful, yet foul with miasma. Great sickly flowers rose up, and strange creatures floated between the reeds, and the heavy hot wind blew fever into his veins, and dead men lay staring at him with wide-open eyes like Marcelle's. Why did these haunt him at such a time as this, except that the brown dangerous powder had conjured them up? Could he risk it? He set his teeth, and white as death, bent over and put it to her lips.

When she had swallowed it, and he turned round, Mademoiselle Jeanne's reproaches died on her tongue. She was frightened; she, too, grew pale, looking at his face.

'What am I to do?' she murmured submissively.

'Can you keep the room absolutely quiet?'

'Yes.'

'Do that then. Everything depends upon her sleeping through the next few hours. But there must not be a sound.'

'There shall not.'

'If she does not sleep, if she grows more restless, call me. I shall be outside the door.' But he said the words with difficulty, for they meant, 'Call me, that I may see her die.'

Silence, the silence, perhaps, of the grave, held the house as he sat down for that watch which included so much. Whether there was any sound within the room he could not tell, outside it was altogether still, except for the buzz of flies, the chirp of the grasshoppers, and the distant challenge of two cocks. Once Adélaïde passed along the end of the passage, and seeing him there with his haggard face resting on his hands and his elbows on his knees, flew to tell Sybille. Sybille flushed and paled.

'What does it all mean?' cried Adélaïde impetuously. 'I detect mysteries, and the house is full of them. M. Solignac is back, and instead of coming to us, he has apparently not done us the honour of remembering our existence.'

'As for me, I understand nothing, because no one will ever take the trouble to explain things to me,' said Madame Vallette querulously. 'I am sure I have always said for a long time that something dreadful would happen in this solitary house, and I am always right. Now I suppose there is going to be something more. I do wish your father would go back to Cannes. Everything cannot be sacrificed to Sybille; besides, M. Solignac can just as well be there.'

'Yes, yes, let us go!' said Sybille feverishly.

'Do you really mean what you say?' asked Adélaïde in a low voice.

The young girl's lips shaped the word 'Yes!'

'Well, I cannot understand it all, or what has happened; but I am positive that some one must have behaved abominably.'

To this Sybille made no answer; it might have been because, having braced herself and thrown all her defences together for one struggle, she had nothing to spare for lesser magnanimities.

The minutes passed, and as no sound came from the sick-room, the upspringing hope, however faint and feeble as yet, seemed almost more unendurable than the fear which had laid its grip on M. Solignac, and still overshadowed him. The silence deepened. He held his watch in his hand, and the ticks sounded like the beats of a heavy hammer, he could almost feel them striking on his brain. He cursed his own folly in not having left the door ajar, then he could have looked in and satisfied himself that all was really well. But as he could not do this, imagination invented a new torture, and from the closed room he constantly heard the hoarse piteous voice calling 'Lambert! Lambert!' These sounds indeed became so acute that they caused him absolute agony.

They were ringing in his ears when he felt a touch on his shoulder. Dr. Vallette stood there, a grave cloud on his cheerful face. M. Solignac started up with his finger on his lips.

'You are here then at last!' said the physician in a low tone of enquiry.

To M. Solignac his absence had appeared so natural that he was unconscious of any serious construction possibly attaching to it.

'Will you come into this empty room,' he said; 'it is of infinite importance that my cousin should not be disturbed. I could not return yesterday. You look astonished at my dictating to you—her physician, and I must explain how I have intruded on your province.'

In a few words he told what he had done, listening the while with unrelaxed attention. Dr. Vallette heard him coldly. It was irregular, perilous, indeed, by M. Solignac's own showing, and for the physician to be excluded from his patient's room was in the highest degree improper. His impulse was to insist upon admittance, but better sense prevailed. Still he felt more annoyed than he had been before, and his manner stiffened. M. Solignac did not notice it, his perceptions were all otherwise engaged.

'Perhaps,' said Dr. Vallette, 'you will explain what caused Mademoiselle Boissy to pass the night exposed to that terrible storm?'

'Not the night!' exclaimed Lambert, turning to him aghast. 'What do you mean?'

'I mean that I myself found her in the morning under one of the cypresses in the grove, drenched to the skin, and unconscious from exhaustion. She must have gone through a great deal. The door of her room was locked within and without, and on the front of her dress was pinned this paper, which appears to relate to you.'

The young man took it. 'Alas!' he groaned; 'what does it all mean?'

Dr. Vallette looked at him.

'As Sybille's father, I think I should also ask you that question,' he said quietly.

'But I cannot answer you,' said Lambert with angry impatience. 'You may have the bare facts as far as I know them, they do not seem to me to help much. That night I met Marcelle on the terrace. She had come out to tell me that Duboy's Bank at Marseilles, in which, on the next day, my lawyers were to place a large sum for temporary accommodation, was likely to suspend payment. Only Madame Merillon knew of my intentions, and I now remember that I had spoken to her on the subject so late as that very afternoon, she had money of her own there. I certainly understood that Madame Merillon had sent Marcelle. There was no time to be lost, I turned my horse's head, rode straight to Cannes, telegraphed to my lawyer, and followed my telegram in the first train to Marseilles. There was no

use in writing. I am here as soon as my letter would have been. How could I imagine there would be no one to explain to Sybille?'

'Never mind; it will all be right now,' said Dr. Vallette, holding out his hand with an air of cordial relief. 'We have been completely in the dark. But tell me, did it not strike you as strange that Mademoiselle Boisey should expose herself to the storm instead of waiting in the house?'

'Afterwards. Not so much at the time,' answered Lambert frankly. I thought she perhaps heard my horse and ran out. Good Heavens, how could I dream of her spending the night in that rain and wind! What does it mean?'

'What, indeed,' said the physician, opening his hands. 'But it is something to understand your part of the business. You will allow it had a surprising element in it, at first sight. Luckily, my little Sybille has not been made suspicious. I told her you were probably detained by the unavoidable. But now it is necessary that you see Madame Merillon's man of business. I shall have to forgive you for taking my patient out of my hands—charlatan that you are!—and since quiet is an essential in your prescription, I will keep watch here while you go to M. Barras.'

But M. Solignac obstinately refused.

'It is necessary,' urged Dr. Vallette; 'he returns to Cannes.'

'Let him go. I remain here.'

'My friend!—and Sybille?'

'My cousin's life is in danger. Sybille will not blame me,' he said gravely. 'How came my aunt here?'

Dr. Vallette explained, urged him once more, and had to go himself to M. Barras. The hot sun streamed down on the old house, silence profound as night, the midday silence of the south, prevailed, and still, hour after hour, Lambert sat at the door of Marcelle's room, his elbows on his knees, his face on his hands, listening. And always silence.

In that time he learnt many things; his eyes seemed to open, a great sorrow and pity filled his heart, there is no knowing where they would have led him, had he not, by a strong effort, pulled himself together. Sybille was his, and all the laws of manhood and of honour arrayed themselves on her side. Perhaps—one does not know, but, perhaps—in those hours he found out hidden depths in his heart which he had not hitherto suspected, and which Sybille could never fill; but if something remained unsatisfied, what is there of strange in that when we read the history of human hearts? Sybille should be cherished, but the prayer of his soul was this, 'Oh, God, spare her who has given her life for me!' He had done nothing, yet if she died, could he ever feel free from remorse? He groaned in answer to the question, and at that moment he felt a light touch on his shoulder. It was Sybille.

'Papa said I might come,' she said softly. 'Lambert, I wanted to

tell you that I think we were perhaps mistaken—to give you back your promise. You are free—we are both free,' she added, with a quivering attempt at a smile. 'I thought you would understand better if I told you myself. And do not fear. Something tells me that she will recover, that you have saved her.'

She was gone. Her coming, her going, had been so gentle, so fleeting, that they carried with them the impression of a dream.

But was it in answer to her last words that Marcelle's door opened, and mademoiselle's rugged face appeared, radiant with satisfaction?

'It is most extraordinary!' she said. 'She has slept all this time, and she knows me.'

XVI.

TWO INTERVIEWS.

DR. VALLETTE had believed that with Lambert's explanation all was made right. His astonishment may therefore be imagined when he found his womankind unaccountably set upon returning to Cannes at once. His wife's reasons were of a kind which were not unexpected —from her.

'As for staying any longer in this dismal house where everybody is dead or dying, wild horses shall not compel me,' she said. 'My nerves are already shattered past recovery, and I should wish at any rate to pass my remaining days in peace.'

He was used to this kind of argument; it always affected him, but on occasions he had been known to stand up boldly and crush it. This would have been an occasion, but that Adélaïde followed suit.

'My mother is quite right. Don't you see that the position is an extremely painful one for us all?'

'How painful?' asked the doctor meekly. 'I am perfectly satisfied with Lambert's explanation, and I can't see what there is to find fault with.'

'You don't see! Well, men are, beyond a doubt, blind,' said Adélaïde, with a fine smile of scorn.

Dr. Vallette made a hasty movement indicative of impatience. 'It shall rest with Sybille,' he cried. 'She is not so unreasonable as you others.'

'Then I shall go and pack,' said Adélaïde coolly. 'Sybille is in her room.'

Dr. Vallette walked quickly into his youngest daughter's bedroom. She was sitting at the window, her hands lying lightly on her lap, her eyes fixed on the distant sea. It struck him with an acute pang how fragile she looked and how white.

'What is this, my little one?' he asked tenderly. 'Is it true that you, too, wish to leave Castelbianco?'

'I think we should leave it,' she said in a quiet tone. But he noticed that as she spoke she shivered slightly.

'Is that so?' he asked, looking at her; 'or is it only what your mother and sister say? I hoped you had been happy here.'

'Very,' she answered eagerly, 'very, dear father.'

'And yet you wish to go? Does not your heart feel satisfied with Lambert? I find no difficulty in accepting what he tells me.'

'It is true, absolutely true,' she said more eagerly still. 'He could not and would not deceive us. Do not doubt him for a moment.'

'And yet—' he repeated, noticing sadly her changing colour and the restlessness of her little hands—'you are not happy?'

'I shall be soon,' she answered quickly; 'and you and I, papa, will be more than ever to each other. I am going to learn a great deal, so as to be a better companion for you, and when we go out together you must tell me about the flowers and insects and the things you care for. You will find I am not going to be such a little stupid as I have been before.'

He looked at her sadly. 'Ah, my child, this will not be happiness!'

'Perhaps not,' she said bravely, though her lips trembled, '—at first. But you have always taught me that there are better things than happiness in the world.'

'For oneself. When it comes to one's children—! Besides, I think you are all judging Lambert very harshly. What right have you to imagine him to be untrue?

'He is not untrue,' she exclaimed; 'if it is as I think, he has not been untrue, only mistaken, and perhaps—perhaps, I have made the mistake. If I knew, it would be much easier to bear. But at any rate, now he knows that I should never blame him, and I am sure that Adélaïde is right in saying we ought to go back to Cannes.'

'Very well,' said Dr. Vallette. 'To-morrow then.'

'Not to-night?'

'To-night is impossible. You can remain in your rooms if you prefer it. The only difficulty is in leaving that poor girl; but I hope she is on the way to recovery. Certainly there is something curious in that drug, though I do not apprehend it worked the miracle Mademoiselle Jeanne credits it with. Probably she was already better when it was given.'

'Ah,' said the young girl, looking at him strangely; 'but miracles *are* worked.'

M. Solignac and Dr. Vallette dined together, the physician made some excuse for the others keeping to their rooms, they had been upset, he said, by all that had happened in the house. When he spoke of returning to Cannes, M. Solignac made no remonstrance. He was very grave and silent; but once when his companion spoke of their moving on quickly to a cooler place, and asked whether they would see him before doing so, he looked at him in some amazement.

'See me? But certainly.' Then for the first time he smiled. 'Do you really leave my cousin in my hands?'

'No, no! In those of mademoiselle your aunt, who is a splendid nurse. Take my advice and try no more drugs. I don't deny your remedy may have been of use; but it was so horribly irregular, that had she died I don't know what we could have said for you on your trial. A medicament which had not even a name!'

'I will give you a pinch.'

'Forbid it, Heaven! If I kill my patients let it be by orthodox means.' Then he became grave again. 'It is a pity you would not see M. Barras. He, however, left this paper for you.'

M. Solignac broke the seal, and glanced over the writing and pushed it to the physician. 'You probably know the contents,' he said.

'Yes; he informed me,' said the other. 'Mademoiselle Boissy will be a rich woman.'

After this both were silent. Old Apollinaïse came in, looked curiously at them, and went out again, making her way to the cottage of Marius' mother. Marius was out, his mother, whose inquisitiveness was worked to its height, greeted her with shrill warmth. She was prepared even to express a little hypocritical sorrow over Madame Merillon's death, remembering that Apollinaïse would never hear a word against her. But her first expression of sympathy was received by the old woman with contempt.

'Sorry for her! Tell me no such lies, Agnesca! There have been few tears shed over her grave. Always threatening and cursing, and yet not able to keep herself from dying like a rat in her hole!'

'Cursing! Well I'm glad she didn't curse me,' said the woman, looking round at the door with a scared air.

'She will rest in her grave, never fear,' the other woman said; 'she never helped herself into it, or thought that the time would come when she must leave her gold behind.'

'What has come to you then?' said Marius' mother in wonder. 'While she was alive, none of us might say a word, think what we might!'

'While she was alive—no! She had a long arm and could use it. Now that she is dead, what can she do? Ah—h—h, it is good to speak out at last, it is like something lifted off. To think that she could do no better for herself in the end!'

This was the burden of the old woman's contempt; she seemed to feel as if Madame Merillon had ended by a failure; since something stronger than she had come upon her, since she was no more than a remembrance, and there was nothing left to fear from her vindictiveness, even old Apollinaïse could despise her.

As for the other whom she had ruled, her granddaughter Marcelle, she was too weak to understand more than that she was in some

strange manner lying at rest, with Mademoiselle Jeanne expending all her best cares upon her nursing. The next morning, however, Dr. Vallette told her of her grandmother's death, and that they were going away that day. Afterwards she slept, and when she opened her eyes, Sybille was sitting in Mademoiselle Jeanne's chair. The two girls looked at each other.

'Is it good-bye?' asked Marcelle in a low voice.

'Yes, we go in an hour,' answered Sybille. 'Marcelle, you must get well quickly.'

'I do not wish for anything different from this,' said Marcelle. 'If you knew how peaceful I feel, you would understand that such a rest is full of healing. I dread strength coming back, I dread beginning again. You, Sybille, who have so many to love you, cannot understand my loneliness.'

The other girl had turned away her head, she kept it thus as she answered, looking out—it might be—on some gathering clouds.

'You will not be lonely any more—it is over.'

'Yes?' said Marcelle with a smile. 'Many things are over, it is true; such an illness as this changes one's thoughts, a great deal of the past has already grown indistinct, and if my poor grandmother is gone, I, too, must go from Castelbianco. Do not let us talk about myself. Dear Sybille, it will give me a true joy to hear that you are happy.'

'I? Ah, you have just spoken of my lot, and you are right. I have my father and mother, and Adélaïde.'

'And Lambert,' added Marcelle very softly.

How quickly the clouds were darkening the sky! Or was it that Sybille did not see very clearly?

'I think not,' she said in a low voice. 'I think we have found out that there had been a mistake.'

'Sybille!'

Weak as she was, Marcelle had risen on her elbow, her eyes, which now looked unnaturally large, were fastened upon her friend. Sybille did not turn round.

'Yes, I know what you would say; but imagine marrying a man who did—for whom you did not care! Many girls do it, I know. Adélaïde always pretends she would be indifferent; but I would rather remain as I am all my days.'

'Sybille!' repeated Marcelle disregarding, 'either you are not telling me everything, or you are acting hastily, and without understanding him. You are cruel!'

She sank back, exhausted. Sybille jumped up, and standing behind her, shook and smoothed her pillows.

'Hush! do not say any more.'

'I must,' said Marcelle faintly. 'Tell me, did you come into my room when I was ill?'

'Once,' said the other reluctantly, and still keeping behind.

'Mademoiselle Jeanne tells me I talked incessantly.'

'Yes.'

'And probably it was about that night? You know there was something which my grandmother did not wish repeated to my cousin, but which I thought he ought to know—it was only about money. She locked the door, and I climbed down from the window, and then was obliged to remain out all night. If fever came on, naturally—I should talk—a good deal—of that.'

'Naturally.'

'I tell you this,' she went on after a pause, in which her quick breathing and heightened colour would have alarmed an experienced nurse, 'because it may explain things to you, and prevent your acting hastily.'

'How can I act hastily!' cried Sybille, wrung to the heart. 'Marcelle, you know that he loves you!'

There was a silence. Marcelle's eyes were open widely, she stared before her, yet as if she saw nothing. Then she said slowly and heavily, 'You are wrong, wrong, wrong—he does not love me. Just now he feels pity, perhaps remorse, because he thinks it was to save him—but it was no more than—that.'

Her eyes closed, her head turned on the pillow, she seemed to be sinking through the bed; Sybille, greatly terrified, flew to the door and called loudly for Mademoiselle Jeanne, who had been persuaded to lie down in an adjoining room. She came, held up her hands, and set herself energetically to apply restoratives. The girl had an alarming relapse. Dr. Vallette sent off the others and stayed for two or three days longer at Castelbianco. He felt awkward and ill at ease with M. Solignac, who neither avoided him nor seemed inclined to speak. Once as he was strolling about the garden he heard a sound of blows in the Madonna's Grove, and going in, he found M. Solignac with Marius and another workman removing the grim statue of the Madonna.

'I dislike such a representation,' said Lambert, explaining; 'all sorts of dark traditions hang about it, and it helped to frighten my cousin that night. She shall not see it again. Some day we may put something better in its place, for the present—let it go.'

He fell to work again, and the physician, after watching him for a little while, turned away. He would have given much to have had an explanation with M. Solignac, but something told him that silence was his wisest course. There was a good deal which he did not understand, there were thoughts, difficulties, doubts, which it might be well to leave in their vague indistinctness, for a while. A man of the world might have acted differently; but Dr. Vallette was trying hard to be just all round, even to the man who was grieving Sybille. He went back to Cannes that night, leaving M. Solignac at Castelbianco.

Two days after Marcelle was allowed to sit at her window in a

chair. Mademoiselle Jeanne was disappointed that she expressed no pleasure at the permission. She bustled about, arranging the room and drawimg the curtains so as to shut off the alcove where stood the bed.

'Now it all looks very nice,' she said, 'and if only Chou-Chou were here, we should be complete. However, now that you are better, he shall certainly come, for he will help to entertain you and distract your thoughts. You will soon adore him.'

'Dear Mademoiselle Jeanne, I can never thank you for all you have done, never!'

'Hush, you foolish child! When you are an old woman like me, you will find that nothing is more agreeable than to rule in a sick-room. Nobody dares to contradict you, and you always keep the upper hand. That is why women are so fond of nursing, though they get the credit of more amiable motives. So, you see, you need not thank me. By-the-way, my nephew wishes to see you before he goes to Cannes. I think, myself, that men are better out of the way; but after that horrid savage drug of his, which certainly had something odd about it, he gives himself airs.'

Mademoiselle Jeanne busied herself about the room without looking at Marcelle; but the girl said at once without agitation, 'He leaves then to-day?'

'Yes, now that you are better. He is gone to look at the tank under the olives, for they think there is a crack in it. But he will not be long there.'

'No; I hear his step on the terrace,' said Marcelle. Mademoiselle Jeanne glanced at her keenly, but she was apparently quite still. Her eyes looked terribly large for her shrunk face, and no one could have been paler; these signs, however, belonged to her illness, and could be well accounted for.

'I wish I knew what it all meant,' mused her nurse. 'I should have said the poor child let out her secret plainly enough, when she did not know what she was saying, yet she has hardly had discipline or experience enough to hide it now so completely. And as for Lambert, he provokes me, he is so reticent, I know no more what he is thinking about than a stone. At any rate, if money tempts him, here is money enough—but I don't think so badly of him, and the other child is a dear little creature! Fond as I am of Marcelle, I believe I should prefer her as a wife. Good afternoon, Lambert! Now if you have anything to say, you two, say it, for I am going to tie up my head, and take a siesta in the chair in the other window.'

The permission had the effect of making both feel uncomfortable; but Marcelle was the first to recover herself.

'You are going to Cannes?' she said. 'I am glad, for I have kept you here too long. Sybille has a right to scold.'

M. Solignac gazed at her moodily.

'I do not know if I am going. Things are not so simple now as they seemed a little while ago.'

'But they will be simple again,' said Marcelle eagerly. 'Such experiences as we have had; death, and illness, and—separation, bring their complications; it is like a storm, no one knows where they stand, but now—you will be all the more to each other, you and Sybille.'

'Do you believe it?'

He looked at her, Marcelle felt the look in her heart, yet she had the courage to look back at him, straight in his face without flinching.

'I know it,' she said quietly.

'Sometimes people do not know their own minds.'

'Sometimes. But that is not the case with Sybille. She has a wonderful courage——'

He interrupted her.

'Courage! Tenderness and sweetness, if you will, but courage—no!'

'Ah, you do not know her yet if you say that! You think only of physical strength.'

'When I think of courage, I think of you, Marcelle—that terrible night perilling your life for an *ingrat*.'

She drew a long shuddering breath. She was tenfold braver now if he had known it, and it gave a touch of scorn to her answer.

'What do you say of the woman who, at whatever cost to herself, when two paths lie before her, chooses the path of duty, and lets the sharp stones cut her feet, and the cruel thorns pierce her body, yet presses stedfastly on? Is that brave?'

'Yes,' he said in a low voice.

'That then is Sybille. And what would you think of the one who, when he should be at her side to smooth those roughnesses, and to remove the stones which cut her bleeding feet, held back and let her stumble on alone?'

'You talk in parables, my cousin,' said M. Solignac, flushing a little angrily. 'If you mean that I have neglected Sybille, remember the reason.'

'Yes, I remember; it is that which gives me courage to speak,' she said softly; 'but now you will go to her and give me—a new cousin.'

'Sometimes I have doubted whether I could make her happy.'

'Do not doubt any longer—go!'

'And you?' he said, rising, but lingering.

'I? Oh, I shall get well quickly now. I have Mademoiselle Jeanne to take care of me, and Chou-Chou is coming.'

'You will have fresh interests, certainly.'

'Of course. Mademoiselle Jeanne says I may have a dog of my own; but it will take time to reconcile myself to such extravagancies.'

She was so bright, so animated, that he left her half piqued and

half relieved. As for her, for the rest of the day she scarcely spoke. Mademoiselle Jeanne was frightened at her exhaustion; but the next morning she had revived again, and from that time her improvement was steady, if slow.

XVII.

LOVE CAN WAIT.

Sybille never forgot the hot weariness of those days at Cannes. When they went out the streets burnt under their feet, and at night the mosquitoes were intolerable; Adélaïde had no superlatives strong enough for them. In spite of all care and watering, the poor grass in the gardens vanished, scorched to death. The eucalyptus-trees with their drooping leaves and their absence of shadow seemed rather to add to than diminish the effect of heat, there was none of the crisp rustle, the cool green depth of our northern trees. Mesembryanthemums flung themselves over hot walls, great aloes and bananas reared themselves against the sky, prickly pears crawled along arid bits of rock, everything glittered, seethed, palpitated in the sun. By day it was impossible to go on the *plage*, the sea with its intense blue seemed alive with darts of keen light which the eye could not meet, and a little fancy assured you that the waves hissed on the burning sand. But in the early morning when the market people spread themselves in a long picturesque and refreshing line under their shelters, all their treasures piled about their feet, or in the evening, when cool breezes stole across the sea, and the glitter and glare were out of the colours, nothing could exceed the beauty. It was at those times that Sybille, pale and languid, crept out, and too tired to go farther, sat on the shore.

They had come to their last evening. Dr. Vallette had not liked to leave Cannes while Marcelle needed him, and Sybille had begged so imploringly not to be sent away from him, that he had yielded. She was more perfectly at ease with him than with her mother and Adélaïde, who never ceased commenting on M. Solignac's strange conduct. Dr. Vallette understood better, and was silent. How it would all end he did not know, but he spared poor Sybille wonderings and conjectures, and set himself quietly to soothe her sad heart. Even he, however, did not know how sad that was. She had accepted M. Solignac with no more than the feeling of esteem and liking with which she would have tried to meet her father's choice; but the feeling was one which was ready to deepen, and it had grown in the time of their engagement to something very different. Had it not been so, perhaps she would not so quickly have discovered Marcelle's secret. Nevertheless, it never seemed possible to her that she should act differently from what she had done, or claim her rights. As Marcelle had once said, she seemed as instinctively to turn to what

was right as a flower would turn to the sun. She might suffer, but the sweet truth and singlemindedness of her heart would at least spare her the fret of doubt and struggle.

On that last evening she and her father were sitting on the shore, Adélaïde and her mother walking on the *promenade* behind them. The Estérels lay in their soft evening gloom, every peak and curve dark against the clear sky, which changed by the most delicate of gradations from rose colour and golden to green and blue. The sea, reflecting all these glories in a glassy stillness, reflected also the long stone pier with the little tower at the end, the tall houses of the old town, the heights of Mont Chevalier, and every mast and hull of the busy harbour. To the left lay the islands, with the western light still shining on the fortress of Sainte Marguérite, where the poor imprisoned Arabs swarm on the shore like Dante's ghosts, to watch the boats come and go from the mainland; and farther east again, completing the circuit of the bay, the orange gardens of the Hespérides ran out towards a point of low rock. The doctor and his daughter sat silent, thinking their own thoughts, each with a current of sadness running underneath them. He was thinking, 'She is shattered in health and happiness, and I am powerless to help her;' and she, 'To-morrow will carry me farther away from him, and if he had cared for me in the very least he would have come to wish me adieu,' when a voice behind them sent all the blood flying to her heart.

'I have found you at last,' it said. 'The porter declared you were driving on the Californie Hill; but I remembered Sybille's love for sunsets by the sea, and came here in the teeth of his assurances.'

'It is our last evening,' said Dr. Vallette. He did not know whether he were relieved or sorry that M. Solignac had come at last. What was going to happen? Then he took a sudden resolution. 'You have perhaps something to say to Sybille,' he added, 'and I will join Madame Vallette and Adélaïde, who are close by.'

He walked away, his steps sounding on the shingle. Sybille turned with a smile, which had in it something of the light of the sunset, or so M. Solignac thought. She was not agitated, but he saw with compunction that her face was very pale.

'How is she?' she asked.

'Better—really better. Sybille, I ought to have a long explanation to make, yet—I would rather appeal to your trust and goodness. You came to me when I was in great distress; you told me that you released me from our engagement. All this time I have not answered you; you have probably thought that your offer was accepted. Now that I am here, you have at least the right to reproach me with my tardiness, to say that it has changed your own kindly feelings.'

She made a slight gesture which he could not interpret, but her face was turned towards the mountains.

'I recognise that right, believe me; I can plead nothing in justifi-

cation. Other women might spurn the man who came and said no more for himself than this; they would claim a full understanding, and no one could blame them for the demand. But to you, Sybille, I come with only this entreaty, "Forgive what is unexplained, and trust me for the rest." Can you do this?'

His voice was gentler than she had ever heard it, the sunset lights were blurred before her eyes. What could she not do for him? Ah, more than this.

'I have never reproached you; I never shall. You have not hurt me yet. But oh, M. Solignac, to marry me and to have no love to give your wife, to marry me and to look back with longing to the time when you were free——'

He would have interrupted her, but she checked him with her hand.

'Now we can both draw back, for on that day when I spoke to you, I released you; I did indeed. I told my father, and he will never blame you; you are absolutely, entirely free. Hush, please say nothing. I should like you to go away now and think of what I say.'

'Go away!' repeated Lambert, in consternation. 'Why, do you remember that all this time I have been away? Where should I go?'

'I do not mean that,' said Sybille eagerly. 'Go along the shore by yourself for half an hour; then you can come back and—say good-bye.'

He could not help smiling at the childishness of the proposition, yet he loved her the better for it, and, after all, she would have had the right to insist upon a larger trial than this. He walked away, and Dr. Vallette, seeing the separation, rose and came towards the girl. But she stopped him.

'Please leave me. He is coming back presently, I want the time by myself. I want to think. Father, I do hope I shall decide rightly!'

The twilight came on quickly, the sky kept its strange clearness, but colours died out of it, and the old town lost all its details, and became a dusky indistinguishable mass. As long as she could, Sybille watched one dark figure going along the shore towards the Hespérioles; all her heart went after it. She had talked of deciding; but she felt it impossible to do more than wait passively for what God might send her.

It grew stiller and stiller, Madame Vallette and Adélaïde had gone home; her father sat some dozen yards away, but it had grown too dark to see his face; a boat passed in front, as the oars dipped, phosphorescent lights glittered on the water; a few stars shone out here and there; the young moon hung like a slender bow over the sea.

Surely the time had passed. Perhaps he was angry, and had left

her without a word; perhaps, having taken his release, he had thought it best to spare himself and her the pain of a farewell. People sometimes did cruel things out of kindness.

By-and-by she was sure that this was what had happened. Well, she would not blame him, she would never blame him, but she looked towards the Estérels through tears which had gathered in her eyes, and wondered, as she was very young, through how many years she would carry the dull aching of her heart. It was then, as this swept through her mind, that she heard a quick step and a voice—

'Sybille!'

'You have come back!' she faltered.

'Yes, to you.'

It was a great day for Mademoiselle Jeanne when Chou-Chou came to Castelbianco. She fetched him herself, and was full of stories of his extraordinary sagacity on the occasion. She was sure that the change pleased him, and as he at once took the upper hand again, it is not unlikely.

Nevertheless, with no worse tyranny than a dog's, the days went smoothly by, the autumn days, which in the south have no such dismaying sadness as touches ours. Figs and grapes made the land luscious, the olives grew towards ripeness, the shadows in the mountain gorges took a more regal violet; from her couch by the window Marcelle used to watch how they deepened and thrilled as the sun crept away. By-and-by she was carried downstairs, and rested for long hours under the soft shade of the trees, and smelt the keen and delicate fragrance of the wild thyme. Mademoiselle Jeanne would take her knitting and sit by her, Chou-Chou occasionally also condescending to remain, but making a point of expressing in his countenance in what contempt he held Castelbianco. One day Marcelle, looking at him, burst out laughing. Mademoiselle Jeanne gazed at her in amazement, it was the first time she had heard her laugh.

'It is that ridiculous tuft on his nose,' she explained.

Chou-Chou rose and walked solemnly away.

'Now you have offended him,' said Mademoiselle Jeanne, offended herself. 'Return, then, my angel!'

'He only wanted an excuse to go to the kitchen,' said Marcelle. 'Apollinaïse is horribly afraid of him. I think I should like a dog.'

'I tell you again—buy one. Heaven knows you are rich enough!'

'So you say. It is very difficult to understand. And the worst of it is that since I have thought about it, it seems to me that money is a disappointing thing, after all. What can it do?'

'What?' Mademoiselle Jeanne repeated with a gasp.

'Yes, what? What can I give Marius for instance? A horse and a cow, perhaps; do they for an instant balance all that he has done for me? Do you think he will be the happier for them?'

'You can travel?'

'Yes, I can.'

'Ah, you do not care yet, but you will as you get used to it!' Mademoiselle Jeanne proclaimed, nodding her head. 'The clock does not strike until it has the hour to tell—that is certain, and once taste all the delights of your fortune——'

'Do you think it will make me good-tempered?' said Marcelle, looking strangely at her, with a laugh.

'It will make others think you so,' said her companion stoutly.

'Oh, don't, don't!' said the girl quickly. And indeed, Mademoiselle Jeanne had put into words one of the dreads of her life, that she might be surrounded with vanity and flattery for her money's sake. She could only think of one person who would have always told her the truth, and from him she was trying to turn away her thoughts.

Whatever she said or left unsaid, Marcelle's quiet time ended now that she was out of the house again. She grew restless, and made a hundred different plans a day, and tossed them all aside. By slow degress her crowded ideas merged themselves into two or three, she would send Apollinaïse to her home, leave Castelbianco, and go into Italy, finding some lady to act as *dame de compagnie*, for nothing would induce Mademoiselle Jeanne to leave Grasse. She was too sure that Chou-Chou would be miserable in an hotel. After many difficulties the lady was chosen, and it was arranged she should meet Marcelle at Grasse, a few days after she had bidden farewell to Castelbianco.

Her strength had fully returned, and on the day before their departure she walked all over the hill. Mademoiselle Jeanne did not know why she paused on a spot on the terrace where the vines and figs clambered up the hill in a tangled mass, or why she made a little *détour* to avoid the great cypress where on the other side the terrace broadened into a *place*. The brown shepherd with his brown sheep were still there, under the olives; Chou-Chou, who would not have gone near them for the world, giving himself truculent airs in the distance, while Mademoiselle Jeanne implored him to be reasonable.

'No, money can do very little!' repeated Marcelle. 'What can it give Nourat? Perhaps a new hat; but he will not be a bit the better for it.'

She walked on thoughtfully. There were great lamentations in Marius' cottage; his mother, who had always reproached him for his poorly-paid services, was now gloating over the horse and cow. Marius herself said nothing about them, he could do no more than watch her with sad eyes.

'It is of no use, I see it more and more,' said Marcelle, looking at him and shaking her head over this want of power in what she had always been taught to consider the great factor of life. 'Adieu, Marius,' she went on, giving him her hand; 'do not forget how many breakfasts you have given me.'

Afterwards she went into the little chapel. The *vicaire* from Grasse had been out that morning to say mass; now the air was heavy with incense, with the weight, it might be, of unaccustomed prayers. It was an ugly little whitewashed place, full of monuments of the De Solignacs, and adorned with some wonderful plaster-work, which strangers used to be expected to look at. But something in it, perhaps only the thought which affects us all, the thought that she came there for the last time, touched the girl inexpressibly; her tears fell fast, and she buried her face in her hands.

Leaving the chapel after this, she strolled along the front of the house. She had never been into the Madonna's Grove since that terrible night; to-day she either felt strong enough, or compelled herself to face the remembrances which she knew lay in ambush there. But she dreaded the sight of the figure, which always seemed to bear so angry, so threatening an expression. Her first glance as she turned among the cypresses, was there. But it was gone.

Her relief was so great that it hardly left room for wonder. She looked round, it is true, more than once, as if to make sure that her wits were not playiug her a prank, or perhaps to be certain that no miracle had allowed the Madonna to step from one position to another. But except for the tall and sombre cypresses, lifting their impenetrable dark wedges against the blue sky, and the violet pots still stiffly ranged around, the grove was bare of everything but the pedestal which marked where the figure had been. If she had examined more closely, chips and fragments of marble scattered round the spot, would have shown how it had been removed; but she did not trouble herself with surmises, being sufficiently glad to be rid of its menacing presence. She sat there for a long time thinking, and the place seemed to have got some healing power, which had never been there before, for her thoughts came tenderly weighted. Sybille's innocent eyes rose up before her, and looked trustfully into hers with no shadow of reproach; Lambert put his hand into hers and said, 'Be our friend.'

Love is God's gift—no scourge, though men will make it so, and Love can wait, for it is eternal.

(Concluded.)

ASTRAY.

RACHEL'S JOURNAL.

June 10.

It seems to be the way of this journal to let itself slip at times, and have to be made up in a lump afterwards. I find I have not written since Easter week, when Bob behaved so ill. I talked to him very seriously about his having spoken in that way to Mr. Blackstone about Burton, and by assuring him that I should write if he did not, I got him to send a line of explanation to say that he had not understood what Rufus Blackstone referred to, and that it was he, not Burton, who had had the misfortune about the waggonette. I am afraid what clenched my arguments most strongly was my representing that I had already told the true state of the case to Denys Lyndhurst, and that the misunderstanding might look intentional unless he contradicted it. After this the Militia was called out, and he went off to Sandchester, where he stays until the end of this month, when his examination begins. I sincerely hope he will pass.

After he left us things went on quietly enough. Denys's representations or something else brought Lady Brockenhurst round about the Cottage Hospital, and we are to have a public meeting on the 20th. Burton is very anxious to remain in the background as much as possible; but I don't see how this is feasible. The scheme has sprung from his brain; he has thought out all the details, and other people have not; so it is inevitable that people should turn to him, for knowledge is certainly power in a case like this. I am glad, poor fellow, that he has had the interest of it to take off his thoughts from what has been very painful to him—the shock which the knowledge of his past has given to Lylie. Poor little thing! she tried hard to seem as if nothing was the matter, so as not to distress him; but the strain was too great, her appetite failed, she lost her colour and her pretty plumpness, and when at last Bob was safely off to Sandchester, I thought it was better to tell Burton what had made her ill, as he was beginning to be fidgety about her lungs. It went to my heart to tell him, for I knew how he would feel it; but, at the same time, I knew he would rather bear that than that Lylie should be ill for want of his knowing it. Poor fellow! he gave Lylie nerve-tonics, and sent her off to the sea for a fortnight with Marian Forester and her stepmother, who were there for the health of one of the children; but no nerve-tonics will help him. He has got back into the Burton of last summer—all his brightness has gone, and he is so *dreadfully*

quiet and shrinking, and goes nowhere except on this Cottage Hospital business, where, I am bound to say, the interest of the matter draws him out of himself, which is extremely good for him.

Last night, I told him that he really ought to doctor himself. Frida had come to me and asked me if he was ill; he had looked so worn lately. 'Your patients in Gridiron Lane won't believe in you if you are such a bad advertisement of your own skill,' I said.

'I'm going through a rather severe course just now, and can't be expected to be better yet awhile,' he said, his face softening a little at the thought that Frida had asked after him. I really thought for the moment that he meant that something was amiss with him physically, and said, 'People always say medical men should not doctor themselves. Are you sure you are right?'

'Necessity is my doctor, and she is inexorable,' said Burton; 'there's no way of avoiding her treatment. She stands over you, and makes you swallow down the consequences of your actions, not only on yourself but on other people; and she does not silver her pills, but lets you taste every grain. Never mind, Rachel, don't make yourself unhappy, old girl. It's much better so, as far as I am concerned; and you must not be like the soft-hearted nurse, who stands by and says, "Poor dear! how cruel to torment him so!"'

'Well, Burton,' I said, 'I think it is very hard upon you, because it is all Bob this time. You have worked out your punishment, and you have repented, and it seems to me that it would be good for you to have a little happiness; and I thought you were going to get it, towards the end of last year, when we all seemed settling down so comfortably before Bob came home. If it were not for Bob we might have been happy and peaceful.'

'No, Rachel, it is not Bob, it is the natural consequences of what I did; and though I would give anything that poor little Lylie should not be the one to suffer, I can see already that is good for me to be made to feel it. You see, when we first settled here, you were so kind and did so much to take off the feeling of isolation I had, that I think perhaps I hardly realised enough the full blameworthiness of the—the action itself. When mother died, and that awful time came that I shall never forget, it was the whole of my unworthiness, not that one thing, that seemed to rush over me in a flood of despair. Well, you know that is past. I know better than that now, thank God; but the social wrong is, after all, a very serious part of it, and I don't think I fully saw it at first.'

'When did you see it, then?'

'When I began to feel what—what Frida might have been to me if I had not cut myself off from the hopes of other men. Then Bob made one feel it still more, and now the punishment has fallen upon poor innocent little Lylie. However, I think she is certainly much better for the change—she looks much more like herself again; and if she will only keep so, I think I shall have spirit to swallow any amount of

Mother Necessity's other pills. Only you must not take the heart out of me by misplaced pity; don't, that's a good girl.'

June 20.

How strange that the last words I wrote should have been those! I sit down to-night, now that every one is gone to bed, to write down the history of the occurrence of the thing I should naturally have dreaded most in the world, if I had been told it was coming; but, strangely enough, it has come, and I feel as if I did not mind at all; as if all that it had done was to make me see more clearly how noble Burton is, and to bind us together more closely.

The meeting for the Cottage Hospital was summoned in the big room at the Institute; and there we all found ourselves at eight o'clock in a crowded gas-lit room on a hot June evening, looking longingly at the windows, and trying to get as many of them open as might be. Mrs. Lyndhurst had asked us three to dinner to meet Lord and Lady Brockenhurst, as she wanted Burton to explain some details about the hospital. Denys was at home again, which took me by surprise, as I did not know he had yet returned from Oxford; however, he sat by Lylie and made himself agreeable to her rather than to me, which was nice of him. Then we all came in in a long string. Lord Brockenhurst took his place in the chair, and Mr. Forester, Mr. Rutherston, Major Heath, Mr. Marsh, Burton, and one or two more went up on the platform. Lord Brockenhurst made a heavy sensible speech about the needs of Emery; and while he was making it, a tramp was heard at the door, and Rufus Blackstone with another man, a stranger, came in and sat down just behind Lylie and me. I heard them whispering together, and felt annoyed that they should show their contempt for the scheme in such an unmanly way. Then, when Lord Brockenhurst had finished his speech, Mr. Forester got up and spoke, in a hesitating manner as he always does, but as one approving heartily of the scheme. At the end he took up a paper, and peered at it with his short-sighted eyes, hesitated over it for some time, and then said, 'Lord Brockenhurst was anxious that I should bring before the meeting the details of the proposed scheme; but I have not had time to master them as I hoped to do, and therefore I think it would be better if I asked Mr. King to explain them himself to the meeting, as most of them are his work.'

He handed the papers to Burton, sat down, and Burton took them and stood up. At the same moment Rufus Blackstone rose up from behind me, and said, in his loud assured voice, 'My Lord, may I protest, in the name of this meeting, against the association of a charitable object such as this with the names of men whose characters will not bear investigation, as I can prove to be the case with one of its promoters?'

It was like a thunderbolt dropped into the meeting. I heard Major Heath scolding, but could not listen to what he said; I could

only look at Burton, who was still standing, deadly pale, indeed, but quite steady and collected, as if he had called out all his force to meet an expected blow. Some one told me that Major Heath was furious and used very strong language; but the first thing I was conscious of was that Lord Brockenhurst rose, and said with dignity, 'I think, Major Heath, it is a pity to descend to the level of re-crimination. Mr. Blackstone has said too much not to be called upon to explain what he means; but as an old magistrate, I would recommend him to remember the law of libel.'

'My Lord,' said Rufus, 'I don't care twopence-halfpenny for the law of libel, when it is the question of unmasking an adventurer. He may bring an action against me if he likes; but I consider it my duty to speak all the same, and the more publicly the better. I have proof positive here'—he paused for a moment and looked round at his companion—'that the person I mean is an ex-convict, who has undergone several years imprisonment for forgery, committed under most aggravated circumstances. I shall be glad to spare him the recital of the facts, if he will walk off the platform at once, and never show his face again among honest men.'

There was a dead silence; then Burton spoke, low at first, but more clearly as he went on.

'It would be foolish and useless to pretend that I do not understand that Mr. Blackstone refers to myself. Perhaps it would have been kinder to have announced his discovery at another place and time; but he need not fear an action for libel. In some ways it is a relief to me that every one should know the circumstances of my past life; though I do not understand why I should be called an adventurer for not having mentioned them openly.' He paused for a moment, and then said, 'Perhaps I may be allowed to add one thing more. I cannot expect that those here, who have been kind to me during the past nine months, will still allow me to call them friends; but I wish to thank them for their past friendship, and to assure them that—that—' here his voice grew very low, but there was such a hush that it was distinctly audible—'their kindness was not shown to an unrepentant man.'

He stooped down for his hat, and holding it in his hand, made a few steps towards the exit from the platform; then he stopped short. 'I should like to mention,' he said, in a voice tremulous enough, yet under control, 'that I have no official connection with the scheme about which we are meeting to-day; that I have never looked upon myself but as a passing visitor to this place, and that I hope that the justice of this meeting will not allow any discredit attaching to me to be fastened upon a scheme so much needed as this Cottage Hospital. That is all I have to say.' And he went on, and out, followed by Mr. Marsh, and Mr. Rutherston, while Lylie and I, who were sitting near the door, rose also, and when we got to the door, found that Mrs. Lyndhurst, Denys, and Frida were following us. As Burton went

out some one in the gallery tried to hiss, but he was silenced by indignant cries of 'shame,' and some one said audibly, 'Hiss Blackstone if you hiss anybody.'

As we stood in the passage, I was aware that Denys had got hold of my hand, and that Frida had her arm round my waist, while Mrs. Lyndhurst was kissing Lylie, who was crying silently on her neck. But at that moment the door of the committee-room, which led from the platform into the passage, opened, and Mr. Rutherston said, 'Lyndhurst! you know this place. Where can I get him a glass of water?'

I went in, and found Burton sitting down, having turned uncontrollably faint as soon as the strain was over; but the glass of water Denys brought soon revived him, and he stood up to go. Then Mrs. Lyndhurst came up and said, 'I could not let you go without telling you that neither Denys nor I intend to do without your friendship, Mr. King.'

He wrung her hand and said, 'Thank you,' and then Frida came up and silently put her hand in his. 'God bless you,' he said to her, almost inaudibly; and then Mrs. Lyndhurst, Frida, and Denys went back into the meeting. Mr. Rutherston shook hands warmly with us all, and returned to his place on the platform, and we four—Burton, Lylie, Mr. Marsh, and myself—walked home in the cool clear evening, without speaking. When we reached the house, Burton said, 'Marsh, I shall never forget your kindness'—wrung his hand, and went off into his den, when he bolted the door after him. Lylie ran upstairs. She had been crying silently all the way home; but somehow I had never felt less inclined to cry in my life. I could not have believed it if any one had told me that the moment of Burton's public humiliation for the crime he had committed, would also be the moment in which I should feel proudest of my brother; but so it was. It came over me, during that walk home, how little it all mattered; how utterly foolish I had been to look upon myself as a sort of martyr to Burton's disgrace, when really that very disgrace had been the means to him of a moral rise which had placed him, I could not but feel, far above the plane of his judges. Suffering he had endured, indeed, and was enduring still; but what did even that matter in comparison of what he gained? It was one of those moments when one realises the divinity of goodness so intensely, that one feels that nothing much matters either for oneself or those one loves, if one can only attain to it in the slightest degree, and does not even wish to save them from suffering any more than the angels wished to save Gerontius from the fire of purgatory.

Something of this sort I could not help saying, as Mr. Marsh stood at the door, and said how grieved he was that the whole thing should have come upon us like this.

'One hates a scene always, I suppose,' I said; 'but it can't really matter whether it is known or not. I dare say it is really best for us

that it should be known. What never will be known is the depth of Burton's repentance, and how much better he is now than any man I know in the world. And you see *we* know that, if the world does not; and nothing can take away the joy of knowing it, or of having such a brother.'

'Does your sister Lylie see things in the same light?' he said.

'She will, if she does not at once,' I said. 'She has only known the facts about him since Easter, and they were a great shock to her, poor child. And besides, *I* have not come to see things like this for so very long, so that I could not help her, as I see now I might have done. I will not let her be unhappy if I can help it.'

'No, don't—I mean I am sure you won't,' he said, catching himself up. 'And look here. Are there any facts you would like to prime me with; now that Blackstone has got the whole story, he will think it due to himself to make out the case as bad as he can.'

'I will think about it, and let you know,' I said.

Then he went away, and I went up to Lylie, and comforted her as best I could; not forgetting to mention Mr. Marsh's anxiety about her. She cheered up a little when I spoke of him, and said, 'He *is* a good man, Rachel.'

'Yes. Burton won't lose *his* friendship, anyhow,' I said.

'People are very kind,' said Lylie. 'Mrs. Lyndhurst was as kind as she could be. Yes, Rachel, I see you are right in saying that it does not really matter so very much when *we* know what Burton is now.'

By this time I thought it was possible that Burton might be willing to let me in, and when I knocked at his door, he came at once and unfastened the bolt. 'My poor Elly! I ought never to have come here. Forgive me for bringing all this on you,' he said.

Then, as the old women say, I 'up and spoke.' I told him that he was wronging both Lylie and me, if he thought we either of us minded the thing being known. Of course for his sake we would rather it had not come out in that way; but it was an outside thing after all, not an inner one; and we had *him*, we knew what he was, and the possession of that knowledge was simply not to be compared with any pain that might come to us by the way. And then I went on to say that though, of course, the whole thing must bring a great deal of suffering to him, he must put out of his mind the thought of any personal suffering to us apart from him. 'Do you suppose the man who found the pearl of great price, was always thinking what a pity it was that he had sold all he had to buy it?' I said.

'My dear, your quotation has nothing to do with the question,' said Burton, in a much more natural tone.

'Yes it has—everything. You *have* found the pearl, Burton, and it has cost you all that most people think worth having in life; and do you think we are to grudge our share, if we have to pay part of the cost too?'

I shall not write down what happened then. There are some moments too sacred to describe, and this was one of them. But I think no brother and sister ever parted more entirely one with each other than we did.

I asked Burton about Mr. Marsh's suggestion, and he said, 'I think, on the whole, I had better write to him myself. It is only right that my friends should hear from myself what I did.'

'I wish you would let me,' I said. 'It will be so much worse for you.'

'And it will be so pleasant for you, of course. I think I see myself letting you!'

I was relieved when I heard his tone quite natural again, and felt that as far as he was concerned the worst of the shock was over.

BURTON *to* FRANK MARSH.

DEAR MARSH, *June* 11.

After your great kindness yesterday, I think it is due to you to tell you my whole story. I fear that it will not in any way answer the kind expectations which your suggestion to Rachel seemed to imply; but on the whole, I had rather you heard it first hand from myself, than through any one who, like her, takes a far better view of me than I deserve. So if you will not mind a long story, I will tell you all.

My father, as you perhaps know, was a Yorkshire clergyman, living in a remote parish on the edge of the moors; my mother was a Wynne, and had always lived in London until she married. She had cultured tastes, and never quite managed to throw herself heart and soul into parochial work, like the parson's wives about; I think she was rather afraid of the rough moorland people, who thought her 'nesh' and a fine lady. My father was wrapt up in his sermons and his parish, and as time went on, I think my mother's heart became more and more concentrated on her children. She was the tenderest mother possible, and my father was very stern. Women often have to choose between being principally wives, and being principally mothers, and my mother was principally a mother. She stood between us and his anger often, where I now see it would have been better for us to bear the consequences of our own misdoings.

I had always set my heart on the medical profession; I got on well at school, and my mother was very anxious that I should go to Cambridge. But my father did not see the necessity, and sent me first to work under an old country doctor, and then to a London hospital. There was a very expensive set of men at St. Peter's at that time, and I had about as small an allowance as it was possible to live on with the greatest economy. I mention this, not to excuse what followed, but to show you that there were difficulties in my way. If I had felt that for my family's sake it was right for me to economise,

I think I might have done it; but my father had explained to me that the smallness of my allowance was deliberately intended to keep me out of temptation, and I resented both the distrust and the restriction.

Well, I did nothing very bad at first at St. Peter's; I was interested in my work, and ambitious; but I lived in an expensive set, and my allowance did not go nearly so far as it was intended to do. Of course the right and obvious thing would have been to write to my father and say so; but we had been brought up to look upon him with such dread that such a course never entered my head. Just at that time my mother was ill, and I could not write to her as I should otherwise have done; and so I fell into one of those traps for young men that are so fearfully plentiful in these days. I answered a confidential circular which offered to lend money on easy terms with the greatest secrecy, and before long found that my debt increased with alarming rapidity, and that I was in bondage to a firm of Jewish money-lenders, whose clutches were about as hard to escape as Shylock's. Then began a time which I shall always look back upon with shame and disgust, for I tried to forget my anxieties in dissipation, and I can only say, Marsh, that compared to that time the outward fall that followed was only a slight evil—and one that I have long learnt, strange as it may seem, to be thankful for, as having in its consequences brought me up short and saved me. Well, at last one of my friends, a certain young Fox, told me his uncle, who was a hypochondriac invalid, and a queer fish altogether, was enquiring for a qualified medical man as a travelling companion, and suggested that I should apply for the post. I had just got through my examinations, and I caught at the notion of anything that would take me out of the country, away from the dissipation I hated, and also away from the terrors of Levi and Isaacson. I got the post, and went abroad with old Fox. While I was abroad my father died suddenly, and just at the same time Mr. Fox was taken so ill with paralysis, that I could not leave him, even to go home to the funeral. His brother, my friend's father, wrote to me to bring him to England as soon as possible, and I brought him home in an unconscious condition and took him to the hotel at Dover. I wrote from thence to tell his brother, Mr. George Fox, that he had arrived, and as I was waiting there, I found that Levi and Isaacson had somehow got wind of my return to England, and had sent bailiffs to Dover to arrest me for debt. At the same time I heard from my aunt, to say that there were family troubles at home. My mother, who had never recovered her illness three years before, had been prostrated by the shock of my father's sudden death, and was still very unwell indeed, and our money matters were not at all satisfactory. Some had been lent on what seemed at the time to be good security, and there seemed very little chance of getting it back, so that, apparently, my mother's fortune of six thousand pounds was all that we had to depend on for her and my sister's maintenance and Bob's education.

I got desperate when I heard this. I thought of bolting—working my way to Australia, and what not—but I could not make up my mind to go without seeing my mother again. And then the temptation came. I had had to open old Fox's leather bag to pay his expenses after his stroke, and I knew his cheque-book was there, with a cheque in it partly written—that is, the date was written, and the figure 4, but it was not filled up or signed. I knew that £400 would stop the bailiffs from dogging me; it would, in fact, pay all I had ever received from Levi and Isaacson, though my debt to them had mounted by this time to twice as much. I persuaded myself that my friend, young Fox, was certain to be the heir, and that I could make it right with him. My salary, too, was owing to me; it had not been paid, and apparently would not be until after some delay had taken place, for I had already applied for it to George Fox, and he had told me plainly that I must wait for it. I slept in the old man's room, with the leather bag staring me in the face; I can see it now—and the long and the short of it was that I filled up the cheque, imitating poor old Fox's hand to the best of my power, and paid off the bailiffs. About a week after, the old man died, and then I found that neither George Fox nor his son were heirs, but an elder brother who was living at Cheltenham, and Henry Fox's man of business discovered that the cheque was forged. They investigated the matter, and had me arrested for forgery. I was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude—a sentence that I believe many people thought over severe for a first offence; but the judge made a strong point of my position of confidence, and the helplessness of the dying man I had robbed. I dare say he was right.

I was not the least repentant when I first went to Portland. What I had done did not seem to me nearly so blameworthy as what many others do and remain unscathed in the opinion of the world. I felt as if I had been a fly caught in a spider's mesh of fate, and constrained, against my will, to violate the social laws of honesty; but the moral side of what I had done did not trouble me much. I thought of the men I knew who had ruined lives to answer for, and whom the world never called to account, and I felt that in the wrong I had done there was at least no cruelty. About my mother and sisters I tried not to think; I hardened myself against the thought of the pain I had given them by representing to myself that my mother had never written to me through the weeks that I was waiting for my trial, or on the day itself, when I had expected that she would have sent me a word of pity and affection. I said I would not have acted so in her place—you know the sort of thing—trying to harden myself to endure what was before me without caring, and determined to give no one I had to do with any cause for lengthening my imprisonment by reporting me for anything. I don't think I was really as hard as I tried to make out to myself that I was; anyhow, it was not long before the blow came that cut through all my put-on

stoicism. Cradock, the prison chaplain, came in one day, about a fortnight after my imprisonment began, and told me that my mother was dead. I knew I had killed her.

There are parts of one's life that are better not spoken of at length, and you will understand that this is one; but it was the beginning of a new life to me all the same, and that is why I mention it to you. It was an awful time, and I nearly went mad; but Cradock brought me through it, chiefly, I think, by representing to me that, even granting that my conduct had caused her death, she would willingly have died to bring me to a new life, and that I owed it to her, with God's help, to make the life she had died for a noble one, worthy of what she, in the unseen world, would desire to watch. What I owe to him is that he persuaded me that this was *possible;* and, far as I fall short of the ideal I strive for, I *do* believe, Marsh, that it *is* possible to make an existence, even outwardly ruined like mine, into a blessing to one's fellow-creatures, and to leave the world the better, and not the worse for it. In spite of the weight the past hangs round one's neck, I can't help seeing, thank God, that one is not debarred from all helpfulness; though of course one never dares to give full swing to one's instincts of help, as a man with a blameless past could do, but has to 'go softly' in whatever one sets about.

I see now that it was a mistake not openly to avow my past history at once. I concealed it for my sisters' sake—if you call not mentioning it concealing it—but truth is always best, and I need not have feared the effect on girls like them. Talk of heroic souls! But, however heroic, I am afraid that it will be painful to them to see me treated as the Pariah I am, and I am now turning my thoughts to see in what way I can arrange affairs for them so that I can leave Emery and go, as I have always intended, to America.

One thing more. If you will add to your kindness—after you have read this, and understand that there is no mistake, no wrong done to me, no false accusation in the matter—will you take up the hospital plan, and see that it does not drop? No one but a medical man can tell how great the need is; and it is too absurd that the sick people in Emery should suffer because my character is stained.

God bless you for your goodness to us. I cannot tell you how grateful I was, or how you helped me through the scene of last night.

Yours most sincerely,

W. B. KING.

FELICIA'S JOURNAL.

June 20.

What a day this has been! I could not sleep if I were to try, so I will sit down and write it all in my journal instead. It was such a beautiful bright summer's morning, that when Frida took a turn round the garden with me after breakfast, I remember I thought it was no wonder she loved flowers and sunshine so much, for there is

something in her which has an affinity with the quiet joy and beauty of nature. She was especially happy just then, because—— Well, I knew why, but we seldom mentioned that subject. She knew I never discussed Mr. King; but since the little mystery had been cleared up about his brother Robert's foolish escapade, Frida had thought of Burton King more than ever. She cannot hide her thoughts from me, and I do not think she wishes to do so; but I, who know so much more, can only pity her. I have tried so much to save my darling from this. No, I cannot blame myself in any one respect for having ever brought them together, and yet it was to be. Why cannot people save those they love most from trouble? Twice I have tried, and twice failed. How strange that *he* should have ruined the happiness of those two—Owen and Frida. This evening, however, I am released from my promise to Owen. Every one in Emery knows the truth; but I never should have guessed that it would have happened as it did. My father joined us in the garden, and he and Frida began to talk of the meeting, fixed for this evening, about the Cottage Hospital, how Lord Brockenhurst was so much interested, and how all the world was coming, and most likely Mr. King would have to speak. I went on cutting off the dead flowers, and did not join in, though I heard every word. Everything was Mr. King. How unjust it was that this man should be looked up to as if he were a saint, when all the while . . . I couldn't help saying, 'I suppose we need not discuss the meeting all day, as it is not to be till eight o'clock.'

Frida stopped her comments at once. I knew she was gazing at me with one of her surprised looks.

'But you know, Felicia, you do think that a Cottage Hospital will do a great deal of good; and then, if Major Heath is anxious for it, I know it must be a necessity, as Cottage Hospitals were not the fashion when he was young.'

Frida looked up at my father with a very grave face, which made him laugh and call her impertinent. Those two understand each other perfectly.

They little guessed when they talked so lightly of the meeting what it would bring forth; even I can hardly realise it, though it was not the shock to me it must have been to my poor Frida.

Certainly all the world and his wife were there; the large room of the Institute was crowded, and when my father went to join the gentlemen who were to go on the platform, Frida and I found seats near Mrs. Lyndhurst. I was glad to see that Rachel and Lylie King were a little way behind us. And then followed the speeches—Mr. Forester and Lord Brockenhurst. I was interested in the details till Mr. Forester suggested that Mr. King should explain his plan to the meeting; then the old feeling came back, and instead of looking at him, I glanced at Frida, who, I believe, was conscious of nothing but that Burton King was going to speak. Not

for long, however, for in another instant Rufus Blackstone threw a bomb-shell into the room, for, in his loud voice, he denounced Burton King as a man whose character could not bear investigation. The silence that followed was terrible. To me, however, it appeared that I had gone through this scene before, or that at least what I had long wished for had been granted to me, and that Owen—my dear Owen—was avenged. I cannot explain my feelings. I believe I thought more of the past than of what was really taking place at the moment. I looked back to my own ruined hopes, and I could not pity this man. I had kept my promise to Owen; I had never uttered a word that could injure Mr. King, but, all the same, there was justice even on earth, and . . . I was recalled to the present by hearing his voice. He acknowledged Rufus' accusation as to his being a forger and an ex-convict, and then in a lower tone he added some few words about not expecting his friends to continue their kindness to him . . . All at once I thought of Frida, and I turned round, expecting to find her overcome and shocked. What was my surprise when I saw that her dear face was excited, certainly, but not the least mournful. There was a movement near us, a great commotion on the platform, and I heard my father's voice—evidently he was much annoyed; then Mrs. Lyndhurst got up quickly, followed by Denys, and—I could not believe my eyes—Frida also rose to pass me.

'Frida, what are you doing?' I said. 'Are you mad? Pray sit still; we must wait for my father.'

I took hold of her hand in my excitement, but she only whispered—

'Don't mind me, Felicia, I shall come back, only one moment, I am going with Mrs. Lyndhurst; those poor girls must have somebody.' I had no right to stop her, and she went. When she came back there was a real smile on her face, she forgot that I disliked Burton King, for she whispered—

'I am glad I went, Felicia, I feel sure they were pleased; and one does not often have the privilege of helping one's friends.'

The words that rose to my lips were, 'I do not desire the privilege of having a man like that for my friend,' for I knew when she said 'they,' she meant 'he'; but I could not say that, at all events not to Frida, only her conduct was past my comprehension—she who is so good, so pure—how is it that a sudden revelation like this does not disgust her? How can she admire a man who has been what William King was?

We had no more time for words, my father came to fetch us; he was so excited that he could say nothing at first but—

'Upon my word, this beats everything, to think I have been on intimate terms with——'

'Pray do not let us discuss the subject here,' I said, wishing to spare Frida, and for some reason or other my father took the hint, and

it was only when we were at home and Frida had retired at once to her room, that my father's wrath burst forth. We were in the drawing-room, with only a few candles lit, the windows were still open, and a sweet scent of hay was coming in. All the peace and beauty of the summer's evening seemed to be at variance with this strife of tongues. My father was very angry; I need not put down all he said, but he could not bear to think that he had been mistaken, and had violently taken up a man who had been a convict. The very idea made him furious, though he was also disgusted with Rufus Blackstone. When I thought he had exhausted the subject, he began again—

'This is what comes of interesting oneself in parish affairs; it's all Mr. Forester's fault, he ought to have known what kind of man this King was, he ought to have warned us against him. I call it a disgraceful business altogether; I'll throw up the whole thing! When I was young, one was accustomed to meet gentlemen, not——'

'At all events it is no use blaming Mr. Forester,' I said, taking up a candle, for I was tired of all this vituperation; '*he* knew nothing about it, no one did at Emery except myself, and you cannot accuse me of having been cordial to Mr. King!' I was sorry directly I had said the words, for my father paused a moment from sheer astonishment, and then burst forth again with—

'*You* knew it, Felicia, and you never told me; you allowed your father to make a fool of himself without saying a word or giving a hint; and pray, how did you know?'

I had been silent so long, and certainly against my will, that now that I might speak, I could not resist saying bitterly—

'It was not my fault that I did not warn you, Owen made me promise that I would never say anything that could injure the man he had loved so much'—and in a low voice I added—'and the man who indirectly has to answer for Owen's death!' My father had never heard that story, for my aunt had kept it from him, she and I had jealously guarded Owen's good name; for it was only when the man he most admired had been convicted and sent to prison that my young brother threw away all restraint; his was not a strong character, and he had leant so much on Willy King that when he failed him he . . . But I will not dwell on it, I only told my father in a very few words some of the truth, enough, however, to make him understand my position. We had forgotten that Frida's room was above the drawing-room, and that she must have heard our voices, for at that moment the door gently opened, and she came in and went up to my father.

'Dear Major Heath,' she said, 'Felicia will be so tired to-morrow, you must let her come to bed, and—oh, I know what you must be feeling, because perhaps you cannot yet see it as I feel sure he does now!' But not even Frida could quiet my father this evening.

'See it as he does! No, Frida, I hope I never shall; and I hope you will remember that nothing will ever make me see it in any but

the true light—the way your father would have seen it, Frida; he was a gentleman, and I am ashamed to think I have allowed his daughter to associate with . . . As to your feeling sure about a scamp's feelings at all——' I took Frida's arm, and we went upstairs in silence. I accompanied her to her room, and I saw that her Bible was open. She had been reading the evening lesson when our voices disturbed her, I suppose; anyhow, she took up the book and pointed to these words, as she said, 'I saw this by chance, Felicia, and it seemed like a message to us.' I looked, and the words were, 'Howbeit our God turned the curse into a blessing.' 'Don't you believe that this is possible?' she said.

'No, not in this case. Oh, Frida, Frida, why won't you be warned? Don't you understand now that I knew it all the time?' Frida was surprised then, but she only said—

'Did you? How I wish I had!'

What was the use of talking to her, I turned away, and she said—

'What did you know, Felicia?'

'I can't tell you to-night, it is too late; you shall know all to-morrow.'

But the more I think of it, the more impossible I feel it to tell her by word of mouth. Yet she must know all now. I will write it, and put the letter in her room. I know it will be a shock to her, and perhaps she would rather be alone when she hears the story. She must see things as I do then.

(*Copy of Letter.*)

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIDA,

I want you to know about a portion of my life which, till now, I could not tell you, because I was bound by a promise; but to-night I am released from that promise. You know the worst now, and I think it only right you should hear a few particulars which will show you that not prejudice but knowledge of the true facts has guided my conduct. You are aware of whom I am writing, and that what happened at that meeting was not a revelation to me as it was to you. You have once or twice heard me mention my brother Owen, and you have seen his likeness in my room; till all thought of the connection that existed between Owen and Mr. King has faded from my mind, I cannot alter my opinion of the man who brought so much sorrow into my life. Let me tell you what I have never told any one else.

When I was a young girl, I lived with my aunt at Eddington, a little quiet country town, where no one ever came and nothing ever happened. I suppose I was twenty-one and Owen seventeen, when one day he came in, saying that he had met the jolliest fellow, whose name was King, and who had come to be apothecary's boy to old Slowman the doctor. He brought his friend King to see us, and through that year he was backwards and forwards to our house almost every day.

Owen was devoted to him, and I—well, I may have had fancies, as girls do when they never see a man from year's end to year's end—that his pleasant outside meant that I was something to him too. Now and then, though, if we had a croquet party or something of that sort, I was almost undeceived, for he seemed to be quite ready to make himself equally agreeable to anybody else; but I never thought he had it in him to poison my life as he has. Well, after a time he passed his first examination and went up to London to a hospital; and then Owen, who was to have gone to college, changed his mind, and nothing would please him but to be a doctor too. I had my misgivings, for by this time I had come to believe that he was not a man to be trusted; but my father wrote home that Owen might do as he chose about it, and he went off to London to be with his friend King. From that time my poor Owen deteriorated miserably, and the cause of all was Burton King—the man who has been posing here as a saint. He led him into temptation, introduced him into the worst of society, taught him to drink and gamble, and managed, by that fatal fascination he has, to keep his hold upon him, so that after we knew all about his worthlessness, after his shame had been published in the public papers, and he himself was expiating his wickedness at Portland—Owen still cared more for King's memory than for anything else. My brother's constitution was ruined by his excesses, and he came home to die. On his death-bed he made me promise that if ever I saw King again I would never say anything that would hurt him and never injure him, or speak against him to others. You know, Frida, that I have kept that promise as far as I could.

Owen added, putting his poor wasted hand in mine, 'Tell King, if ever you get the opportunity, that I have never altered towards him, and that I never should have thrown him over.' I did not promise this, I could not. I don't think I could ever bring myself to speak those words to that man. Well, this is enough to explain what may have been a mystery to you, and you will perhaps acknowledge that if I have hated the sight of Mr. King it is not without cause. Above all, Frida, don't think I have written this simply to justify myself; it is a far stronger motive that has made me look back upon that past which I wished so much to forget.

Your loving Friend,
FELCIA HEATH.

MARIAN FORESTER'S JOURNAL.

ON HUMAN NATURE.

June 21.

Well, I am suprised at Human Nature. I never understood it before. I never did think people would be so prejudiced or so unwilling to own themselves in the wrong. It is certainly a delusion. If you are not to feel righteous indignation when a man is proved to

be a convict, and has pretended he was like other people, when *are* you to feel it? And as for want of consideration for people's feelings,

'When right is right, to follow right
Is wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

That's a beautiful motto, and when Rufus Blackstone stood up so bravely in the meeting and denounced Burton King, I felt that he was carrying it out! How any one can think it a duty to stand by a stranger and an impostor, as against a person one has known all one's life, I cannot see.

I feel that it is very sad to be wiser than all one's relations, and to see one's father led away and deceived; but how can I help it? And when I only just said, after church this morning, that I thought I should have waited to prove Mr. King's sincerity, Papa actually interrupted me, and told me to keep within my province, as that was entirely a matter between himself and his parishioner. I am unfortunately clear-sighted.

But that's not all. As we were at breakfast this morning and I was cutting the bread, Mr. Rutherston rushed in. (Everything appears to be in his province.) He is always in a hurry, and he began—

'Oh, sir, I want your authority to beg King to go on with his work in the night school, and on Sunday. If he doesn't come to-night it will make it much harder to begin again. And I just met Jack Green, and he says, "If he's got himself out of such a scrape, he's the fellow for me." So, sir, I am sure you would wish——'

'Certainly,' said father. 'I'll write him a note myself; I have quite made up mind to the line I shall take. And, Fanny, you and Marian had better leave cards on Miss King.' I could bear it no longer. Never, never, as a rule, do I interfere between papa and the curates; but I felt that I must speak. I can't remember what I said, but I felt perfectly eloquent as I showed them how utterly they were mistaken, and represented to them the harm they were doing, and how unfair it was to take up with new-comers against the old inhabitants of the place. And I am sure papa felt the truth of what I said, for he looked very cross and uncomfortable, and said, 'Put down the bread knife, Marian' (as if *that* had anything to do with it); 'you are naturally shocked, but you don't quite know what you are talking about.'

Mr. Rutherston went off, and Fanny said she thought I should be sorry for Rachel and Lylie. 'Being sorry has nothing to do with being just,' I said; but that is not a sentiment that *Fanny* can understand.

However, I felt very much put out. I am sure the parish will be ruined by such a bad example; and yet how hard they were on his poor brother!

I sat down and began to add up the registers, and I suppose I must have been thinking about all these tiresome things, for I added up the first page four times, and each time it was different. Why should I care? It is entirely on the account of the parish.

Presently, Mr. Rutherston came in again. He shuffled about, and I asked him if he wanted my father; I did not feel at all pleased with him. When all of a sudden, he begun—

'Miss Forester, I am sure you are under a misapprehension. It is no wonder that you should be shocked and grieved, as innocence must be at the knowledge of evil.'

'I am not at all innocent, Mr. Rutherston, I assure you,' I said. He looked at me and smiled. I am writing all this down because I wish to study it impartially; but I should like to tear it up as I write it! I went on, 'I don't think Mr. King is a fit person to teach the boys, and I don't believe that a person who had been so dreadfully wicked would ever be fit—fit to associate with. It will undermine the foundations of society.'

Mr. Rutherston pitched all the papers he had in his hands down on the table.

'Miss Forester,' he said, 'you are a Christian?'

'Certainly,' I said; 'but I don't see what that has to do with it.'

'No,' he said, 'I don't think you do. Do you mean to say that you think no repentance should be accepted, that no one should have a chance? Would you be the one to cast a stone? But of course you wouldn't, only you can't measure and judge, how should you. It is not a matter that a young girl should have any concern with.'

'I am not so very young, Mr. Rutherston; and I don't believe in old-fashioned notions about young ladies.'

'No, there's where it is! You think you know everything, and you make mistakes which mar all you might be; you might be an angel in the place, and instead you do infinite mischief very often.'

'It will do infinite mischief,' I said, 'if you set up Burton King to teach the boys. Why, I am sure he brazened it out last night as if he didn't care a straw.'

'Didn't care? Brazened it out? Are—are you near-sighted then, Miss Forester?'

'No!'

'You misread his face altogether, his manner and himself. I don't expect you to know any better; but suspend your judgment. Have some charity; let those older and wiser judge.'

'Mr. Rutherston,' I said, for he talked in such a torrent, I felt as if I couldn't get in a word, 'if he is repentant he ought to keep out of the way and go abroad.'

'And leave his young sisters in their difficulties? And why abroad? If his presence is corrupting, why is it better abroad? Why shouldn't he do his duty in England, and help others from an experience more bitter than we can guess.'

'It is not reasonable, no one will ever understand it. Setting up a criminal to teach—its like the Salvation Army.'

'I suppose the Gospel did not seem very reasonable to the Pharisees. It does not matter whom it is like, if it is the right way to act.

Surely you—*you*, Miss Forester, with your clear head, and your original mind, and all your courage, will not care what commonplace people say, I am sure. I beg your pardon if I have interfered with you, but I feel that your youth and inexperience are leading you astray, and if you will read your New Testament, I am sure you will come to a different conclusion.'

And off he shot without his papers. I never was so astonished in my life—never! I don't think I'll ever speak to him again. Oh, how I wish I had gone with papa to London, and we should never have had *him* for a curate. As if—what he said—the New Testament had anything to do with being reasonable and sensible about a matter of this kind.

M. F.

FRANK MARSH'S JOURNAL.

AFTER THE MEETING.

June 21.

Well, the worst has came out now, and the best too! I have read his letter and I know two things, that he *was* a thief, that he is an honest man. When repentant and pardoned sinners stand up at the day of judgment face to face with their sins, I think they might look as Burton King looked last night.

I believe in him, and I believe in him because I have been intimate with him for some months. I see that he is a much better man than I am, a man with far higher aims and much more unselfish. I don't think I ever believed in repentance before—practically in a gentleman—in the present day. It's a very uncommon thing, much more uncommon than good conduct. But I see now why it causes joy in Heaven.

I don't think there's any flaw. I don't think I shall come upon the weak place. Of course I know, that without being a hypocrite, a man may have very fine feelings and sentiments which are far above his real character. But I never heard Burton King express any particular sentiments that I know of, except to make excuses for people when I cut them up.

And after all, I don't know that I have any right to say that repentance is so rare a thing. Only people's worst sins in these days are mostly secret, and if their repentance was not secret too, all the framework of their lives would come to grief. But this poor fellow was found out, and so we expect him to wear his hair shirt outside. Well, I mean to stand by him, and not only for his sister's sake. But I must bear carefully in mind, that if I lived on Doddery Hill, or six or eight miles down the line, and didn't know Burton King himself, I should think Frank Marsh a great fool for trusting him. I see all the force of the other side. I see that King's marked religious habits and philanthropical turn might easily be construed against him.

But if he was sharp enough to play the part supposed, he must also have been sharp enough to know that the more successful he was, the more likely he was to be found out. What should I have done in young Blackstone's place, and if I didn't know a hawk from a hernshaw? Well, I believe I should have hunted up my evidence and brought it forward. Perhaps I should have distrusted him too much to give him warning; but as to bringing it forward before his sisters, it was the action of a ruffian. I should like to kick the fellow downstairs. He ought to be cut, he ought to be horsewhipped. I was thinking over all these points this morning when I went up to the Priory to see what I could do for them, and as I came out into the street I encountered the heroic Rufus himself, and endeavoured to pass with the slightest greeting, but he stood full in my way.

'Well, Mr. Marsh, well,' he said, with rather uneasy defiance, 'I don't fully understand the state of things. I thought I should deserve the thanks of the public for last night's work.'

'Did you?' said I.

'Yes,' he said. 'But it seems that unmasking villainy and hypocrisy is a very unpopular thing. Of course, the parsons and the ladies don't like to own that they have been taken in. But you, Mr. Marsh—a man of the world like you—must have had your suspicions.'

'Now look here, Blackstone,' I said, 'suppose you were in this young fellow's place. Suppose you had a past which it was your greatest object to conceal, that it was necessary to hide your medical knowledge and medical degree, what would you have done?'

'I can't suppose that, Mr. Marsh; but I should put the ocean between me and the past in that case.'

'But suppose that you were constrained by family circumstances to remain in England, that you preferred the well-being of your sisters to your own advantage. Do you think it was the part of a finished hypocrite to meddle with medical matters at all, and for the sake of a few poor children, to risk a discovery?'

'I don't think any the better of a man for acting on impulse and being carried away by his feelings,' said Rufus sturdily. 'If I had been carried away by mine, we shouldn't have come to this discovery; for which you may yet live to thank me, Mr. Marsh.'

'Mr. Blackstone,' I said, 'you think a great deal of your knowledge of the world, which I don't for a moment dispute. But there is such a thing as knowledge of character, and there are exceptions to every rule——'

'Ah, yes,' he interrupted; 'I dare say writers and poets perhaps might think a good deal of character; but men of the world, Mr. Marsh, must judge differently. Nothing can excuse a man coming into the neighbourhood under false pretences. Why, suppose a man had engaged himself to one of those girls——'

'And suppose he *had* had that incalculable privilege and happiness, Mr. Blackstone, *then* these ladies would have had a protector, with a

right to resent any want of consideration for their feelings. It need not have been left to—to—any man with a spark of—of proper feeling. I wish you good-morning.'

It is a great many years since I have been so angry! I should like to have knocked him down—if I could. We should have provided a nice additional paragraph for the local papers!

When I got to the Priory, I felt rebuked somehow, when Miss King came out to me, and gave me a letter, saying that Burton wanted me to read it before I saw him again. I told her that I would read it in the garden. Some one else, I am sure, *fled* away behind the bushes, as I turned on to the lawn.

Well, it is not perhaps a very uncommon story, save for the rising again that has followed it; but I could not leave him for a moment in doubt as to how I took the story, and went after him to his study, and I think he soon knew that I meant to stick by him; but I hope he'll soon leave off feeling grateful, it complicates a friendship. And if he only knew what I want to ask of him—if he was to conceal his obvious objections in the hope of finding a friend for his sisters, if *she* sacrificed herself out of gratitude! I hope I shall soon convince him that I have done absolutely nothing at all.

He is a good deal broken down, more than he will let his sisters see. I think that naturally he shrinks much from suffering, he spoke of Rachel's wonderful courage as far transcending his own. Perhaps he is more like——

'You see, Marah,' he said, 'I deserve everything, and Rachel has that within her which can conquer suffering, she can find a sort of happiness in an heroic struggle. But there is the little one——'

His voice trembled a little, and I said, purposely avoiding exaggeration—

'Every one who ever lived must feel a call to shelter her from suffering.'

At that moment, through the door into the garden, 'the little one' herself came in. She had some roses in her hand but, her face was all pale and stained with crying. She did not see me in the shadow; but she went up to Burton, and said in a tone, which she meant to make so cheerful—

'Look here, Burton, my rose-tree has a flower at last. Will you have it?'

Burton took hold of the rose, and suddenly caught her in his arms and kissed her; but her face was more than he could stand, and he muttered something about finding Rachel, and hurried away, while she, never seeing me, with the tears clouding her smiles, again went back to her flowers.

What can any one do to help her? I shall go and ask Mrs. Lyndhurst; she has some sense.

I went, and she devised a splendid plan of asking Lylie to go to

Germany with old Lady Lyndhurst. They gave a hint that I might follow!

* * * * * * *

I wrote this yesterday, and to-day I went to see if the invitation could be accepted. Ah, it was well it had been, for *I* shall never be able to do anything for her. Again she was in the garden, and I did not give her the chance to escape me. She looked very sorrowful, and cried afresh, as she said that they wanted to send her away when she longed to help them.

'Indeed, I don't care about anything if I can be a comfort to Rachel and Burton. I should not mind going to America, or whatever he wished. Only people are so kind here. I like Emery so much, I can't help being a little sorry for all the pleasant things to stop. I am afraid Rachel thinks I am selfish——'

And then I told her—how could I help it?—of all she was to me, and all my hopes. But—I only saw how far such a thought had been from her mind, how impossible *I* seemed to her as a lover—for she looked scared to death, and only sobbed out—

'Oh, Mr. Marsh—you—you too! Oh, no, no, no; I should indeed be a wicked girl if I said yes.'

If she bought a friend and protector with the sacrifice of her bright young life, she meant, but she ran away almost before I could answer.

I knew she would tell her brother, or I should have held my tongue. But I assured him that I had given up the idea, that I would never distress her, I only begged him not to set down my conduct towards him to interested motives, to allow me still to be his friend. Upon which he actually laughed. I suppose I made myself rather ridiculous; but he said he was only too glad of my friendship, and at least all I can do for him and Rachel is so much to the good of 'the little one.'

MRS. LYNDHURST.

June 22—July 7.

The mystery is solved, and in a way that makes me giddy to recollect. Mr. Marsh has allowed me to copy this letter, which, as you see, explains all. I can hardly bear to write of the scene which seemed to me like a bad dream. Denys tells me he has written it all, so I will spare you the story a second time. Yes, he has described it fully, except that he has forgotten to add that Lord Brockenhurst said, that in the present state of excitement, it was impossible to proceed with the business about the hospital; but that he hoped it was only deferred, not discarded. It should not be his fault if it was so.

Thus the meeting broke up, and we all went home. Next day, the first person I met afterwards was old Dr. Blackstone in great agitation. 'Mrs. Lyndhurst, Mrs. Lyndhurst, how are the poor dear young ladies? You will do me the justice to believe that I was perfectly ignorant of all this, or I would have used my utmost influence. I

don't like these new-fangled practices and plans. It was all very well to look into the thing, to warn the Vicar and the Earl, but it should have been done privately. Publicly—before his sisters, the poor dears. If you see them, if you ever see them again, Mrs. Lyndhurst, let them know I had no part in it; I had no notion what was coming; I never was so grieved or ashamed in my life! These young folk, who have never suffered, they have no mercy.' So he went on moaning, kind old gentleman, all the length of the street till our ways parted. and, 'Before his sisters, poor young ladies!' was the last thing I heard.

Certainly he had stumbled on a truth, for the next person I met was Marian Forester. 'Well, Mrs. Lyndhurst,' said she, 'are you convinced now?'

I don't know what possessed me, but I could not help answering, 'I *am* convinced that Tullia was not a fiction, but a fact.'

However, Mrs. Forester came out in a fuss about the dinner-party at Brockenhurst where we were all invited, Kings and all. Were we still to go? It was decided that we ought to adhere to an original intention, so we shared a fly together. Denys outside, of which I was glad, for silence was the best thing for his excitement. Happily, Marian was not invited, so we could discuss the matter more quietly, and calm down Mrs. Forester, who, between Marian, the shock, and the party, was in a state of bewilderment, so full of tenderness for the sisters, that we had to drop that branch of the subject lest she should cry and make herself unpresentable, and yet miserable about the scandal, and at first not quite able to see that the fact of all being known did not make Mr. King worse than before. Having to convince her was really very good for the Vicar, who had been so far Marian-ridden as to think he had not been fairly used in not having been told all in private; but when his wife repeated the same, took the other line, and declared, that for the sake of his sisters, Mr. King would naturally be silent until he had time at least to find where he could safely repose confidence. He laments much over the probable loss of the very best—nay, the only real lay helper he has ever had, with such power over the most impracticable class, and such noble designs. I ventured then to tell him the Coney story about poor Jem Thorne, and I am sure, by his voice, that it was he who was on the verge of tears, as he answered, 'Ah! 'tis this repented sin that gives him such a hold.' And then I added that I did not think the aunt could be moved, and that it seemed to me, that as the poor man must be somewhere, it would be far better that we, who are already his friends, should do our utmost to prevent him from being hunted away by the Blackstone faction. It seemed to be an immense relief to his mind to find that Joe thought so, and what passed at the dinner party confirmed him in the feeling. Not only did Lord Brockenhurst declare that the poor fellow had come out of it much better than the young doctor, but such is the roundness of the world, the new Recorder of

Carchester, Mr. Harley was present at the trial, as well as a neighbour of the family in Yorkshire, and knew all about it.

He said the father was a good man, but was viewed as a great tyrant, very severe both in his parish and as a magistrate, 'just the man who brings up daughters so much better than sons;' but Will King, as he called him, was a very fine young fellow, and very winning and attractive, just gaining the popularity that leads to expensiveness. Mr. Harley's account of the forgery was minutely the same as that in the letter, and he says he had not expected so heavy a sentence, especially as the prisoner pleaded guilty; but there is a great tendency to be hard on those who might have known better, and the being a gentleman, and son of a clergyman so much respected, told rather against than for him. Mr. Harley said the eldest Miss Wynne was a very superior woman, who kept the family together when the mother died. She died just before her nephew's term was over, shortened of course by his good conduct. He had not known what had become of the family, and said he should like to call on the ladies, if it would not be painful to them. All this had a good effect on both Lord Brockenhurst and the Vicar; and they both agreed that many men far more depraved in reality are not only tolerated, but treated as friends, because they have never put themselves within reach of the law, and that it will be well to do everything to befriend and assist back within the pale, one whose error has brought such terrible fruits. As to the hospital, they mean to let all the present excitement subside, but not to abandon the idea.

Denys was in a very queer mood, with fits of silence and fits of chatter, whereat Lady Brockenhurst was amused, but wonderfully kind withal. What do you think those good people proposed? Lord Brockenhurst is going next week with his eldest son yachting and fishing in Norway, as he has been a little overdone with the session, and they have asked Denys to go with them. You know he and young Arnwood are great friends. The boy is very philosophical about it. He did not absolutely accept (though I did for him). My lord thought his hesitation all filial pretty behaviour; my lady saw further. He tells me that a few months ago he should have been perfectly mad at such a chance; now he does not particularly care, but as I wish it, he will go. I don't think his indifference will survive the first fish he catches! And it makes our journey to Carlsbad all the easier, though I am sorry to go, if we can do anything for the Kings.

24*th*. You know this is St. John Baptist's Day. Mr. King was at the Celebration. I find he had exchanged a few words in the vestry first with the Vicar, who has just been in here to say that, to his surprise, Major Heath fell upon him directly after breakfast for admitting such a person! We thought Major Heath a friend; but it seems that he has made out that a poor young son of his, of whom I had not

heard before, was much attached to Mr. King, and was led astray by him.

It turns out that Felicia knew him all along, but that her brother had made her promise him, on his death-bed, that if she met William King again, she would not accuse him. The Major is as angry as possible with every one. 'A firebrand,' he says, 'a perfect firebrand, coming here to deceive us all!'

However, Mr. Forester had Mr. Rutherston to back him, and did not choose to be bullied; but I am very sorry for this, as it will make it all the harder for the Kings. It was while Granny was assuring him that he was quite right, in looking to what Mr. King *is* now rather than what he may have been, that Mr. Marsh came in with the letter. Mr. Forester read it, and was exceedingly touched, struck by the accurate agreement with Mr. Harley, and satisfied (in his clerical mind) by finding that there was constant communication with the gaol chaplain, to whom, I think, he will write. He is not one to break the bruised reed.

Mr. Marsh came, however, to ask me if I would do anything for Lylie. He says he had a glimpse of her, looking so utterly broken and depressed, that he is sure that it will kill her to be there without any change or any one to speak to. Poor child, she has been altered ever since the Bank Holiday business, when I find the truth broke upon her; and her sister is much taken up with the aunt. I said I would go and see what could be done. The Vicar went away, and while I was exchanging last words with him, and putting on my hat, I found that Mr. Marsh had been confiding to grandmamma his extreme love and admiration for Lylie King, and longing to shield her from everything. Moreover, that the dear Granny had then and there proposed to take the child with us to Carlsbad, and told Mr. Marsh that he might escort us, or follow us, as he thought fit!

Well, I left them to discuss the project and went up, in some trepidation, to the Priory. I was met at the door. Rachel had seen me from her aunt's window, and came down, taking me into the garden.

I was struck with her face. There was a lightened, almost happy look about it, and as she held out her hands to me, I said, 'The worst is over.'

'Oh yes,' she said; 'I could almost say, I am so glad. There has been a weight of dread on me ever since we came here. And now I see how he can rise above it. I believe I am happier than I have ever been since—a long long time ago—before the stroke fell.'

She took me to a seat under the plum-tree, and talked, as I did not know how she could talk—of the old home, and of the loving brother her 'Willy' had always been, devoted to his mother and her own pain; and told me how, when this horror came on them, immediately after their father's death, their mother did indeed sink under it; but

she said at last that Willy would redeem his name, and get back to the true life, rising the higher for his fall.

The elder aunt held firmly to the same view, and held up Rachel's hopes—writing cheerfully and helpfully to the brother, and going to see him. When this property came to the family, she hailed it as a new opening for him; but she did not live to carry out her plans.

And now the question was for the future. As long as Miss Wynne continues in her present state, Rachel must remain with her here; but she said that her brother was considering whether it was better that he should stay or go, 'for our sakes,' she said; 'that is all he thinks of,' and as soon as she caught at my opinion that it is far better for them all to keep together, and live it down, than have to begin all over again, she begged leave to call him. She fetched him out, whiter than ever, but with a great calm over his face, as he thanked me for coming to his sister.

I soon found his desire and longing were to remain here, at least as long as his aunt lives and needs Rachel and himself. His heart seems to be here, and his only doubt, whether his presence is not a great disadvantage to his sisters. 'As if,' broke in Rachel, 'we would not give up the whole world rather than not be with you.'

We quietly discussed it, just as if he had been somebody else, and we agreed that it might be worse for them if he left them as if he could not face the world. Wherever he went there would still be to begin again. Here he has begun. There are staunch friends already, work that he need not drop. His face lighted at this. 'There is work,' he said, 'that I can do better for what I have gone through! If I am permitted to continue, I shall be grateful indeed.'

'I think you will be persuaded to continue,' I said.

Then we came to Lylie, and I begged for her to talk German for us. It was worth anything to see the real pleasure this seemed to give them. They said that poor Miss Wynne was in a state in itself most piteous, and constantly becoming more so, very infirm, and her memory gone, often crying, with tears that are not exactly pain or sorrow, Mr. King says, but which seem so like them, that Lylie is miserable at the sight.

'If all were well,' said Rachel, 'perhaps she ought to learn to bear such things; but her spirits are shaken, and it does not seem well to have her in the room, for poor Aunt Louisa is used to thinking her a baby, and has no confidence in her. It is only making her unhappy.'

'In fact,' Mr. King said, and smiled as I have hardly seen him do since Easter, 'she is our darling, and we are thoroughly weak and foolish about her. Take her, Mrs. Lyndhurst, till the present stress is over. I believe you will be the saving of her health and spirits.'

So Lylie goes with us. I did not wait to invite her, for she would be sure to refuse, and her brother and sister mean to tell her it is decided, and she must make up her mind to it.

July 25.

Foolish impatient men! Mr. Marsh must needs, when he saw Lylie drooping, go and pour out his love, that she might not feel herself, deserted. Of course it was too soon and too sudden for a child like that, he simply frightened her, and has just prevented himself from coming to Germany with us. She thinks he has done it out of pity, he fancies himself too unattractive; but I think Burton King is greatly touched and moved by his generosity, and that from such a man as that, it will diminish Rachel's sense that the two sisters are standing beside their brother set apart from every one. She is well content to do so herself, but less content for Lylie.

Frida has just come in to wish me good-bye. She was already engaged to spend a fortnight with some friends, and I have been advising her to stay away as long as she can, for the Major is most violent against the Kings, and forbids all intercourse, between them and any one in his house. 'I cannot bear to desert them,' she said. 'I told him so, and that I could not understand the trampling on them; but I am afraid I spoke more hotly than was right. Felicia told me, not bitterly but sadly, that I did not understand. I don't know if my being here does not make things worse.' I told her that I thought it would be quite wise to let the first excitement blow over before she returned; and promised to take care that Rachel understood that her absence does not mean desertion.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXXV.

1639–1642.

THE LAST TRAGEDY OF RICHELIEU.

THE cause of the Thirty Years' War had been almost forgotten. Few survived who had originally taken up arms, and Elizabeth, once Queen of Hearts, lived on at the Hague, chiefly maintained by her chivalrous devoted friend, Lord Craven, and with the ambition that once had soared so high, limited to the return of her son to his paternal States.

France, in the person of the keen-eyed Richelieu, had all the time been biding her time to profit by the ruin of her neighbours, though she did not seriously take up arms till they had nearly exhausted themselves. Besides, the defeats of the House of Austria in Italy and Savoy, which have not been dwelt on here, the power of Spain had suffered a heavy loss in Portugal. This kingdom had been annexed by Philip II. in right of his mother, on the failure of the direct male line; but it had never been happy or contented under Spanish rulers, and as Isabel of Portugal had been made to renounce her claims to the throne on her marriage, they had, in the view of the people, passed to her cousin Catalina, wife to the Duke of Bragança. Spain was then too strong to be resisted; but it had been decaying ever since, and in the end of 1640 a revolt was successfully organised, and João, Duke of Bragança, was proclaimed King, thus not only depriving Philip IV. of a fifth part of the peninsula, but cutting him off from his best Atlantic port, and from Brazil and the East Indian Colonies of Portugal.

Moreover, there was a great insurrection in Catalonia, and Spain, pressed on all sides, was unable to give much aid to its Austrian cousins in Germany, and suffered the further loss of the city of Arras, which was taken by Marshal de la Meilleraye on the 9th of August, 1640, the young Duke of Enghien being then in his army.

The Emperor Ferdinand III. had, as before mentioned, assembled a Diet at Ratisbon for the purpose; but in the midst the Swedish General Banier, in the depth of winter, made a sudden raid with 15,000 men, uniting at Erfurth with Marshal Guébriant, and 6,000 French, scattering all the Imperialist troops on his way. One detachment passing the Danube on ice, very nearly captured the Emperor who was out hunting, and reaching the neighbourhood of Ratisbon, insulted the Diet by a cannonade. The princes were disposed to break up at once; but the Emperor stood firm, declaring that he should defend the city to the last extremity. He thus kept them together, while reinforcements came up, and a thaw interfered

with the plans of their enemies; besides that the French and Swedish commanders disagreed, so that finally Banier marched with unfortunate Bohemia and Guébriant back towards the Rhine.

Piccolomini opposed and harassed the Swedes, who retreated into Saxony, where at Halberstadt, Banier died of his own excesses at the age of forty-one, a sad end for an officer of the great Gustavus, and one who had taken from the enemy no less that six hundred colours, which are still to be seen in the Arsenal of Stockholm. Torstensen, who succeeded him in the command, was totally crippled by gout, and obliged to be carried in a litter; but it was said of him that his body was bound to earth while his mind was free as air and his spirit had wings. He continued step by step to gain advantages over the Imperialists, and though forced back into Saxony by the Archduke Leopold and Piccolomini, it was only to fight a second battle on the field of Breitenfeld, on the 2nd of November, 1642, where Gustavus had conquered before. It was a very severe fight, and the Germans were totally hunted with the loss of 1,000 men. The Archduke, in his indignation, punished one regiment severely, beheading their colonel, tearing their colours, decimating the men, and disarming the survivors.

His cousin, the Cardinal Infant, had just died in the Netherlands, and he was sent for to take the vacant Viceroyalty, while the command was given to Gallas, at which Piccolomini was so disgusted as to transfer his service to Spain.

Just, however, as all was prosperous with France, it became evident that the mighty reign of Cardinal de Richelieu was verging towards its close. His health was decaying fast, as also was that of his master, Louis XIII., who was as weary and depressed as ever, and equally incapable of attending to business. The Cardinal had found female favourites more difficult to deal with than male, so he had allowed the King another youth as his plaything, Henri, Marquis de Cinq-Mars, eldest son of the Marshal d'Effiat. Being a handsome lad of only nineteen years of age, there was reason to hope that he would not concern himself about the King's conscience as the two ladies had done; and if he should prove a lion's whelp and show his claws, a man could be far more easily put out of the way than a high-born lady of pure and innocent life.

Festivals were the fashion at Court more than ever, though they afforded little pleasure to the languid King, and the expenses fell heavily on the nation; but the Cardinal thought that they occupied the nobles, and kept them from trying to shake off his authority.

There was a splendid one on the betrothal of Richelieu's niece with Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Enghien, eldest son of the Prince of Condé. This young prince, who was destined to become one of the most illustrious personages of France, had been born in 1621, and was thus twenty years old. He had shown great talent, spirit, and energy from earliest childhood; but also great pride, and a hardness of heart, which his father had endeavoured to overcome in his childhood. For

putting out the eyes of a sparrow, the boy had been severely whipped, and the Prince forbade that favour should be shown to him at the Jesuits' school at Bourges where he was educated, or that his comrades should give way to him. In bestowing his son in marriage, Condé, however, only thought of his family interest, and Prince of the blood royal as he was, he besought the Cardinal, almost on his knees, to give him Claire Clemence de Mâillé Brezé, daughter to a sister of Richelieu, and at the same time to let her brother, the Duke of Brezé, marry his beautiful young daughter, Anne Geneviève de Bourbon. The Cardinal replied that he could give gentlewomen to princes, but not princesses to gentlemen.

Enghien would have rejoiced had the decision been otherwise. His destined bride was scarcely thirteen, and very small and childish, still playing with dolls; but his father insisted, and the paternal authority was still so strong that he was forced to yield. He was rather short, but well made, with brilliant blue eyes full of fire, a large mouth with projecting teeth, and a hooked nose, which gave him a remarkable likeness to an eagle. The pair were betrothed in the King's cabinet on the 7th of February, and the Cardinal gave a great ball on the occasion. Poor little Claire was put into a pair of such high-heeled shoes that she could hardly walk, and fell ignominiously in the midst of dancing a *courante*. There was a general explosion of ill-bred laughter, that of the bridegroom loudest of all, evidently for the sake of mortifying her and her family. A bad illness which befell him immediately after was attributed to his disgust at the marriage, and on his recovery he set forth to his congenial element, the army.

He had become the leader of a set of youths who affected brutality of demeanour in opposition to the stately graces of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The Duc de Nemours thought proper to flirt a cherry-stone across the table into Cinq-Mars' face; and it was with the greatest difficulty that the King prevented the fiery youth from challenging him, though duelling was always visited with a most severe hand by the Cardinal. In fact, Cinq-Mars was too high-spirited to brook the situation of King's plaything, and when offered the post of first equerry, which two previous favourites had held, he disdained it, saying that what was good enough for a little page was not fit for him, the son of a Marshal of France. He was therefore made Grand Equerry, which suited his pride better; but he burnt for an opportunity of rising above a post which he despised, and dreamt of overthrowing the Cardinal as Luynes had overthrown the Concini.

The Queen was still disregarded and neglected, though her young son was a beautiful and promising boy; and the birth of another son, Philippe, Duke of Anjou, made it plain that a regency would be in her hands as soon as the worn-out and feeble life of her husband should be over.

Another intrigue was going on against the Cardinal between the

Duke of Orleans, the Count of Soissons (grandson of a younger son of the Huguenot Louis, Prince of Condé), and the Duke of Bouillon, who always dreaded attempts to deprive him of his little principality of Sédan. Richelieu had tried in vain to gain Soissons to his side by offering him the hand of his favourite niece, the Duchess of Aiguillon; but as this had been declined, the Count became an object of distrust. With him were joined the Duke of Vendôme (Gabrielle's son César), that old favourite, the Duke of la Valette, and the young Duke of Guise, who by unexpected deaths in his family had succeeded to the title, after he had been appointed to the Archbishopric of Rheims and an immense number of other benefices, although he was as yet only tonsured, and had received no higher orders.

The Queen Mother of course founded hopes of return on this conspiracy, and then the expectations of the co-operation of the Duke of Lorraine; but he was weary of having his territories occupied by French troops; and on the 1st of March, 1641, he suddenly made his appearance at the Louvre, knelt down before Louis XIII., entreated his pardon, promised to do homage for his French duchy of Bar, and to renounce all foreign alliances. On this, he was permitted to return to his dukedom, and he was welcomed with great joy by his subjects; but he had no intention of fulfilling his promises, and kept up a correspondence with Sédan, where all the conspirators were collecting, the Abbé de Retz promising to do his utmost to second them at Paris. One of the Princesses of Mantua (as the daughters of the Duke of Nevers was called), who was in love with the Archbishop Duke of Guise, started from Nevers to join him and marry him at Sédan. She was arrested in Burgundy; but on information being carried to the Cardinal, he ordered not only that she should be released, but that relays of horses should be provided for her. 'She carries *en croupe*,' he said, 'the avoidance of all his benefices!' Another sister, named Marie, was believed to return the affection of the favourite Cinq-Mars.

It was time to break up the conspiracy, and the Duke of Bouillon was commanded in the King's name to withdraw his hospitality from the Count of Soissons. He refused, having put Sédan in an admirable state of defence, and expecting aid both from the Cardinal Infant in the Low Countries, and from the Duke of Lorraine, who the ever restless Madame de Chevreuse was raging to mingle in the fray.

On the 8th of June, 1641, Richelieu published a manifesto, setting forth the treasonable designs of the noblemen at Sédan, and declaring that unless they submitted within a month, they would be declared enemies to the King, while he himself advanced to Péronne.

They replied by a violent declaration against the Cardinal, and Soissons took the field with a little army of 7,000 men, chiefly Imperialists, under the Baron de Lamboy. Marshal de Châtillon was at hand with a small force, as an advanced guard, intended only to watch Sédan, and expecting reinforcements from the Duke

of Lorraine, whose treachery was as yet unknown. He marched against the invaders, and met them at a spot, whose name has in our own day acquired a mournful fame, Bazeille, near the wood of Marfie. At the very first onset, the French cavalry broke and galloped off, and the same panic infected the infantry, who fled, throwing away their arms almost without striking a blow. But when the victors were about to congratulate their leader, they could not find him, till at last his corpse was discovered on the field, shot through the head. Some said that his pistol had gone off in his own hand while he was pushing up his visor with the barrel; others that a stranger had ridden up to him and assassinated him.

Louis, on hearing of Châtillon's defeat, showed neither grief nor joy, but gave orders for a retreat to Paris; but when two hours later tiding were received of the death of Soissons, he became unusually animated, and gave orders to march upon Sédan.

Lamboy and his troops retreated beyond the frontier, Bouillon came to Mezières, and made his peace on terms more favourable than he had any right to expect, Vendôme, La Vallette, and Guise went into exile, and Epernon was imprisoned at Loches. Richelieu had triumphed again, and no doubt it was better that he, a thorough statesman, should prevail, than that these men, who acted out of selfish greed and ambition, with no idea of public welfare, should have had the upper hand.

But he had another enemy, nearer at hand. Young Cinq-Mars, or M. le Grand, as he was commonly called, as an abbreviation of Grand Écuyer, was not the stuff of which to make a King's plaything. He loved noise, life, and revelry, and the doleful depression, indolence, and melancholy of Louis XIII. were perfectly intolerable to him. At first there were little petulant quarrels, when the King blamed him for youthful escapades and extravagance, Cinq-Mars sulked, and the Cardinal reconciled them again; but as the youth grew older, more serious designs awoke within him. One day the Cardinal grew impatient of never being able to speak to the King without him, and told him harshly, 'I will not always have you at my heels.' Cinq-Mars retired, but wept, threatened, and murmured till the King said to him, 'Recollect that if M. le Cardinal should declare himself your open enemy, I shall no longer be able to keep you about me. Reckon upon that.'

A stronger purpose began to grow upon the youth. He thought of Luynes' success, and dreamt of equalling him. The Vicomte de Fontrailles encouraged him, and influenced his discontent; and so likewise did his friend François Auguste de Thou, son of the historian of the wars of the League, a grave, earnest man of thirty-five, with a chivalrous admiration for Anne of Austria, and indignation for her wrongs, and who, theoretically perceiving the tyranny of the Cardinal and the hollowness of his system, was ready to use any means for its overthrowal. Indeed, his restless spirit caused his friends to call him

Son Inquietude. The King appeared to be weary of subjection, the Queen and Gaston were ready to join in any intrigue against the minister, Bouillon promised Cinq-Mars a retreat at Sédan in case of need. Fontrailles went to Madrid and obtained pledges of the aid of Spanish troops.

The war with Spain was going on all this time, and an expedition against Perpignan was undertaken by Louis and the Cardinal, ill and failing as they both were. The Queen was intended to go with them, leaving her two children at Vincennes; but she went into an agony of grief, declaring that she would rather part with her life than her sons, and for once she prevailed and was left behind, under the guard of the Prince of Condé. The Duke of Orleans was compelled to follow his brother.

Louis and the Cardinal each had such a huge train that for want of room, they had to keep at a distance from one another, and only met four times during the journey. Cinq-Mars had the King's ear and thought him a fellow-conspirator. There was a scheme for assassinating Richelieu at Lyons, but this was dropped. Fontrailles was for it, and urged Cinq-Mars to lose no time; but the youth was bewildered by contrary counsels from all the conspirators, and did nothing, so that all that happened at Lyons was a grand *Te Deum* for a German victory; and the reception of Mazarin's creation as a Cardinal, on the nomination of France.

At Narbonne, Richelieu fell ill, with a violent fever, and an abscess in his arm, so that he could not write, when he dictated his will. The King and army went forward without him to Perpignan, whose capture was already secure; but his absence gave Louis so much more trouble with the business to be transacted, that it was far from favourable to Cinq-Mars. Meantime Marie de Gonzague wrote to the young man 'that his affair was as well known at Paris as that the Seine flowed under the Pont Neuf.' But he still hesitated. Perhaps he thought nature would cut the knot, for not only was the Cardinal very ill, and only just able to move to Tarrascon, famous for mineral waters, but the King, on reaching Narbonne in returning from Perpignan, fell sick, and was for a day or two in great danger. Moreover, the light and vain nature which had been ready to dabble in conspiracy, trembled before a great catastrophe, and dallied with the crisis, while the King felt more and more that he could not do without his minister, and, moreover, was displeased with the dissipations into which 'M. le Grand' had plunged.

Fontrailles saw what was coming. 'Monsieur,' said he to Cinq-Mars, 'you are of fine stature; but if you were shortened by the head, you would still be very tall; for my part, I am so small that mine could not be taken without great inconvenience to me, so I shall, if you please, get out of reach of knives.' And he fled to Spain, but the Duke of Bouillon was with the army of Italy at Casale, and Gaston of Orleans had come to Moulins to hold a conference with Cinq-Mars,

when, Richelieu being still at Tarrascon, a copy was put into his hands of the treaty with Spain, made by the conspirators. At the same time he received a letter from the King at Narbonne, saying, 'I love you better than ever. We have been too long together ever to be separated.'

Richelieu immediately sent his trustworthy follower Chavigny to Narbonne with a copy of the treaty. Cinq-Mars at last took alarm. He tried to have Chavigny assassinated before the interview with the King, but in vain, and then hid himself in a private house. The next morning he tried to escape from Narbonne, but it was too late; the gates were guarded, and the King was setting out to join the Cardinal at Tarrascon. Richelieu was necessary to him, Cinq-Mars a mere toy, and he had not hesitated a moment, though he had, as before, murmured against his bondage, and trifled with the favourite's schemes. He went on the 10th, on the 12th Cinq-Mars and De Thou were arrested, and orders were sent for the seizure of Bouillon at the head of his army.

Gaston was terrified beyond measure. He began by burning his copy of the treaty, and then sent off his confidant, the Abbé de la Rivière, with the most abject assurances of his fidelity and affection for the Cardinal. Richelieu, paralysed as he was, showed himself as terrible as ever, and lying on one couch, with the King on another, he brought the emissary into such a state that, half dead with fear, he betrayed all his master's secrets and all his treacheries! This was the engine Richelieu wanted for making this basest of princes reveal all the ramifications of the plot, and the names and guilt of his colleagues.

A letter to Gaston informed him that confession was the only means of obtaining forgiveness, and in return for a complete avowal and denunciation of all his fellow-conspirators, he was to receive 'permission to travel' to Venice, and a pension of 12,000 crowns, the same as he was promised by the King of Spain.

Richelieu would fain have brought him forward as a witness in public, but the Chancellor Séguier had too much respect for the rank which he degraded, to confront him with the others. He made but a half confession at first, but hopes of an increase of his pension, and permission to live in France, drew from him bit by bit all that was wanted.

The two sick men, King and minister, discussed the matter as they lay on their couches, and then Louis returned by slow stages to Fontainebleau, in the Cardinal's own litter. The first news he heard there was of the death of his mother, which took place at Cologne, from fever and erysipelas, on the 3rd of July, 1641. She had lived in great poverty and neglect since her expulsion from England; but the Pope's Nuncio attended her death-bed and exhorted her, as a Christian, to forgive her enemies, especially the Cardinal. She assented, but when he added that as a pledge of pardon she should send her enemy the bracelet on her arm, she turned over on her side saying, 'Too much.'

As in the case of Montmorency, the Cardinal chose to have these State prisoners tried by a provincial parliament, instead of at Paris. The three chief prisoners, Bouillion, Cinq-Mars and De Thou were all

brought to the Château de Pierre Encise at Lyon, the Grand Equerry declaring all the time that he had done nothing to which the King had not consented.

The Cardinal came to Lyon at the same time. He could not bear the motion of a carriage, and travelled in a great square room, covered with red damask, and carried on the shoulders of eighteen bareheaded men, whatever might be the weather. He had his couch in it, a table, and seats for his secretary, or any one else whom he wished to converse with. Bridges were widened, inequalities filled up, and walls thrown down to admit this huge litter, which was guarded by nobles, gentlemen, and servants befitting a monarch. At Anvers, it went in a huge barge, to which was attached that containing the prisoners. He was seventeen days between Tarrascon and Lyon. He sent for the Chancellor Séguier to conduct the trial, together with the Presidents of the Parliaments of Paris and Grenoble, and thirteen other councellors.

The Court opened on the 6th of September. Cinq-Mars at first denied everything; but he was confronted not only with the copy of the treaty, and the evidence of Seaton, the commander of the Scottish guard whom he had tried to gain over, but with the deposition of the Duke of Orleans, who, at forty years of age, speaking of a youth of twenty-two, was not ashamed to declare that 'Cinq-Mars had made him fall into crime by his pressing solicitations.' Moreover, the King himself wrote to Séguier, informing him of the machinations against the Cardinal that the foolish youth had confided to him, thinking him a fellow-plotter.

Finding himself thus betrayed, Cinq-Mars, when interrogated, told everything, and threw himself on the King's mercy, so did Bouillon; but De Thou declared that he had only known of the Spanish treaty after it had been concluded, and then only in confidence from the Grand Equerry; that he had never ceased to protest against it, and try to get it broken off, but that as it could have no effect unless the French were beaten in Germany, and they were always victorious, he had not thought it needful to betray his friend. His defence ended thus, 'In fine, only knowing of the treaty through a conversation, and having no proofs of the truth of any such deposition, I should have exposed myself to the penalty of libellers if the guilty persisted in their denial.'

All this had taken place separately. Afterwards the two friends were confronted, and De Thou described in detail the place and time of his conversation with Cinq-Mars, repeating his defence. Several of the judges thought that this ought to tell in his favour; but the will of Richelieu was otherwise, and the two were summoned to hear their sentence of death. 'Well, Monsieur,' said De Thou, turning to Cinq-Mars, 'humanly speaking, I might complain of you. You accused me, you have caused my death, but God knows how much I love you. Let us die—die bravely, and win Paradise.' And when Cinq-Mars tried to ask his pardon, he replied with an embrace, saying, 'We must only think of dying well.'

Five hours only were granted them for preparation. Cinq-Mars wrote to his mother, 'I can judge better than any one of the worth of earthly things now that there is but a step between me and death.' They both showed great devotion in fulfilling the final rites of the Church, and as they set forth for the scaffold in the great square of Lyon, De Thou exclaimed, 'Enough of earthly things; let us set forth for Paradise.' He repeated the Creed, reflecting aloud on it as he mounted the scaffold, while Cinq-Mars marched as if to battle, and met the headsman's sword with open undaunted eye. At that moment the cold and dull-hearted Louis XIII., instructed by messengers of all the designs for each day, observed, while walking in his garden, 'Monsieur le Grand is making a fine grimace.' There was, however, in general, much compassion for the two friends, and Alfred de Vigny has, in our own time, made them the subjects of a fine historical romance, where they are shown as sacrificed to the ruthless will of a tyrant. But however it might have been with De Thou, Cinq-Mars showed no quality that makes us believe him to have acted from any motive but headstrong ambition and intrigue, and our pity for him arises from his early youth, the temptations into which he was thrust, and the cruel heartless manner in which he was betrayed and sacrificed.

Bouillon was spared at the intercession of Mazarin, who was a great friend of his brother, the Viscount de Turenne, one of the great generals who were winning fame and territory for France. He was pardoned on condition of exchanging his principality of Sédan for estates in the interior; and Monsieur, the most guilty of all, was allowed to remain in his obscurity at Blois.

On the day of the execution, the Cardinal set forth in his moving palace on men's shoulders for Paris, but going by water whenever it was possible, for a jolt was agony to him. He looked pleased when he found himself in his own hotel at Paris—indeed, he thought himself better, for the ulcer in his arm had healed—but he only rested there for three days before being carried to Fontainebleau to the King. He durst not relax his watch, for he had perceived that Louis XIII. had not been utterly averse at the first moment to Cinq-Mars' proposal of killing him, and that several officers had consented to be the instruments. He knew himself to be universally hated, and a morbid terror, in his weakened and suffering state, seized on him, so that he was haunted by the dread of being assassinated by the order of the King, for whose glory he had toiled, and he could not rest till he had forced Louis to dismiss the persons whom he suspected, though the King only yielded with tears. At the same time, a declaration was put forth enunciating the whole roll of the misdeeds and treasons of Gaston of Orleans, depriving him of his government of Auvergne, and his guard of honour, and sentencing him never to be regent, nor to have any share in the government.

This was on the 1st of December, 1642, and before the day was over

the Cardinal became much worse. Violent fever, oppression of breath, and pain in the side set in, caused by abscesses in the lungs. The physicians told him that he was so necessary to France that a miracle would be worked in his favour; but Dr. Chicot, on being entreated to tell the truth, said, 'Monseigneur, your eminence will be cured or dead in twenty-four hours.'

On this, Richelieu sent for the King, who had gone to St. Germain. 'Sire,' said the Cardinal, 'this is the last adieu. In taking leave of your Majesty, I have the consolation of leaving the kingdom more powerful than ever, and your enemies overthrown. The only recompense I ask for my toils and services is the continuance of your Majesty's favour to my nephews and relations. Your Majesty has in your council several persons capable of useful service; I advise their retention.' And it is believed that he then recommended Mazarin as the best person to take his post. He put into Louis's hands a deed of gift of his splendid Palais-Cardinal, and bade him a final adieu, without much emotion on the part of the dull, feeble Sovereign, to whom this great man had been as much of a tyrant as a minister, serving him and his country against their will.

The Cardinal then turned to his religious duties. His room was constantly full of visitors, many of the clergy, some friends, some enemies, many curious spectators, all astonished at his perfect calmness and apparent complete satisfaction with his own course. The Curate of St. Eustache came to give him his last Communion, and as the Host was borne in, he said, 'Behold my Judge, before Whom I shall soon appear. I heartily pray that He may condemn me if I had any motives save the welfare of religion and the State."

'His security terrifies me,' said a Bishop present.

However, he still remained hopeful and peaceful to the end, and died, after kissing the Crucifix, on the 4th of December, 1642, at the age of fifty-seven.

'There is a great politician gone,' said Louis, when he heard the news, but without showing much more feeling, though he decreed that the Cardinal should have a most magnificent funeral. It was on a very wet day that the train set forth from Fontainebleau, and the King is reported to have said, 'M. le Cardinal has a bad day for his journey.'

In fact, he heeded little, since Mazarin was ready to take all trouble off his hands, and there was no essential change of policy, though some of Richelieu's personal enemies were released from prison, such as Marshals Bassompierre and Vitry, and there was a sort of reconciliation with the Duke of Orleans, who was allowed to make a visit at Paris. His daughter, Mademoiselle, then fifteen, received him with a concert of twenty-four violins, and being a person of considerably more heart and spirit, was shocked at his merriment when she thought of Cinq-Mars and De Thou.

Louis himself was declining fast. In April, when he had already been seventeen days in bed at St. Germain, Chavigny undertook to

announce that he could not live more than a few days. The King, who had always been pious and devout, embraced him, and declared that he had never heard such goods news, as that he was to quit this life, which in truth had been a weary burthen to him.

The Queen and her children, the Duke of Orleans, Prince of Condé, and all the grandees within reach, were then summoned to hear him declare that he left the regency to the Queen, assisted by a council, and that the Duke should be Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The will decreeing this was then read and signed, and Anne of Austria and Gaston both took an oath to respect it, though neither intended to keep the promise, and the Queen caused a notary to register her protest (in private) against the terms that limited her powers.

The long deferred ceremony of the public christening, or admission into the church of the little Dauphin, was then carried out. The boy, then five years old, knew what was going on in his father's room, and seeing him lying motionless and death-like, called out, '*Je suis Louis Quatorze.*' '*Pas encore,*' whispered the poor King, who indeed was longing for death to come. He expected to die on Friday the 24th, and received extreme unction; but he lingered on, very patiently, though suffering grievously, while Vincent de Paul and other clergy consoled and prayed with him. Once after a short sleep, he woke and told the Prince of Condé that he had seen the Duke of Enghien win a great victory, but otherwise he had laid aside all outer thoughts. There was a last parting with the Queen, to whom he was more tender than ever before in his life, and he expired on the 14th of May, 1643, in his forty-second year, exactly thirty-three years to the day and hour since his accession. The last command he gave was to send out of the room the Huguenot Marshal de Chatillon. He is one of the men on whom judgment is most difficult. He was conscientious up to his lights, most regular in all his religious duties, and read the Bible for two hours every Sunday, though he hated all other books, in consequence, it was averred, of having been made to read Faucher's history of France when a child; and he was constitutionally brave, constantly, in spite of all his bad health, going at the head of his armies wherever his presence was needed, and showing real resolution when Paris was threatened. The deficiency seemed really to be, both in himself and his brother, of any kind of heart. They absolutely loved no one, except perhaps that Gaston had a certain affection for his second wife; but though they could neither of them exist without a favourite to amuse them, neither seemed to care for the fate of these unhappy persons so much as some people do for that of a horse or dog. It was the more remarkable—coupled as this was in Louis with absolute pitiless amusement in the sight of suffering—though their father Henry IV., because bred up in the midst of barbarous wars, was, with all his faults, one of the most affectionate and tender-hearted of men.

OUR EVENING OUTLOOK.

XVIII.

LESSONS OF LIGHT.

'First-born of the creating voice!
Everywhere,
Thou art lancing through the air;
Every atom from another
Takes thee, gives thee to his brother;
Influences
Every beam of thine dispenses,
Potent, subtle, reaching far,
Shooting different from each star.'

When Kepler had written his work 'On the most perfect Harmony of the Celestial Motions,' he exclaimed, 'The die is cast—the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited 6,000 years for an interpreter of His works.' But if He, who is the First Cause of all Celestial motions, waited until Kepler, for a man to understand them, He has waited even until now for men to read aright His first revealed word—'Let there be light.' The teaching shut up in every one of the millions of light rays which have reached the earth every hour of every day for 6,000 years has been unsuspected even by the mightiest intellects.

'Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said—"Let Newton be," and all was light.'

But oddly enough, it was just this matter of 'light' which even Newton failed to grasp. He held a wrong theory of the transmission of light, and so could not know that every ray brings a message from its source, as clear and unerring from the remotest star as from the flame of a match a yard off.

If you drop a lump of sugar into a cup of tea, the whole surface of the tea is agitated, and a tea-leaf floating on the top will circle round and round in much the same circle till the disturbance slackens, unless a current set up by the heat drives it in any other direction. Now from this 'storm in a tea-cup' we begin to realise the system of waves. Waves are a state of vibrations set up in some medium; but they are not matter travelling from one place to another. Here the medium was the tea, which, being set in motion, each particle of tea only swung round in its own little circle, as one could see by the tea-leaf. Now in a river, water is really carried from one place to

another; but when you watch a rippling pond or regard the free waves of the ocean, you only see a state of things.

It may make this 'state of things' plainer, if we watch a corn-field when a light summer breeze passes over it. From one end to the other the corn is set in agitation, and waves rise and fall in one direction, and yet no particle of corn has been sent from one end of the field to the other. Each has its own proper motion backwards and forwards in a certain space. This motion of many particles makes waves. Thus the circular motion of the particles of water makes waves too.

We will next consider air-waves. The state of things which they occasion is called sound. Every time the air is struck by anything from an explosion to the rustle of a leaf, a series of vibrations takes place in the air around in every direction, which vibrations strike any ear that is near enough, more or less strongly, according to the strength with which the air was struck, and the distance the sound has travelled. Air-waves are not quite like water-waves, for each particle moves backwards and forwards somewhat like a pendulum; and the waves are formed by the particles being alternately squeezed closer together, and pulled further apart, which action becomes weaker as the vibration travels farther. Air-waves are a great deal shorter than water-waves, but the lengths vary. A low note in music causes long waves, a high one short waves; and as we run up the chromatic scale, every sort of wave is set in motion, and when notes are struck together, long and short waves reach us together, just as long sea-waves are rippled with shorter ones.

Mr. Lockyer, in his 'Studies in Spectrum Analysis,' and Mr. Proctor, in many of his lectures, point out the analogy between the propagation of sound and the propagation of light. The former advises us in each case to consider the senders, receivers, and the medium. In sound, the sender was whatever struck the air, loudly or softly, high or low in pitch, pleasant in quality as a sweet voice, or discordant as the tearing of calico. The receiver, the human ear. The medium, air-waves.

The chief senders of light are the sun, stars, electricity, and different sorts of flame. The receivers are, 1st. the human eye, which pictures the impressions reaching it on the brain. 2nd. That very accurate receiver, the photographic plate, 'a retina which never forgets.' 3rd. All other objects in nature which merely receive light without recording it. Light is the reason for the colours of flowers, and everything else. Each thing catches hold of one kind of light, that which it requires. So a scarlet geranium lays hold, owing to its composition, of the least refrangible or least easily bent of all kinds of light, and reflects red rays. The violet, on the other hand, lays hold of violet light, that is of the most refrangible kind of rays.

Now for the medium which connects givers and receivers of light. This medium is the vibrations or waves of *something* which, so far as

we know, exists everywhere; is present all through our atmosphere, and all through the space beyond, even to the sun; which fills the interstellar spaces beyond the solar system; which can penetrate liquids and even solids. For want of more definite knowledge, we may call this 'something' the Æther, whose longest waves bring us heat, its shorter waves light, and the shortest of all bear that actinic or chemical power by which photographs are taken, and chemical changes effected. A lighted candle can set this æther in motion, and the waves which reach the eye inform us of the light. The waves of æther are different again to water- or air-waves. Its particles are considered to vibrate up and down at right angles to the beam of light. Anyhow, it sets up a series of waves, and the result is that light reaches us. Such tiny waves they are! varying from the longest visible red rays, 39,000 in an inch, to the shortest violet rays, 57,000 in an inch.

This, which is called the 'Undulatory Theory' of light, though only demonstrated by Dr. Thomas Young at the beginning of this century, was broached over 200 years ago. Huyghens, the discoverer of Saturn's Ring and his satellite Titan, thought of it; but it was discarded by Newton, for the theory that light is *emitted*, and passes from one place to another. Probably his disbelief hindered the truth from coming to light till 1802.

But Newton explained that every visible ray of sunlight can be parted into seven colours, in a certain order familiar to us as 'the colours of the rainbow,' viz., red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet; and this band of colours is called a 'continuous spectrum,' because there are no spaces between. A rainbow is a continuous spectrum; so is the band of colours formed when sunlight passes through cut glass, or any crystalline substance. Now the first thing to remember in spectrum analysis is that a continuous spectrum is only shown when the source of light is either a solid or a liquid in a state of incandescence, i.e. white heat. The sun and almost all stars hitherto examined give a continuous spectrum or rainbow streak, *therefore* they are incandescent solids or liquids. We know this on the old principle of comparing great things to small. If we make any solid or liquid on earth white hot, its light, through a prism, is a rainbow or continuous spectrum, e.g. iron heated to incandescence gives such a spectrum.

Sir William Herschel further discovered that the spectrum has invisible as well as visible rays, namely heat rays, present in many light rays, especially in the red ones, and which also extend invisibly beyond the red; and chemical or actinic rays, present mostly in the violet rays, and extending far beyond. And we have since been shown that though our eyes ordinarily cannot see these actinic rays beyond the violet, yet there are means by which they can be seen. The photographic plate is more receptive than the human eye, and Sir John Herschel was the first to photograph sunlight, and he

obtained a lavender colour beyond the violet. Draper, an American, did the same; and in 1842 Becquerel photographed the whole spectrum from end to end. Professor Stokes next discovered that prisms of quartz were better than glass, and photographed the 'ultra-violet' rays with this result,—that the solar spectrum in this part is very much longer than usually supposed; while the spectrum from the electric spark (not from the sun), has invisible violet rays, extending six or eight times further than all the visible rays.

Now, how can we see a spectrum? Any minute opening which lets through a single ray of light, will throw an image of the sun on a screen, placed so as to receive the ray. If the room be darkened, so that the ray is solitary, the image is very distinct; and if a prism is placed before the opening, it breaks the one image up into many little coloured discs overlapping each other. This made it very confusing for observation, till Wollaston, in 1802, turned the round hole into a simple slit,—and lo! now there fell on the screen a beautiful band of graduated colours, often compared to the successive sounding of every note of the chromatic scale on a piano. A continuous scale with no breaks, is a good likeness of a continuous spectrum.

But Wollaston noticed what he could not account for,—the coloured band of the sun's spectrum is everywhere crossed by dark lines. Here a decided line, there a pair, further on a crowd of spider lines. In 1814, Frauenhofer, by a correct eye and very delicate ruling, registered 576 of these lines; and since then 5,000 have been numbered, which will seem less surprising when we learn that Norbert's ruling-machine can rule lines so fine that 90,000 go to an inch, that is finer even than the waves of æther. Photography is now chiefly employed in the detection of these lines. Frauenhofer observed that these lines are always grouped exactly the same in the solar spectrum. If a strong line occurs in the yellow, that line is always in the same position. But still the lines kept their secret. It was found, however, that there were no such lines in the spectrum of any incandescent solid or liquid on earth, observed directly, i.e. with no vapours between.

The third state of matter is the gaseous. Now glowing gas does not give a continuous spectrum. As long ago as 1752, Melville knew that burning sodium flame had a pure yellow colour; and the makers of fireworks have long practically known the colours given to flame by various substances. Sir John Herschel investigated a good many coloured flames. Now burning sodium, instead of a continuous spectrum gives only a strong yellow line, which a good instrument shows to be two, close together. We may remark in passing that we get this line from burning common salt. But this yellow line falls just in that part of the spectrum where the yellow part of the solar spectrum would fall. Sodium is so common in nature that men actually thought the sodium line must be caused by water. It is

now known that the reason why *yellow* flame is the commonest in the world (and out of the world too, for yellow stars are very abundant), is—that sodium is mixed with nearly everything, we cannot get rid of it. It is in the air we breathe, and nothing exposed to the air can help becoming coated with sodium.

The gas hydrogen shows three bright lines, in the red, green, and blue, just where these colours would fall in a rainbow streak, and dark spaces between. Under great pressure these lines widen into broad bands, but still only those three colours with spaces between. It is said, moreover, that under twenty times our atmospheric pressure, this gas can be made to give a continuous spectrum. The solitary lines of gas may be compared to single notes struck on a piano; the hydrogen lines representing a chord of three notes struck at once. A practised ear could name those notes, without needing to hear the notes between; so a group of bright lines indicate the presence of such and such a gas.

It has been decided between chemists and students of physical science that there are only 63 or 65 kinds of simple material known to us, that all nature is composed of different forms, mixtures, and combinations of these elements. The smallest conceivable portion of any one of these is called an atom—but it seems that nothing ever exists as an atom; generally two or more atoms go about together, tied up as it were in little bundles, hence called *molecules*, which are the smallest portions in which matter can exist. These molecules are too small to be seen, but their spectrum can be made visible. The millionth part of a grain of sodium would give the yellow line in the spectrum. Kirchhoff and Bunsen (Germans) set to work and discovered what spectrum each of these simple elements gives, and became familiar with the few bright lines given by every substance in the world when burning.

Meanwhile it was well known that if, when the rainbow spectrum of any incandescent solid or liquid was displayed, vapour was allowed to rise between the slit and the prism, a few dark lines appeared in the coloured band,—not crossing every colour as in the solar spectrum, but just a line or two in one or more colours. And it was known why these dark lines appeared. The vapour had cut off or absorbed a portion of the light, which therefore never reached us.

We may see light in three ways; directly—as a lighted candle; through something else—as a coloured lamp-glass; or by reflection. The reason a flame looks green through green glass is because the glass has absorbed the red light, and only lets the green through. The colours of the stars are due to their atmospheres which stop and use up some of the light, and perhaps only one distinct colour escapes to us. Still the spectrum of these stars would show a series of colours, but with many dark lines cutting off most of certain colours.

Suddenly Kirchhoff and Bunsen put two and two together. What

if the dark lines in a spectrum should prove to be the very same lines as the bright lines of burning gas and flames? What if the substances which as flames give out bright lines, give out corresponding dark ones as vapour?

The spectrum of the light of a simple element as flame was placed beside the spectrum of the same element rising in vapour before a continuous spectrum. Line for line the two corresponded. Each dark line in the latter exactly matched the position of a bright one in the former. Hydrogen was tried, and its three bright lines, red, green, and blue, corresponded to the three dark lines it cast on the red, green, and blue when rising as a vapour before the continuous spectrum of a glowing metal placed behind. Iron was vapourised, and it was found that each of the 450 lines of its complicated spectrum was represented. In other words, iron vapour cuts off 450 lines of light from us; it has absorbed them. Wherever then in sun or star those 450 dark lines are found, there the presence of iron in a state of vapour is definitely proved. Wherever the three dark lines or bands are seen in the red, green, and blue, there we know hydrogen is at work, absorbing some of the light.

'How very simple,' we exclaim; 'why did it take from 1802 to 1862 to find out that the bright lines of glowing gas were coincident with the dark lines in the spectrum?' Yes, it is very easy and very simple, *when you are told about it.* Remember Columbus and the egg-trick, which every one could do, when they were shown how!

And now the true meaning of every one of those dark lines crossing the sun's rainbow streak was read off. One by one, the spectrum of every simple element was placed side by side with the sun's spectrum, some were found to correspond, some not. First the two black lines of sodium were found in the yellow. Now what did this prove? It showed that between the sun's photosphere and us, there exists somewhere sodium in a state of vapour. It has been proved that this and all the other vapours are within the sun's true atmosphere, to a height of about 300 miles above it visible surface. This layer of atmosphere is called the 'reversing layer,' because it reverses the bright lines of the solar elements. But if sodium exists as vapour in the sun's atmosphere, there must be a good deal of sodium in the sun, for a vapour must arise from somewhere; it cannot always float, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. Therefore, those two dark lines in the yellow part of the solar spectrum are enough to prove, beyond a shadow of doubt, that there is sodium in the sun, and that its vapour has absorbed some of the sun's yellow light. Going on from those simple lines, it is easy to see how of the 5,000 lines in the solar spectum, 450 were found to correspond with iron lines, three with hydrogen, and so forth. Stokes, Kirchhoff, Angström Thalen, and Lockyer have pursued the subject, till we can say that the following elements exist as vapour in the sun's reversing layer—

1. Aluminium (*the ruby and sapphire are forms of this*).
2. Barium.
3. Cadmium.
4. Calcium (*Lime*).
5. Cerium.
6. Chromium (*chrome yellow is a form*).
7. Cobalt.
8. Hydrogen (*one of the constituents of water*).
9. Iron.
10. Lead.
11. Magnesium.
12. Manganese (*chief ingredient of bleaching powder*).
13. Molybdenum.
14. Nickel.
15. Palladium.
16. Potassium (*Potash*).
17. Sodium (*Soda, Salt*).
18. Strontium.
19. Titanium.
20. Uranium (*Uranium Red, and other colouring matter*).
21. Vanadium.
22. Zinc.

Besides these several others are believed to be identified by their chief lines, among which silver, copper, tin, bismuth, may be mentioned. Though all these lines are seen together in the solar spectrum, yet so characteristic are those from the various elements, that it is said to be comparatively easy to pick them out. As far as we know there is no carbon present in the sun, so its fuel must be very unlike ours.

This method of analysis helps us to measure the heat of the photosphere; which is such that iron is not merely melted, but driven apart into vapour. Mr. Proctor completes the analogy to the musical gamut, by comparing these dark lines—these lines left out in the bright spectrum—to the omission of certain notes in the musical scale. If three or four notes on a piano were dumb, a practised ear could tell what they were as the scale is played, almost as well as if those notes alone had been struck.

When the sun's Sierra and the red prominences can be examined, as in an eclipse, they show only a few bright lines, for this part of the sun is gaseous, chiefly hydrogen, with sodium magnesium and a few iron lines sometimes thrown up into it. The Corona beyond is still under examination. It seems to give a faint continuous spectrum crossed by no dark lines, as if from incandescent solids free from vapour.

But with the spectroscope we approach the fixed stars, and coolly catalogue the minerals existing in them, as we might the contents of a medicine chest.

Let us pass the light of Aldebaran through a train of prisms, and behold the rainbow streak, and the dark lines of iron, mercury, bismuth, antimony, sodium, calcium, and hydrogen, showing that in many important points Aldebaran, like our sun, is well calculated to support life in a planet family. Capella and Vega show spectra similar in character. Betelgeux, the variable star in Orion, is deficient in hydrogen, so that it cannot have a sierra and prominences like the sun; yet it has iron, sodium, and magnesium. So has Sirius, and it also shows the absorption lines of iron, and much stronger hydrogen lines than the sun.

In some rare instances a star gives only bright lines (β Lyræ is a case in point), which means that for the time it is actually burning. The Blaze-star for the time gave only bright hydrogen lines, because for the time that sun was in flames, and all vapours dispelled.

The Great Nebula in Andromeda, so much under observation now, has always given a continuous spectrum with a shortened red end, and dark absorption-lines; showing that star-like matter was shining through vapours, which perhaps absorbed more of the red light. The Fish-mouth Nebula in Orion, on the contrary, shows the bright lines of hydrogen, nitrogen, and a third unknown gas. In fact, everything which shines by its own light, from the phosphorescence on the sea to the mightiest star, can be made to yield up the secrets of its being. The tiniest shooting star, as it rushes through the air, the lightning flash, the Aurora with its swift pulsations, the flame of a lamp, and the blazing up of a star, all bring us their own messages of light; and, as far as we know, no two stars have precisely the same spectrum.

And what of the Moon and Planets?

Since they shine by reflected sunlight, what possible spectrum can they give, apart from that? Yet we can learn a little more. When the spectrum of a planet is observed, we see in the first place the solar spectrum, but notably in the case of Mars, and also in Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn, a few extra dark lines occur. They do not belong to the sun, neither are they due to the earth's atmosphere. Therefore we are sure these planets have an atmosphere, whose vapours absorb some of the sunlight received before it is reflected to us. Dense watery vapour has been shown in Mars. But the moon shows only the unaltered solar spectrum, a strong confirmation of the absence of any atmosphere.

But the spectrum of the heavenly bodies does other work, and can be made to show whether they are moving towards or away from us, and to a certain extent the rate of such motion. If a crowd of people are pouring in one direction, we shall pass many more in a minute if we walk so as to meet the stream than if we walk in the same direction—hence the ease of going with the stream. Mr. Proctor was the first to point out, and Dr. Huggins and Father Secchi were the first to apply this principle to light-waves

If you are counting the number of waves that pass a given spot in a minute and move unawares up the stream, you will have met and counted *more* in a minute than if you stood still. Therefore if you estimated the number of waves to a yard you would make a mistake and reckon too many, i.e. you would have an idea that the waves were narrower than they really are. On the other hand, if you unconsciously walked down the stream you would count fewer in a minute, estimate less to a yard, and imagine the waves broader than they are. In the case of a star, we do not make a mistake as to whether we are advancing or receding, we simply do not know. If then we can prove that the light waves reaching us seem narrower than they are, we know it is approaching us; if they seem broader, it is retreating. Bearing in mind that the broadest waves are at the red end of the spectrum, when it was found that certain well-known lines in Sirius' light had a slight displacement towards the red end, it was known that Sirius was travelling away from us, and by calculation the rate was found to be twenty-nine miles a second. But those lines are ceasing now to move to the red end, and shortly they will be displaced towards the violet end, for Sirius will then be advancing, and the waves will seem shortened. This method enabled observers to tell, after a few minutes' investigation, that the comet of 1882 was travelling from us.

Spectrum analysis has other uses than purely astronomical ones. The chemist has no equally delicate method of analysis for detecting the minutest particles of poison, or for ascertaining the nature of every drug. The naturalist can find out the composition of his microscopic objects—nay, it has been well said that the spectrum of a glow-worm's light can thus be compared with a firefly's! If we seek for more practical uses, we can detect the impurities of bad water by this means, and thus avert cholera, typhoid, and other evils. Mr. Lockyer says that Dr. Frankland applied this analysis to ascertain the best way of lighting the streets of London; and in so doing discovered what is said above about the hydrogen lines widening into bands under pressure.

It is most instructive to remember that though it is to two, or at the most three, men we owe the grand idea of analysing the sun and stars by the absorption lines of their spectra, yet this was attained by centuries of patient investigation from all sorts of men who worked out their parts of a whole. There were the chemists of the eighteenth century and of the present one, who investigated one by one all known elements, till they reached the simplest forms. They little knew they were toiling towards one end with those great men who were studying light and its properties from Huyghens and Newton to the Herschels. There were those, too, who did the more mechanical work so well, such as Wollaston and Frauenhofer, only darkly understanding their own work; and most important was *their* work, who, from Fox Talbot, 'the father of photography,' Daguerre, and others down-

wards, have perfected the only exact means of recording spectroscopic observations.

When we see how gradually the great discovery of our times was made, the discovery which in twenty years has made us more familiar with the distant stars and nebulæ, than we were before with the vapours of earth, we realise that—

> 'The heights by great men reached and kept,
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upwards in the night.'

And it is the same in the world of Nature, and in the world of Grace—the work is not only gradual, but all is a part of a whole—of the work of those gone before, and it will be built up with that of the workers who toil long after we have passed within the Veil.

And whereunto? What is all this to lead to? Surely from Creation to its Creator, from earthly light to heavenly, from temporal beauty to eternal loveliness, from the material glories which delight our human sight, to the Divine love which alone can satisfy our souls. In no fitter words than those of St. Augustine's can we end: 'Oh Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart knoweth no rest, till it attaineth unto Thee.

BOG-OAK

Spider Subjects.

SPIDER ANSWERS.

Grasshopper's is the best written, the Muffin-man, Weaver, and C. W. very good. Moonraker entertaining, but rather in confusion. Spectacles, Clover, Autumn, good as far as they go. Gee has such uncommon instances, that her webs give the most information. We note the more ordinary ones she missed.

The Spartans combing their hair at Thermopylæ.
The Senators' beards pulled by the Gaul at the sack of Rome.
The choice of Clotilda for her grandsons.
Struggle of Culdees for shape of tonsure.
Harald Harfager.
Anselm proscribing long hair.
Francis I. having his hair cut on a blow from a snowball.
Mary of Scotland's grey hair. Charles I.'s. Marie Antoinette's.
Princesse de Lamballe's hair floating round the pike.
Chinese pigtails imposed by Tartars.
Dalziell's Beard, and Beardie 'amber beard.'

The answers of Spinning Jenny and Spectacles are both so clever and lively, that it is hard to choose between them. Spectacles dwells on the Spiders' hearts, but the termination of Spinning Jenny's goes to ours. Weaver, Autumn, Shamrock, Anon, all painstaking and good.

ANSWER TO SPIDER QUESTION, OCTOBER 1885.

Why are Spiders not Insects?

I am a spider, but I am not an insect.

Persons who are fond of collecting specimens, and making tabulations, include my class, the Arachnides, and that of the insects—Insecta—in one Order, the Articulata. It is true that we spiders are articulated, but not so distinctly, as I shall presently show, as the insects are, and we differ from them in our manner of development, in our bodily form, in the number of our legs and eyes, and in the appendages and talents we possess. In fact, we belong to different classes of Articulated Society, though we do sometimes invite members of the Insecta class to our 'At homes.'

First as to our difference in development.

I was a spider, as all my brethren were, as soon as I had left

the egg-period behind me. I may have changed my skin several times before I got to my present state of maturity, but my form, never; whereas that poor little fly whom I have just invited to dinner has gone through no fewer than four metamorphoses, and, having arrived at his ultimate form, can never grow a bit larger. *I* wish he was bigger. He was first an egg, next a grub, or, to use two syllables, larvæ; in his third state he was a chrysalis, or nymph, for I do not think there was much gold about him, and finally he became a perfect insect—imago. He has three rings or divisions of body, head, thorax, and abdomen. I have only two; my head and thorax are joined together, and called imposingly—as I think—cephalothorax. Cephalothorax and abdomen are joined by a very slender thread. As regards legs, I have a majority. Learned persons call insects hexapodes. Their six legs are a family feature of which they are proud; I am prouder of what I may call my numerical superiority, and also of the three crooked and moveable claws at the end of each of my legs.

The eyes of insects are composite, made up of several small ones joined together, but mine are simple and as numerous as my legs. It is true I cannot move them, but movement is unnecessary, because my cephalothorax is studded by so many eyes.

Insects have antennæ; I have jointed, thread-like pinchers. My guest, the fly, has a proboscis, some of his relatives have mandibles. I, too, possess mandibles, and my mandibles have claws, or, as entomologists would call them, *falces*, at the ends of them; and through an opening in each of these claws, I pour a juice, secreted by a gland I possess, and find this moisture as efficacious as that from an adder's tongue.

Insects have wings, upon which they plume themselves very much. I do not envy them a bit so long as I can spin. Their wings are generally fastened to the two rings farthest from the head; and in the part farthest from my head are exceedingly tiny lumps called spinners. From these spinners issue a multitude of the finest tubes, which, at the distance of about one-tenth of an inch from the points of the spinneret, join together to form one thread. I know that unity is the strength of my gossamer, as well as of other things.

A fly can stop flying whenever he likes, provided he is not my visitor; and I can stop spinning whenever I like by closing my spinners; and I can hang, head downwards, suspended by my thread, as I did just now, frightening a little friend, by name Muffet, by dangling over her head. I can also mend my beautiful work after it has been damaged with a sort of gum which I possess. If I live to be old, my stock of repairing matter will exhaust itself; in that case I must try to get hold of a young and obedient spider to do my mending for me.

I have now shown that I am not an insect, because I have not as many rings or articulations as an insect has; because I go through no metamorphoses; am an octopod rather than a hexapod; have a different kind of eyes; have no rings or antennæ; but that I have pinchers and mandibles, and can spin if I cannot fly.

I could tell you much about the different characteristics of the many families belonging to my large class, and could relate anecdote after anecdote about various members of these families; and I am so little blind to the perfections of my brethren and myself, that I feel

sure I should interest you by doing so; but you would say such details were unnecessary in giving an answer to your question, therefore I cease spinning, for it is dinner-time, and *my fly* is waiting.

SPINNING JENNY.

October 23rd, 1885.

HOW HAS HUMAN HAIR FIGURED IN HISTORY?

Samson's great strength lay in his hair. On his seven locks being cut off by Delilah his strength forsook him, and he was powerless against the Philistines. On its growing again his great strength gradually returned.

David's son Absalom polled his hair yearly, we are told, on account of its great weight, which weight was estimated at 200 shekels yearly. But his hair was the cause of his death: for while riding under an oak tree, he was caught up by its branches, and being unable to disentangle his hair, remained hanging until put to death by Joab.

While under a vow, the Nazarites were not allowed to cut their hair. Among some people whose custom it was to allow the hair to grow long, it was customary to cut it all off while suffering under great affliction.

Pliny tells that among the ancient Greeks it was customary to touch the chin of a person whose compassion they were anxious to excite; the chin being substituted for the beard.

Plucking the beard was a practice among the Cynics and Stoics by way of contempt. The latter affected to be insensible to insult, and their patience was tried by this practice. Socrates was not exempt from this species of insult and persecution, as Laertius informs us. Among the Tartars, says an historian, a considerable branch of their religion consists in the management of their beards; and that they waged a long and bloody war with the Persians, and declared them infidels, though in other respects of the same faith as themselves, merely because they would not cut their whiskers after the mode or rite of the Tartars.

Chrysostom observes, that the kings of Persia wore their beards woven or matted together with gold thread; which custom was copied later by some of the kings of France.

Berenice, the wife of Ptolemy Euergetes, king of Egypt, under an apprehension of the danger to which he would be exposed in his expedition to Syria, made a vow to consecrate her hair, which was her chief ornament, in case of his safe return. When the prince, her husband, returned, not only in safety, but crowned with glory and success, she immediately cut off her hair and dedicated it to the gods in the temple, which a former Ptolemy had built in honour of his beloved Arsinoë. But owing to the negligence of the priests, the hair was lost. Ptolemy was enraged and threatened to punish them: upon which Conon of Samos, with a view to appease the king's anger, affirmed that the queen's locks had been conveyed to heaven, and pointed out seven stars near the tail of the lion, which, till that time, had not belonged to any constellation, declaring that they were the queen's hair. Several other astronomers confirmed his asseveration; hence, 'Coma Berenices,' or 'Berenice's Hair,' became one of the constellations.

During the second Punic war, when the resources of the people of Carthage were utterly exhausted, and tow and flax were sorely needed for cords, the ladies of rank cut off their long hair and gladly gave it for the good of their country.

Among the Russians long beards used to be worn, until the Czar Peter enjoined them to shave, and on many of his officers refusing to do so, he imposed a tax on beards, which many of them gladly paid, rather than part with what was universally held to be an ornament to their person.

In the sixth century, King Robert of France, the rival of Charles the Simple, was not more famous for his exploits than for his long white beard, which he suffered to hang down on the outside of his cuirass, to encourage the troops in battle, and to rally them when defeated.

When Philip V. ascended the throne of Spain with a shaved chin, the change produced lamentations and murmurs among the Spaniards and Portuguese. We read that in the reign of Catherine, Queen of Portugal, when the brave John de Castro had taken the castle of Din, in India, he was under the necessity of borrowing from the inhabitants of Goa a thousand pistoles for the maintenance of his fleet; and that, as a security for the loan, he sent them one of his whiskers, telling them: 'All the gold in the world cannot equal the value of this national ornament of my valour; and I deposit it in your hands as a security for the money.' The inhabitants of Goa, it is said, generously returned both the money and the whisker.

The Moors of Africa hold their beards while they swear, in order to give validity to their oath, which after this formality they rarely violate.

To touch the beard, or to cut off any small piece of it, was among the ancient French the most sacred pledge of protection and confidence. For a long time all letters issuing from the sovereign had, for a greater satisfaction, three hairs of his beard in the seal.

Julius Cæsar, on conquering the Gauls, made them cut off their hair, as a token of submission.

Gregory de Tours affirms that in the royal family of France it was for a long time the peculiar mark and privilege of kings and princes of the blood to wear long hair, carefully dressed and curled. To cut off the hair of a son of France, under the first race of kings, was to declare him excluded from the right of succeeding to the crown, and reduced to the condition of a subject. Long hair was anciently held so odious, that there is a canon still extant of the year 1096, importing that such as wore long hair should be excluded coming into church when living, and not be prayed for when dead.

The Mérovingian line of French kings were also called 'the long-haired monarchs,' as they wore their locks flowing over their neck and shoulders.

The story of the slave in the wars of the Persians having a message to the general branded on his head is well known: On cutting off his hair the words conveying the order were found deeply burnt into his head. Having reached the general in safety, the slave could only find words to signify they would find the message on his head, and expired at his feet.

GEE.

SPIDER QUESTION.

The history of Sir Walter Manny.

One Spider question will be given for the future. Clio—muse of history—will give questions on the history of Greece, according to the scheme here given, offering a prize to her in the class who gains the most marks next year.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

I. The Mythical Age.

January.—Question 1–4.

II. Growth of the Grecian States.

February.—Question 5–8.
March.—Question 9–12.

III. The Persian War.

April.—Question 13–16.
May.—Question 17–20.

IV. The Athenian Supremacy, and the Peloponnesian War.

June.—Question 21–24.
July.—Question 25–29.
August.—30–32.

V. The Spartan and Theban Supremacies.

September.—Question 33–36.
October.—Question 37–40.

VI. The Macedonian Supremacy.

November.—Question 41–44.
December.—Question 45–48.

Four questions to be given on each subject to be studied.